

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
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Fellow of *All-Souls* College, *Oxon.*

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V O L. II.

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CONTAINING,

LOVE of FAME, The UNIVERSAL PASSION. In  
SEVEN SATIRES.

VINDICATION of PROVIDENCE, or a TRUE ESTI-  
MATE of HUMAN LIFE.

BUSIRIS King of EGYPT, a TRAGEDY.

The REVENGE, a TRAGEDY.

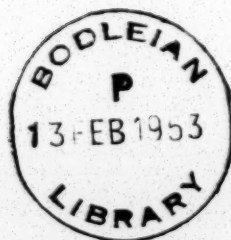
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D U B L I N:

Printed for GEORGE and ALEXANDER EWING, at the  
*Angel and Bible in Dame-street.* MDCCLI.





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*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
IN  
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL  
SATIRES

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— *Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru*  
*Non minus ignotos, generosis.* HOR.

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The THIRD EDITION Corrected.

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DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

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**I**



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# PREFACE.



THESE satires have been favourably received at home, and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person thro' all the characters; tho' some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the publick; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

BUT it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abus'd by others. It is much *to be fear'd* that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased

## P R E F A C E.

chaced out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Which is applicable, likewise, to graver compositions. *Ethicks* Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness, and iniquity of men; and some part of that sacred satire is in verse, too. Nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardon'd that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has fail'd of his aim. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be consider'd as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be mov'd; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing *indifferent*, to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts our selves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, publick opinion, and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from  
the



## P R E F A C E.

the same root. An unity of design, which has not (I think) in a set of satires been attempted before.

LAUGHING at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions; had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the *cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

MOREOVER, *laughing satire* bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor: And when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his eloquence, and morality: The last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, thro' my whole work.

BUT tho' I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most requir'd it) I endeavour'd to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too,

## P R E F A C E.

too. *Boileau* has join'd both the *Roman* satirists with great success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious satire on women, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critick of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly: Whereas it appears to me, that repetition is his fault; if any fault should be imputed to him.

T H E R E are some prose-satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation, and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit* of *Cervantes*, and *Rabelais*? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius, and learning into frolick, and jest; but the genius, and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the Gentleman to converse with, in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon, too. Indecency offends our pride, as men, and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely form'd us with an aversion to it: And he that succeeds in spite of it, is, \* *aliena venia, quam sua providentia Tutior*.

S U C H wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats,) should set up for reputation

\* Val. Max.

## P R E F A C E.

ration among the *weak* ; in some *Bæotia*, which was the land of oracles ; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities* ; but not with equal success ; for tho' ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

SOME satirical wits, and humorists, like their Father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately ; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing ; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things : And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape ? Some *French* writers, particularly, are guilty of this, in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

WHICH puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love* ; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity ; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *poetry*. Love, says he, is the son the *Goddess* Poverty, and the God *Riches* ; he has from his *father*, his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air ; his prodigality ; his neglect of things serious

## P R E F A C E.

ous and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference, and distinction. From his *mother*, he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity; with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despis'd, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, (*viz.*) That poetry, like love, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments, and honours; that, she has her satyrical *quiver*; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration for her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

H O W E V E R, this is not *necessity* but *choice*; were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father, than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.



L O V E



*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE the  
Duke of *DORSET*.

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*Tanto major Fama fitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 10.

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*DUBLIN:*

Printed in the Year M DCC XXXI.

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# SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE the

Duke of *DORSET*.



Y verse is satire; *DORSET*, lend Your  
ear,

And patronize a muse You cannot fear.  
To poets sacred is a *DORSET*'s name,  
Their wanted passport thro' the gates  
of fame;

It bribes the partial reader into praise,  
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;  
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,  
And gives applause to *B—e*, or to me.  
But You decline the mistress we pursue;  
Others are fond of *fame*, but *fame* of You.

INSTRUCTIVE satire, true to virtue's cause!  
 Thou shining supplement of public laws!  
 When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age  
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;  
 When *purchas'd follies* from each distant land,  
 Like arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful hand;  
 When the *law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,  
 And *south-sea* treasures are not brought to light;  
 When *churchmen* scripture for the classics quit,  
 Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;  
 When men grow great from their revenue spent,  
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;  
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,  
 Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;  
 To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,  
 Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease?

SHALL poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,  
 And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,  
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,  
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?  
 Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,  
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?

Shall

Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,  
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?

W H T slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful train,  
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?  
*Donne*, *Dorset*, *Dryden*, *Rocheſter* are dead,  
And guilt's chief foe in *Addiſon* is fled;  
*Congreve*, who crown'd with lawrels fairly won,  
Sits ſmiling at the goal while others run,  
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)  
Ye gods! he will not write, and *Mavins* will.

D O U B L Y diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find  
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,  
The courtly \* *Roman*'s ſhining path to tread,  
And ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead?  
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,  
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?  
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.  
What will not men attempt for ſacred praiſe?

T H E love of praiſe, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns more, or leſs, and glows in every heart:  
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,  
The modeſt ſhun it, but to make it ſure.

\* *Horace.*

O'er globes, and scepters, now, on thrones it swells,  
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.  
 'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.  
 Here, to S—e's humour makes a bold pretence;  
 There, boldly aims at P—y's eloquence.  
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;  
 Nor ends with life; but nods in fable plumes,  
 Adorns our herse, and flatters on our tombs.

WHAT is not proud? the pimp is proud to see  
 So many like himself in high degree:  
 The *where* is proud her beauties are the dread  
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;  
 And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born  
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

SOME go to church, proud humbly to repent,  
 And come back much more guilty than they went:  
 One way they look, another way they steer,  
 Pray to the gods; but would have mortals hear;  
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,  
 They'll find that their religion has been one.



Sat. I.

Wells,

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OTHERS

Sat. I. *The Universal Passion.*

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OTHERS with wishful eyes on *glory* look,  
When they have got their *picture* tow'rd a book,  
Or pompous *title*, like a gaudy sign  
Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine.  
If at his title T— had dropt his quill,  
T— might have past for a great genius still;  
But T— alas ! (excuse him, if you can)  
Is now a scribler, who was once a man.

IMPERIOUS some a classic *fame* demand,  
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,  
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,  
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

SOME for *renown* on scraps of learning doat,  
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.  
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd,  
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

ON *Glass* how witty is a noble peer ?  
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear ?

POLITE diseases make some ideots *vain*,  
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

OF folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;  
And (stranger still !) of blockhead's flattery,  
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean  
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Non

NOR is't enough all hearts are (worn with *pride*,  
 Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.  
 What can she not perform? the love of fame  
 Made bold *Alphonsus* his creator blame,  
*Empedocles* hurl'd down the burning steep,  
 And (stronger still!) made *Alexander* weep.  
 Nay, it holds *Delia* from a second bed,  
 Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

THIS passion with a pimple have I seen  
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.  
 By *this* inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)  
 Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.  
 It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house;  
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.  
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,  
 And *I* the little hero of each tale.

SICK with the love of fame what throngs pour in,  
 Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?  
 My growing subject seems but just begun,  
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
 Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *Epic* rules  
 To take a catalogue of *British* fool's.

Satire! had I thy *Dorset's* force divine,  
A knave, or fool shou'd perish in each line;  
Tho' for the first all *Westminster* should plead,  
And for the last all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?  
To *quality* belongs the highest place.  
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:  
He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,  
By heraldry prov'd *valiant*, or *discreet*.  
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
Above the man by *three descents* less wise?  
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,  
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.  
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace,  
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

LET high birth triumph! what can be more great?  
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.  
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.  
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,  
Slight, or important, only by their place?

Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;  
The fool, or knave that wears a title, *lies*.

THEY that on glorious ancestors inlarge,  
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.  
*Dorset*, let those who proudly boast their line,  
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

VAIN as false greatness is, the muse must own  
We want not fools to buy that *Brissol* stone.  
Mean sons of earth, who on a *south-sea* tide  
Of full success swam into *wealth* and *pride*,  
Knock with a purse of gold at *Ansis*' gate,  
And beg to be descended from the great.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.  
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*;  
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;  
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,  
But *builds* himself a name; and to be great,  
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;  
In cost, and grandeur *Ch—dos* he'll out-do,  
And, *B—l—ton*, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,  
 And full perfection is arriv'd at last;  
 When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,  
 And leaves state-rooms to *strangers*, and to *duns*.

THE man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a home from which to run away.

In *Britain* what is many a lordly feat  
 But a discharge in full for an estate?

IN smaller compass lies *Pygmalion's* fame;  
 Not domes, but antique Statues are his flame.  
 Not *F—t—n's* self more *Parian* charms has known;  
 Nor is good *P—b—ke*, more in love with stone.  
 The bailiff's come (rude men, prophanely bold!)  
 And bid him turn his *Venus* into gold.

"No, sirs, he cries, I'll sooner rot in jail.

"Shall *Grecian* arts be truckt for *English* bail?"

Such heads might make their very *Busto's* laugh.

His daughter starves, but \* *Cleopatra's* safe.

MEN overloaded with a large estate  
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;  
 The *rich* may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad  
 To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.



By your revenue measure your expence,  
 And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense* :  
 No man is blest by *accident*, or *guess*,  
 True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness* ;  
 Yet few without long discipline are sage,  
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

BUT how, my muse, canst thou resist so long  
 The bright temptation of the courtly throng,  
 Thy most inviting theme ? the *court* affords  
 Much food for satire, it abounds in lords.  
 “ What lords are those saluting with a grin ? ”  
 One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.  
 “ How comes it then to pass we see preside  
 “ On both their brows an equal share of *pride* ? ”  
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,  
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.  
 As in its home, it triumphs in *high-place*,  
 And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.  
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,  
 Which bloom, like *Aaron’s*, to their ravish’d sight ;  
 Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,  
 Like *Moses*, into serpents in their hands.

These

These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast  
 With pride *inverted* of their honours lost.  
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin  
 To boast of meerly being *out*, or *in*.

WHAT numbers, *here*, thro' odd ambition strive  
 To seem the most transported things alive?  
 As if by joy *desert* was understood,  
 And all the fortunate were *wise*, or *good*.  
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,  
 And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.  
 Compleatly drest by \* *Monteuil*, and grimace,  
 They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face;  
 Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,  
 Put off at night with lady B—'s hair.  
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad?  
 With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

WHAT numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,  
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's *dance*?  
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!  
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!

\* *A famous taylor.*

That

That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!  
 Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down;  
 Fools grin on fools, and *Stoic*-like, support,  
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the *wife*, and *good*,  
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.  
 High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create;  
 None think the Great unhappy, but the Great;  
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,  
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry, and show,  
 I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.  
 Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,  
 And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene.  
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;  
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,  
 The *sense* is ravisht, and the *soul* is blest;  
 On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,  
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows:  
 But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,  
 In spight of sacred leisure blockheads still;  
 Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom  
 In her one native soil, the *drawing-room*.

THE *squire* is *proud* to see his courser strain,  
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.  
 Say, dear *Hyppolitus*, (whose drink is ale,  
 Whose erudition is a *Christmas*-tale,  
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,  
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)  
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,  
 And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,  
 Is that *thy* praise? let *Ringwood's* fame alone,  
 Just *Ringwood* leaves each animal his own,  
 Nor envies when a gyply *you* commit,  
 And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;  
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
 And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

HERE breath, my muse! and then thy task renew,  
 Ten thousand fools unfung are still in view.  
 Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates;  
 Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;  
 Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;  
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;  
 Fewer gravelords to *Scr—pe* discreetly bend;  
 And fewer *shocks* a statesmen gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,  
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,  
At *Bath* in *summer* chants the reigning lads,  
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?  
Is there a tongue, like *Delia's* o'er her cup,  
That runs for ages without winding-up?  
Is there, whom his tenth *Epic* mounts to fame?  
Such, and such only might exhaust my theme;  
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;  
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*.





LOVE of FAME,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE II.

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—*Tanto major Famæ fitis est, quàm Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 10.

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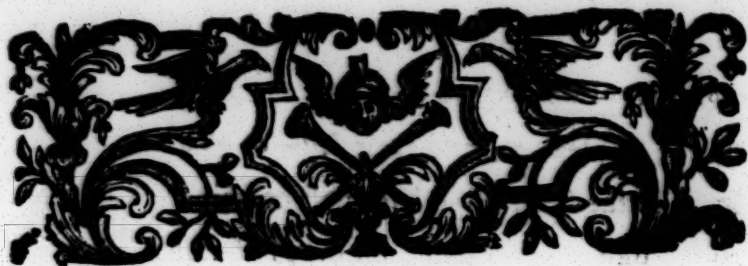
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# S A T I R E II.



Y Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd  
end,

Tho' *toil*, and *danger* the bold task at-  
tend;

*Heroes* and *Gods* make other poems fine,  
Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line ;  
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose ?  
All friends to *vice*, and *folly* are thy foes ;  
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage,  
'Tis most ill-nature to *repres*s thy rage ;  
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,  
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,  
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,

Almighty vanity ! to thee they owe  
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.  
 Thou, like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,  
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain ;  
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,  
 Tho' his'd, and hooted by the pointing croud.

WARM in pursuit of foxes, and renown,  
 \* *Hyppolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown ;  
 But *Florio's* fame, the product of a shower,  
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !  
 Why teems the earth ? why melt the vernal skies ?  
 Why shines the sun ? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.  
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.  
 What shape ? what hue ? was ever nymph so fair ?  
 He doats ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.  
 O solid blifs ! which nothing can destroy,  
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.  
 In fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,  
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;

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\* *This refers to the first Satire.*

† *The name of a Tulip.*

The tulip's dead ! see thy fair sister's fate,  
O C — — ! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

NOR are those enemies I mention'd all ;  
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.  
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame ;  
A quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name.  
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,  
Hung o'er it, and whole Days in rapture spent ;  
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.  
He rag'd ! he roar'd ! " what *Dæmon* cropt my flower ?"  
Serene, quoth *Adam*, " lo ! 'twas crush'd by me ;  
" Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bowd'st thy knee."

" BUT all men want *amusement*, and what crime  
" In such a paradise to fool their time ?"  
None ; but why proud of this ? to fame they soar ;  
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

WE smile at florists, we despise their joy,  
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy ;  
But are those wiser whom we most admire,  
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?  
What's he, who fights for wealth, or fame, or power ?  
Another *Florio* doating on a flower,  
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung  
From fordid arts, as *Florio's* out of dung.



WITH what, O *Codrus* ! is thy fancy smit ?  
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of Wit.  
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,  
And *Epictetus* is a perfect beau.  
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,  
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view ?  
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard  
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,  
And *T* — — *n* turn'd upholsterer, send home  
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

IF not to some peculiar end assign'd,  
*Study's* the specious *trifling* of the mind ;  
Or is at best a secondary aim,  
A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game* ;  
If so, sure they who the meer *volume* prize,  
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

ON buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent, ,  
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent,  
His farms were flown ; when lo ! a Sale comes on,  
A choice collection ! what is to be done ?  
He sells his *last* ; for he the whole will buy ;  
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lie ;  
So high the generous ardor of the man  
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.

When

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,  
*Lorenzo* sign'd the bargain——with his *mark*.  
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

N o t in his author's *liveries* alone  
 Is *Codrus*' erudite ambition shown ?  
 Editions various, at high prices bought,  
 Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought* ;  
 And, to this cost, another must succeed,  
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read,  
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;  
 But leaves to O———y what lies between,  
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,  
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O——— whose accomplishments make good  
 The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,  
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,  
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !  
 Accept this verse ; if satire can agree  
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would *Hilario* mend,  
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,

Who

Who with the charms of his own genius smit,  
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit ?  
 But time his fervent petulance may cool ;  
 For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.  
 In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense,  
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.  
 His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,  
 Were not his jest as flippant with the *wife*.  
 He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,  
 Like *Doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

WHAT tho' *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,  
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.  
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,  
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

*Parts* may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;  
 Then, draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,  
 And never on the *weak* ; or you'll appear  
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.  
 As in smooth oyl the razor best is whet,  
 So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set,  
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;  
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.  
 The *same* Men give is for the *joy* they find ;  
*Dull* is the jester, when the joke's *unkind*.

SINCE, *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,  
 To pay my compliment what place so fit ?  
 His most facetious \* letters came to hand,  
 Which my first satire sweetly reprimand.  
 If that a *just* offence to *Marcus* gave,  
 Say, *Marcus*, which, art thou a *fool* or *knave* ?  
 For all but such with caution I forbore ;  
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.  
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;  
 No mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through,  
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,  
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well* ;  
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,  
 Of *others'* fame, great genius ! and thy *own*.  
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know ;  
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

IN malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull  
 Their *peevish* reason, *vain* of being dull ;  
 When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,  
 In vengeance they determine — — to be *fools* ;  
 Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,  
 Quite zealous in the ways of *beaviness* ;

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\* Letters sent to the Author, sign'd *Marcus*.

To *lumps* inaminate a fondness take,  
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.  
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,  
Most barbarously tell you—" *he's a wit*."  
Poor *Negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spight  
To *cacodæmons*, say, they're *dew'lish white*.

*Lampridius* from the bottom of his breast  
*Sighs* o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.  
How just his *grief*? one carries in his head  
A less proportion of the father's lead;  
And is in danger, without special grace,  
To rise above a Justice of the peace.  
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *Diamond* scorn,  
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,  
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,  
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,  
Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,  
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.  
The booby-father craves a booby-son,  
And by heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

WANTS of all kinds, are made to fame a plea,  
One learns to *lisp*, another *not* to see;



Miss D ——— tottering catches at your hand,  
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?  
 Whilst these what nature gave disown thro' pride,  
 Others affect what nature has deny'd ;  
 What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,  
 As apes are ever walking upon two,

*Crassus* a grateful sage, our awe, and sport !  
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.  
 He hems, and cries with an important air,  
 “ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair : ”  
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,  
 And adds, “ the learn'd delight in something *new*.”  
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,  
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead ?  
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* fits  
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Yet subtile wights (so blind are mortal men,  
 Tho' satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)  
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,  
 To put off *nonsense* with the better grace ;  
 As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,  
 Illustrious mark ! where *pins* are to be fold,

WHAT's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?  
 The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.  
 A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,  
 As men of wealth may venture to go *plain* ;  
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,  
*Solemnity's* a cover for a *fool*.

I find the *fool*, when I behold the *screen* ;  
 For 'tis the wise man's interest to be *seen*.

HENCE, ———, that openness of heart,  
 And just disdain for that poor *mimic*, Art ;  
 Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,  
 Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

WITH generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd  
 Of *court*, and *town* the noon-tide masquerade,  
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,  
 And hide secure behind a *naked face* ?  
 Where nature's end of language is declin'd,  
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind ;  
 Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,  
 And he who trusts a *brother* is undone ?

*These* all their care expend on outward show  
 For wealth, and fame ; for fame alone, the *Beau*.

Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen,  
How blank his look ? how discompos'd his mein ?  
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !  
*Sunk* were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

NEXT day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,  
His health was mended with a *silver-lace*.

A curious artist long inur'd to toils  
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oyls,  
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,  
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.  
The well-swoln tyes an equal homage claim,  
And either shoulder has it's share of fame ;  
His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,  
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.

He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)

*S*: ——— *pe* in wit, in breeding *D* ——— *l* ——— *ne*.

Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye  
On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,  
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart ?  
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.  
In active measures brought from *France*, he wheels,  
And triumphs conscious of his learned *hairs*.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day

A calf of genius debonnair, and gay,

Dance

Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,  
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd  
In linnen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.  
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,  
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.  
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,  
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.  
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)  
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame ;  
But open force was vain ; by night she went,  
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent* ;  
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,  
*And glory at one entrance quite shut out.* \*

HE scorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,  
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim* ;  
Thus in each other both these Fools despise  
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;  
Their methods various, but alike their aim :  
The *slowen* and the *fopling* are the same.

YE Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,  
When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;

Then

Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,  
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.  
You vent your spleen as monkeys, when they pass,  
Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,  
While both are *one* ; and henceforth be it known,  
Fools of both sides shall stand as fools alone.

“ B U T who art thou ? methinks *Florello* cries,  
“ Of all thy species art thou only wise ? ”  
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,  
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,  
*Florello*, thou my monitor shalt be ;  
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *Thee*.

O thou myself ! abroad our counsels roam,  
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.  
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,  
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;  
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?  
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.  
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,  
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?  
While I a moment name, a moment's past,  
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last* ;



What then is to be done ? be wise with speed :  
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

AND what so foolish as the chace of fame ?  
How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?  
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,  
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of Time,  
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
*Born*, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour ?



LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE III.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODDINGTON.

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*Tanto major Fama fitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 10.

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DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXI.

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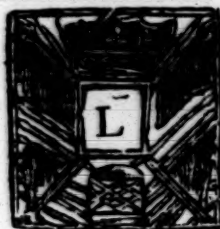
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## SATIRE III.



LONG, *Dodington*, in debt I long have  
fought  
To ease the burthen of my grateful  
thought;  
And now a poet's gratitude you see,  
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* :  
For whose the present glory, or the gain ?  
You give protection, I a worthless strain.  
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,  
And know the basis of a solid fame ;  
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;  
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,  
But more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

A N ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,  
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?  
Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,  
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days ;

As if men now were of another cast,  
 They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.  
 Men still are men, and they, who boldly dare,  
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;  
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place  
 Of such, who *run in debt* for their disgrace,  
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
 And damn it with *improvements* of their own.  
 We bring some new materials, and what's old  
 New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold;  
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,  
 And from sow'r critics vindicate the muse.

“YOUR work is long,” the critics cry: 'tis true,  
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;  
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,  
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;  
 As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,  
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

LIKE the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,  
 That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,  
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,  
 And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.



For what ambitious fools are more to blame  
 Than those, who thunder in the critic's name ?  
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,  
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

*BALBUTIUS* muffled in his sable cloak,  
 Like an old druid from his hollow oak,  
 As ravens solemn, and as *boading*, cries,  
 Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !  
 Ye doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,  
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

ONE judges, as the *weather* dictates, right  
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night ;  
 Another judges by a surer gage,  
 An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;  
 Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,  
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.  
 Another judges by the writer's *look* ;  
 Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;  
 Some judge, their knack of *judging-wrong* to keep ;  
 Some judge, because it is soon to *sleep*.

THUS all will judge, and with one single aim,  
 To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.  
 The very best *ambitiously* advise,  
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise ;

None are at leisure others to reward;  
They scarce will *damn*, but out of self-regard.

CRITICS on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,  
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;  
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.  
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown  
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their criticism waste;  
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,  
And eat their way to *fame*; with anxious thought  
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.  
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,  
And bids *december* yield the fruits of *may*.  
Their various cares in one great point combine,  
The business of their lives, that is——to dine,  
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*,  
And, to a kind *digestion*, spare the rest.  
*Apicius*, here, the taster of the town,  
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

THESE worthies of the palate guard with care  
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*,

In those choice books their *panegyrieks* read,  
 And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.  
 If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,  
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
*Thieves* of renown, and *pilferers* of fame;  
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,  
 They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.  
*Cottil* is apt to wink upon a peer,  
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;  
 And *H——y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,  
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.  
*Niger* adopts stray libels, wisely prone  
 To covet shame, still greater than his own.  
*Bathyllus* in the winter of threescore  
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.  
 Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,  
 Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name,  
 Has words, and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,  
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*.  
 Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,  
 Men *forge the patents*, that create them fops.

A s love of pleasure into pain betrays,  
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.  
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,  
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise?  
 For such the vanity of great, and small,  
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

N O R can even satire blame them, for 'tis true  
 They most have ample cause for what they do.  
 O! fruitful *Britain*! doubtless, thou wast meant  
 A nurse of *fools* to stock the continent.  
 Tho' *Phæbus*, and the nine for ever mow,  
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.  
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,  
 'Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,  
 A *Welch* descent, which well-paid heralds damn,  
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* epigram.  
 When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,  
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write agen.

S E E! *Tisyrus* with merriment possesse,  
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest;  
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,  
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.

Is there of *these*, ye fair ! so great a dearth,  
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth ?

SOME vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,  
Of *houses* some, nay houses that they *hire* ;  
Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous *wife*,  
And boast, like cordeliers, a scourge for life.

SOMETIMES, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,  
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears* ;  
Then (stranger still !) on turning of the wind,  
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

TO shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,  
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.  
What numbers are there, which at once pursue  
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too ?  
*Vincenna* knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,  
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;  
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise  
To win applause, and takes it by surprize.  
" To err, says he, in small things is my fate."  
You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.



“ My *style*, says he, is rude, and full of faults.”

But O! *what sense? what energy of thoughts?*

That he wants Algebra he must confess,

But not a *soul to give our arms success.*

“ Ah! that’s a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

“ But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

“ I own ’twas wrong, when thousands call’d me back,

“ To make that hopeless, ill-advis’d attack;

“ All say ’twas madness, nor dare I deny;

“ Sure never fool so well deserv’d to die.”

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,

It ne’er, *Vincenna*, cou’d deceive in *thee*,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenue* wear,

And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.

Are these expedients for renown? confess

Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

BE wife, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,

Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.

Ev’n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign,

Most manfully besiege the patron’s gate,

And oft repuls’d, as oft attack the *great*

Sat. III. *The Universal Passion.*

With painful art, and application warm,  
 And take at last some *little place* by storm;  
 Enough to keep *two shoes* on *sunday* clean,  
 And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer-lane*.  
 Already *this* thy fortune can afford,  
 Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.  
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;  
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:  
 From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;  
 They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:  
 The man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance.  
 'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.  
 If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth  
 To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,  
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed,  
 Of every charm, and virtue she's possest.  
*Philander*! thou art exquisitely blest,  
 The publick envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,  
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud;  
 But, see! how sickly is *ambition's* taste?  
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;  
 For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,  
 In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

SOME

SOME nymphs sell reputation, others buy,  
 And love a market, where the rates run high.  
*Italian* musick's sweet, because 'tis dear;  
 Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*;  
 Their tastes wou'd lessen, if the prices fell,  
 And *Shakespear's* wretched stuff do quite as well;  
 Away the disenchanted fair would throng,  
 And own, that *English* is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,  
*Imported* nymphs our peereesses out-shine;  
 While *tradesmen* starve these *Philomels* are gay;  
 For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.  
 O lavish land! for *sound* at such expence?  
 But then she saves it in her bills for *sense*.

MUSICR I passionately love, 'tis plain,  
 Since for its sake such Dramas I sustain.  
 An opera, like a pillory, may be said  
 To nail our *ears* down, but expose our *head*.

BEHOLD the masquerade's fantastick scene!  
 The legislature join'd with *Drury-lane*!  
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd Patriots run,  
 And serve their country—— if the *dance* is done.

“ Are we not then allow’d to be polite ? ”  
 Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.  
*Worth of politeness* is the needful ground,  
 Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne’er be found.  
 Triflers not ev’n in trifles can excel ;  
 Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

GREAT, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,  
 To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways,  
 Well, H——r, dost thou thy *master* serve ;  
 Well has he seen his *servant* shou’d not starve.  
 Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais’d,  
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais’d,  
 Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,  
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*,  
 Inferior off’rings to thy God of vice  
 Are duly paid in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice* ;  
 Thy sacrifice supream an *hundred maids* !  
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !  
 If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,  
 An hundred head of *cuckolds* must suffice.  
 Thou smil’st, well pleas’d with the converted land,  
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

AND,

AND, that thy ministry may never fail,  
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,  
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure  
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

SEE commons, peers, and ministers of state  
 In solemn council met, and deep debate!  
 What godlike enterprize is taking birth?  
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?  
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!  
 Fixt is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddlestrings*!

THO' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like  
 these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;  
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,  
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow,  
 How terrible it were to common sense,  
 To write a *satire*, which gave none offence?  
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,  
 If men dislike them, do they censure *me*?  
 On then, my muse! and *fools*, and *knaves* expose,  
 And, since thou canst not make a *friend*, make *foes*;  
 The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend,



Sat. III. *The Universal Passion.*

47

The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,  
*Knaves* know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain it's price ?

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,  
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,  
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.  
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,  
 A curl within, a smile upon his face,  
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,  
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;  
*Genius*, and *virtue* they will soon defeat,  
 And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.  
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*  
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

MAY, *Dodington*, this maxim fail in you,  
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view  
 By *Walpole's* conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd ;  
 And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,  
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd :  
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;  
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

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*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE IV.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *SPENCER COMPTON*.

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— *Tanto major fama sitis est, quàm*  
*Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 10.

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D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year M DCC XXXI.

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## SATIRE IV.



FOUND some fair tree th' ambitious *wood-*  
*line* grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting  
boughs ;

So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,

(O! pardon *mine*) that hopes support from thee ;

Thee, *Compton*, born o'er *senates* to preside,

Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide ;

Deep to discern, and widely to survey,

And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh ;

Of distant virtues nice extreams to blend,

The *crown's* asserter, and the *people's* friend :

Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,

To listen to the labours of the *muse* ;



Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*,  
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.

V E X T at a publick fame so justly won,  
The jealous *Chremes*, is with spleen undone.  
*Chremes*, for airy pensions of *renown*,  
Devotes his service to the *state*, and *crown*;  
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,  
Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this patriot* loves;  
But patriots differ, some may shed their blood,  
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;  
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees  
What storms, or sunshine providence decrees,  
Knows for each day the *weather* of our fate:  
A *Quid-nunc* is an *almanack* of state.

Y O U smile, and think *this statesman* void of use,  
Why may not time his secret worth produce?  
Since *apes* can roast the choice *castanian nut*,  
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*,  
Since half the senate *not content* can say,  
*Geese* nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

W H A T makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?  
An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor

Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his *own estate*,  
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

*GEHENNO* leaves the realm to *Chremes's* skill,  
And boldly claims a province higher still.  
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got  
At once a *bible*, and a *shoulder-knot* ;  
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole,  
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;  
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,  
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the creed.  
How-e'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,  
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

*PEERAGE* is poison, good estates are bad  
For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.  
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,  
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief ?  
While the sun shines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous force ;  
But thunder marring *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.  
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,  
Just as their *mercury* is high or low.

*HEALTH* chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark ;  
A *sever* argues better than a *clarke* ;

Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,  
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;  
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal  
 Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C—— who makes so merry with the creed,  
 He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;  
 But only thinks so; to give both their due,  
*Satan*, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.

Of some for *Glo:y* such the boundless rage,  
 That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

NARCISSUS the *tartarian club* disclaims,  
 Nay, a *free-mason* with some terror names,  
 Omits no duty, nor can *envy* say  
 He mis'd these many years the *church*, or *play*;  
 He makes no noise in *parliament*, 'tis true,  
 But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;  
 His *character*, and *gloves* are ever clean,  
 And then, he can outbow the *bowing Dean*;  
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,  
 Which equally the wise, and worthless shares.  
 In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief  
 Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,

Most

Most charitably lends the town his *face*  
 For ornament, in every publick place;  
 As sure, as *cards*, he to the *assembly* comes,  
 And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms.  
 When *Ombre* calls, his hand, and heart are free,  
 And, joyn'd to two, he fails not—to make three.  
*Narcissus* is the glory of his race:  
 For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd  
 Such shining *expletives* of human kind,  
 Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,  
*Sense* to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,  
 Some for renown are *singular*, and *odd*;  
 What other men dislike is sure to please  
 Of all mankind these dear *antipodes*;  
 Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,  
 And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.  
*Arb—t* is a tool, and *F—* a sage,  
*S—ly* will fright you, *E—* engage,  
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,  
 Stones mount, and *S—x* is the worst of friends.

THEY take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,  
 And blush, if you surprize them in the *right*,  
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,  
 A swan is white, or *Q—y* is fair:

NOTHING exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
 A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*;  
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
 He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong.  
 Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn  
 In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.  
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,  
 Methinks you should endeavour to be *wife*.

BUT what in oddness can be more sublime  
 Than *S—*, the foremost *toyman* of his time?  
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,  
 His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,  
 And *Ashmole's* baby-house is, in his view,  
*Britannia's* golden mine, a rich *Pern*!  
 How his eyes languish? how his thoughts adore  
 That painted coat which *Joseph* never wore?  
 He shews on *holidays* a sacred pin,  
 That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen *Bess's* chin.

“ Since



" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,  
 " Since the great *plague* that swept as many more,  
 " Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry,  
 " It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!  
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,  
 Unhappy I—y! how came you to please?

No tawdry butterflies are *Lico's* game;  
 But, in effect, his chase is much the same.  
 Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,  
 Stanch to the foot of *title*, and *estate*.  
 Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find,  
 Or *Lico*, or their *shadows* lagg behind;  
 He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,  
 Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;  
 As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,  
 And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:  
 But after seven years dance from place to place,  
 The \* *Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;  
 Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,

H

For

\* A danish *Dog*.

For ever whisp'ring secrets, which where blown  
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town ?  
 Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,  
 Still to reflect the temper of his face ;  
 Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,  
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave ;  
 Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please  
 To loll, or *thump* it for his better ease ;  
 Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night bespoke ;  
 When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke ?  
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find  
 His lordship's jest ; or, if his nose broke wind,  
 For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,  
 That can cry *chimney-sweep*, or drive a *plough* ?  
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that *close* ?  
 Scarce meaner they, who terms, like these, *impose*.

BUT what's the tribe most likely to comply ?  
 The men of ink, or antient authors lye ;  
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold  
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.  
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most  
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast :

Sat. IV. *The Universal Passion.*

59

For fame no cully makes so much her jest,  
 As her old, constant spark, the bard profess:  
 " *B——le* shines in council, *M——* in the fight,  
 " *P——l——m*'s magnificent; but I can write,  
 " And what to my great soul like glory dear?"  
 'Till some God whispers in his tingling ear,  
 That *fame*'s unwholsome taken without *meat*,  
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*;  
 Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,  
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

AH! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s lost,  
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?  
 Or that his shining page, (provoking fate!)  
*Defends* sirloyns, which sons of dullness *eat*?

WHAT foe to verse without compassion hears?  
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears?  
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,  
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,  
 With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,  
 Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

YE bards! why will you sing, tho' uninpir'd?  
 Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be admir'd?

H 2

*Defunct*

Defunct by *Phæbus*' laws, beyond redress,  
 Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?  
 Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,  
 Like *hair*, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

ALL other trades demand, verse-makers beg;  
 A dedication is a wooden leg;  
 And barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper*'s fashion,  
 Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.  
 Tho' such *myself*, vile bards I discommend,  
 Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my friend.  
 "Is't then a crime to write?" — if talents rare  
 Proclaim the God, the crime is to forbear;  
 For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,  
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,  
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,  
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,  
 Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit;  
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.  
 Will H — t pardon, if I dare commend  
 H — t, with zeal a patron, and a friend?  
 A — le true wit is studious to restore,  
 And D — t smiles, if *I hæbus* smil'd before,

P — ke

*P* — *ke* in years the long-lov'd arts admires,  
And *Henrietta* like a muse inspires.

BUT ah! not *inspiration* can obtain  
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.  
How mad their aim? who thirst for glory, strive  
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*.  
Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place  
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.  
This truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well,  
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

THAT *fame* is *wealth*, fantastick poets cry;  
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply,  
Who know no guilt, no scandal but in *rags*;  
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.  
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old  
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*,  
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,  
Shall match the veriest huncks in *Lombard-street*,  
From rescu'd candle's ends who rais'd a *sum*,  
And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.  
A *beardless* miser? 'tis a guilt unknown  
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.



OF ardent lovers, the true modern band  
 Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their *land*.  
 For love, young, noble, rich *Castallio* dies;  
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.  
 Divine *Monimia*, thy fond fears lay down;  
 No rival can prevail, but—*half a Crown*.

HE glories to late times to be convey'd,  
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*.  
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,  
 When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.  
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,  
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

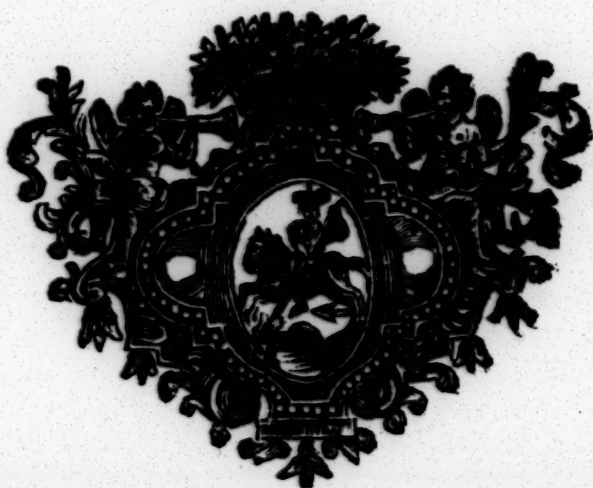
“WHO'D be a slave?” the gallant Colonel cries,  
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.  
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,——  
*Just* is his title, for I will not *fight*:  
 All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,  
 As maids of honour *beauty*,— by their *place*.  
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,  
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of *flain*,  
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,  
 A *sweet revenge*, and *half-absolves* his sword,

Sat. IV. *The Universal Passion.*

63

OF *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,  
 A *soldier* should be modest, as a *maid* :  
 Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,  
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy* :  
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;  
 But if you pay your self, the world is free.

WERE there no tongue to speak them but his own,  
*Augustus*' deeds in arms had ne'er been known,  
*Augustus*' deeds ; if that ambiguous name  
 Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,  
 Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak,  
 The *Roman* would not blush at the mistake.



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*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE V.  
On *WOMEN*.

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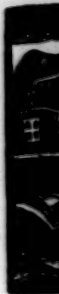
*O fairest of creation! last and best  
Of all God's works! Creature, in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight, or thought be form'd  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost! —————*

MILTON.

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DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year M DCC XXXI.



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# SATIRE V.



OR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;  
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader  
own.

But, *there* indeed, it deals in nicer  
things

Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*.

Attend, and you discern it in the fair

Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair* ;

Or rowl the lucid orbit of an *eye* ;

Or in full joy elaborate a *figh*.

THE sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame ;

Nay thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme.

A theme, fair—— ! doubly kind to me,

Since satyrizing *those*, is praising *thee* ;

Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyrick of a grosser kind.

*BRITANNIA's* daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,  
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;  
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.  
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,  
Thro' every *sign* of vanity they run;  
*Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,*  
*Lectures, and tryals, plays, committees, balls,*  
*Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,*  
And *fortune-tellers* caves, and *lyons* dens,  
*Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,*  
*Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,*  
*Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shews, Reviews,*  
*Sales, races, rabbits, (and still stranger!) pews.*

*CLARINDA's* bosom burns, but burns for *fame*;  
And love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame:  
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; then,  
Like *April-suns*, dives into clouds agen.  
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;  
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms.

'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,  
 And to be taken with a sudden pain;  
 Then, she starts up all ecstasie, and blifs,  
 And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.  
 O how she rowls her charming eyes in *spight*!  
 And looks delightfully with all her might!  
 But like *our* heroes, much more brave, than wise,  
 She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Z A R A resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;  
 Without she freezes, and within she glows;  
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,  
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,  
 She reads the *psalms*, and *chapters* for the day  
 In——— *Cleopatra*, or the last new play.  
 Thus gloomy *Zara* with a solemn grace  
 Deceives mankind, and *bides* behind her face,

N O R far beneath her in *renown* is she  
 Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill-company.  
 Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,  
 Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;  
 To find you *news* who racks her subtile head,  
 And vows—— *that her great grandfather is dead*.

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear,  
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—*to bear*.  
 In that the skill of conversation lies,  
 That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise.

ZANTIPPE cries “ let nymphs who nought can say,  
 “ Be lost in silence, and resign the day :  
 “ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess  
 “ By tame behaviour, and a soft address.”  
 Thro' *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply  
 With all the dictates of *humanity*;  
 Thro' *wisdom*, *she* refuses to submit  
 To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit* :  
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,  
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.  
 But if by chance an ill-adapted word  
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,  
 Her darling china in a whirlwind sent  
 Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

WINE may indeed excite the meekest dame,  
 But keen *Zantippe* scorning *borrow'd* flame,  
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*.

Nor

Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,  
 She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice.  
 Doubly like *eccho*, *sound* is her delight,  
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.  
 Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise  
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wife* ?

FAMINE, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng  
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;  
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state ?  
 What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate* ?  
 If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow,  
 We *make* misfortune, *Suicides* in woe.  
 Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !  
 Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill ?  
 How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,  
 (That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,  
 On *folly's* errands, as we vainly roam,  
 Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home ?  
 Men drop so *fast*, ere life's mid stage we tread,  
 Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.  
 Yet, as *immortal*, in our uphill chace  
 We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;  
 Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,  
 Join night to day, and sunday to the week.



Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief, and toil ?

But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,

And in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,

Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;

Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,

*Husbands* look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

THE *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue ;

Man is not *all* the game they have in view :

In woods, and fields their glory they compleat,

There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd gate ;

While fair *Miss Charles* to toilets is confin'd,

Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun, and wind.

Some nymphs affect a more heroick breed,

And vault from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed* ;

Command his prancings with a *martial* air,

And *Fobert* has the forming of the *fair*.

MORE than *one* steed must *Delia's* empire feel,

Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel* ;

And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng,

With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong ?

Graceful,

Graceful, as *Jobu*, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her *diuretick* strains.  
*Sesosthis*-like, such charioteers as *these*  
 May drive six harnest *monarchs*, if they please.  
 They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smir,  
*Leap, swim, shoot-flying*, and pronounce on *wis*.

O'E R the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns ;  
 Again the God *Apello* wears her chains.  
 With legs tost high on her sophee she sits,  
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits ;  
 Of each performance she's the final test ;  
 One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;  
 And then pronouncing with decisive air,  
 Fully convinces all the town—— *she's fair*.  
 Had lovely *Daphne Hesatassa's* face,  
 How would her elegance of taste decrease ?  
 Some ladies *judgment*, in their *features*, lyes,  
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their eyes.

B U T hold, she cries, lampooner ! have a care :  
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair ?  
 O no : see *Stella*, her eyes shine as bright,  
 As if her tongue was never in the right ;  
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !  
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire ;

How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
 Could *Daphne* publish, and could she forbear?  
 We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,  
 Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man, and well she might,  
 The youth in person, and in parts was bright;  
 Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,  
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.  
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.  
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own;  
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.  
 The day was fixt; when with one acre more  
 In steep deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *threescore*.  
 The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.  
 Of *pride*, and *av'rice* who can cure the fair?

MAN's rich with little, were his judgment true,  
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,  
 But fools create themselves new appetites.  
 Fancy, and pride seek things at vast expence,  
 Which relish nor to *reason*, nor to *sense*.

When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness* destroys,  
 In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,  
 In *fancy's* airy land of noise, and show,  
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,  
 Like *cats in air-pumps*, to subsist we strive  
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

LEMIRA's sick, make haste, the doctor call :  
 He comes : but where's his patient ? at the ball.  
 The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,  
 And cries, " my lady, Sir, is always so.  
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight ;  
 " True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night.  
 " I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)  
 " For *fevers* take an opera in *June*.  
 " And tho' perhaps, you'll think the practice bold,  
 " A midnight park is sovereign for a *cold*.  
 " With *colicks*, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;  
 " With *indigestion*, supper just at three."  
 A strange alternative ! replies Sir H——s,  
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance* ?  
 Tho' sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,  
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*.  
 For want——but not of health, are ladies ill,  
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's-bill*.



ALAS! my heart, how languishingly fair  
 Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?  
 Pale as a young dramatick author, when  
 O'er darling lines fell *Cibber* waves his pen.  
 Is her lord angry, or has \* *Viny* chid?  
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?  
 "Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."  
 Why went she not to bed? "because 'twas night:"  
 Did she then dance, or play? "nor this, nor that."  
 Well, night soons steals away in pleasing chat.  
 "No, all alone, her *pray'rs* she rather chose,  
 "Than be that *wretch* to sleep 'till morning rose."  
 Then lady *Cynthia*, mistress of the shade,  
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed.  
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;  
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wife.

OTHERS with curious arts dim charms revive,  
 And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.  
 You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,  
 To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;  
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then  
 Revolves into her native *red* agen.

Like

\* *Laj'-dog*.



Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,  
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass,  
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.  
Yet *Laura's* beautiful to such excess,  
That all her *art* scarce makes her please *the less* :  
To deck the female cheek *he* only knows,  
Who paints less fair the *lilly*, and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile? such blessings nature pours,  
O'er-stockt mankind enjoy but half her stores ;  
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,  
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.  
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
And *waste* their musick on the savage race.  
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?  
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?  
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,  
And painted *arts* deprav'd allurements chuse.  
Such *Fulvia's* passion for the town ; fresh air  
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair :  
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,  
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things ;

But

But smoak, and dust, and noise, and crouds, delight;  
And to be prest to death transports her quite.

Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,  
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,  
Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,  
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?  
Or is the publick to the private scene?  
*Retir'd*, we tread a smooth, and open way;  
Thro' briars, and brambles in the *world* we stay,  
*Stiff* opposition, and *perplex* debate,  
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,  
Which choak our passage, our career controul,  
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.  
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!  
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!  
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:  
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,  
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence*, and *peace*.  
*There*, from the ways of men lay'd safe ashore,  
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;  
*There*, blest with health, with business unperplex,  
*This* life we relish, and ensure the *next*,

*There*

There too the *Muses* sport ; these numbers free,  
*Pierian Eastbury* ! I owe to thee.

T H E R E sport the *Muses* ; but not there alone :  
 Their sacred force *Amelia* feels in town.  
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;  
 A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit.  
 Both wits ! tho' miracles are laid to cease,  
 Three days, three wond'rous days ! they liv'd in peace ;  
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,  
 On *Durfy's* poesy, and *Bunryan's* prose.  
 The learned war both wage with equal force,  
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

P H O E B E, tho' she possesses nothing less,  
 Is proud of being rich in happiness.  
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
 Content with pains, since they're reputed joys ;  
 With what well-acted transport will she say,  
 " Well sure, we were so happy *yesterday* !  
 " And then that charming party for *to-morrow* !"  
 Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow,  
 But she dares never boast the *present* hour,  
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power.

For such is ~~or our~~ weakness, or our curse,  
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
 The present moment like a wife we shun,  
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy;  
 Pleasure, like *Quick-silver*, is *bright*, and *cloy*;  
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:  
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,  
 What is it, but rank poyson in your veins?

As *Flavia* in her glass an angel spies,  
*Pride* whispers in her ear pernicious lies;  
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
 There's no satiety of charms divine:  
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.  
 She fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,  
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd,  
 The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found  
 (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.  
 "What miracle, says *Strephon*, makes thee weep?"  
 "Ah barbarous man, she cries, how cou'd you—*sleep*?"

MEN love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;  
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*?

Yet sure there is a certain time of day,  
 We wish our mistress, and our meat away;  
 But soon the sated appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.  
*Eternal* love let man, then, never swear;  
 Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*.  
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;  
 Hunger, and love are foreign to the *will*.

T H E R E is indeed a passion more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.  
 But not of that unfashionable set  
 Is *Phillis*: *Phillis* and her *Damon* met.  
*Eternal* love exactly hits her taste;  
*Phillis* demands eternal love at least.  
 Embracing *Phillis* with soft smiling eyes,  
*Eternal* love I vow, the swain replies,  
 But say, my *all*! my *mistress*, and my *friend*!  
 What day next week the *eternity* shall end?

S O M E nymphs prefer *astronomy* to love;  
 Elope from mortal men, and range above.  
 The fair philosopher to *Rowley* flies,  
 Where in a *box* the whole creation lies.



She sees the planets in their turns advance ;  
 And scorns, *Poitier*, thy sublunary dance.  
 Of *Desagulier* she bespeaks fresh air,  
 And *Whiston* has engagements with the fair.

W H A T vain experiments *Sophronia* tries !  
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.  
 But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,  
 (O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.  
 Lo ! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,  
 Turns out the stars, and *Newton* is a sot.

T O — turn, she never took the height  
 Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right.  
 She strikes each point with native force of mind,  
 While puzzled learning blunders far behind.  
 Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,  
 The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wife* are taught.  
 Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,  
 When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;  
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe ;  
 In crouds, collected ; and in courts, sincere ;  
 Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,  
 She takes a noble pride in doing good.

Yet

Yet not superior to her sex's cares,  
 The mode she fixes, by the gown she wears;  
 Of *silks*, and *china* she's the last appeal;  
 In these great points she *leads* the common-weal;  
 And if disputes of *empire* rife between  
*Mecklin* the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,  
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! 'till suspended fate  
 Assumes *her* nod to close the grand debate.  
 When such her mind, why will the fair express  
 Their emulation only in their *dress*?

BUT O! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,  
 And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries!  
 Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,  
 And make her family a *sine-cure*.  
 The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,  
 But *takes* in texts of scripture at *piquet*;  
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
 And thanks her *maker* that her *cards* are good.  
 What angels wou'd these be, who thus excel  
 In theologicks, cou'd they *few* as well!  
 Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue?  
 Can she more decently the doctor wooe?  
 'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*  
 Of her religion, shou'd be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,  
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,  
 To beauteous *Marcia* often will repair  
 With a dark text, to *light* it at the *fair*.  
 O how his pious soul exults to find  
 Such love for *holy* men in womankind?  
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he  
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*,  
*Hums* round about her, and with all his power  
*Extracts* sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*?

THE *young* and *gay* declining, *Abra* flies  
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*:  
 By nature more an *eagle*, than a *dove*,  
 She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

CAN wealth give happiness? look round, and see  
 What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour  
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
 Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,  
 Like any lord it *promises*— and *pays*.  
 How will the miser startle to be told  
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?

What nature *wants* has an intrinſick weight ;  
 All *more*, is but the faſhion of the plate,  
 Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view,  
 It charms us *now*, *anon* we caſt anew,  
 To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd :  
 Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

MISTAKEN lovers who make worth their care,  
 And think accompliſhments will win the fair :  
 The *fair* 'tis true by *genius* ſhou'd be won,  
 As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *ſun* ;  
 And yet in female ſcales a *fop* outweighs,  
 And wit muſt wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.  
 Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain *Liberia's* eye  
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;  
 The youth of fire, that has drunk-deep, and play'd,  
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;  
 For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,  
 Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms ;  
 And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiſs)  
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.

IF you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,  
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

THE *languid* lady next appears in state,  
 Who was not born to carry her own weight;  
 She lolls, reels, flagers, 'till some foreign aid  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,  
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:  
 But knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the *Alps* — that is, ascend the *stairs*.  
 My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;  
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconick* style.  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That *Petry* rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye  
 Piece out the idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound!  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound,  
 And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.  
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gygantick *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *stare*;  
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate!  
 That *Rosolinda* can't by *proxy* eat.



AN *antidote* in female caprice lies  
(Kind heaven!) against the *poyson* of their eyes.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mein,  
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.  
In fair, and open dealing where's the shame?  
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.  
This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,  
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.  
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,  
If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)  
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.  
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.  
By *Jove*, is faint, and for the simple swain;  
She, on the christian system, is prophane.  
But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,  
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadeer.  
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,  
When *Jove* deposes a lady in his stead?  
*A lady!* pardon my mistaken pen,  
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,  
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;

The last result of an accomplish'd mind,  
 With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.  
 A violated decency, now, reigns;  
 And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.  
 With *Indian* painters modern *toasts* agree,  
 The point they aim at is *deformity* :  
 They *throw* their persons with a hoydon-air  
 Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.  
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
 They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own.  
 The modest look, the castigated grace,  
 The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,  
 For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,  
 Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.  
 Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,  
 Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.  
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,  
 And lady D ——— self will be polite.

YE rising fair! Ye bloom of *Britain's* isle!  
 When high-born *Anna* with a soften'd smile  
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,  
 What seems most hard, is *not* to be well-bred.  
 Her bright example with success pursue,  
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

BUT adoration? give me something *more*,  
 Cries *Lyce*, on the borders of *threescore*;  
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time*:  
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;  
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,  
 The melancholy news that we *grow old*.  
 Autumnal *Lyce* carries in her face  
*Memento mori* to each publick place.  
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms  
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!  
 While rival *undertakers* hover round,  
 And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,  
 Intent not on her own, but others doom,  
 She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.  
 In vain the cock has summon'd *sprights* away,  
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.  
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,  
 And nought of *Lyce* but *herself* is old.  
 Her grissled locks assume a *smirking* grace,  
 And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.  
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,  
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.  
 She grants indeed a lady *may* decline,  
 (All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age  
 Of prudent *Portia*? Her grey hairs engage,  
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.  
*Virtue's* the paint that can make wrinkles shine.  
 That, and that *only* can old age sustain;  
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.  
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,  
 And yearly some are falling of the few;  
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
 And downward tend into the vale of age,  
 They drop a-pace; by nature some decay,  
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;  
 'Till naked quite of happiness, aloud  
 We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

WHERE'S *Portia* now? — but *Portia* left behind  
 Two lovely copies of her form, and mind.  
 What heartuntouch'd their early grief can view,  
 Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?  
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?  
 The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
 Drives at the mercy of the wind, and tide;  
*Fancy*, and *passion* tofs it too and fro,  
 A-while torment, and then quite sink in woe.

V. Sat. V. *The Universal Passion.*

91

Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust  
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.  
Life swarms with ills, the *boldest* are afraid,  
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?  
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,  
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!  
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
The least obliging; and by favours, lost.  
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,  
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.  
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,  
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of *your own*.  
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;  
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:  
Then please the *best*: and know, for men of sense  
Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
*Arts* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,  
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.  
In *simple* manners all the secret lies,  
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.  
Vain *show*, and *noise*, intoxicate the brain,  
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.  
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,  
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.

Your



Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*.  
Of ail applause, be fondest of *your own*.  
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirst  
With which this age is eminently curst.  
To drink of *pleasure* but inflames desire,  
And abstinence alone can quench the fire,  
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,  
Give peace *in hand*, and promise blifs *to come*.



*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
 THE  
 UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
 SATIRE VI.  
 On *WOMEN*.

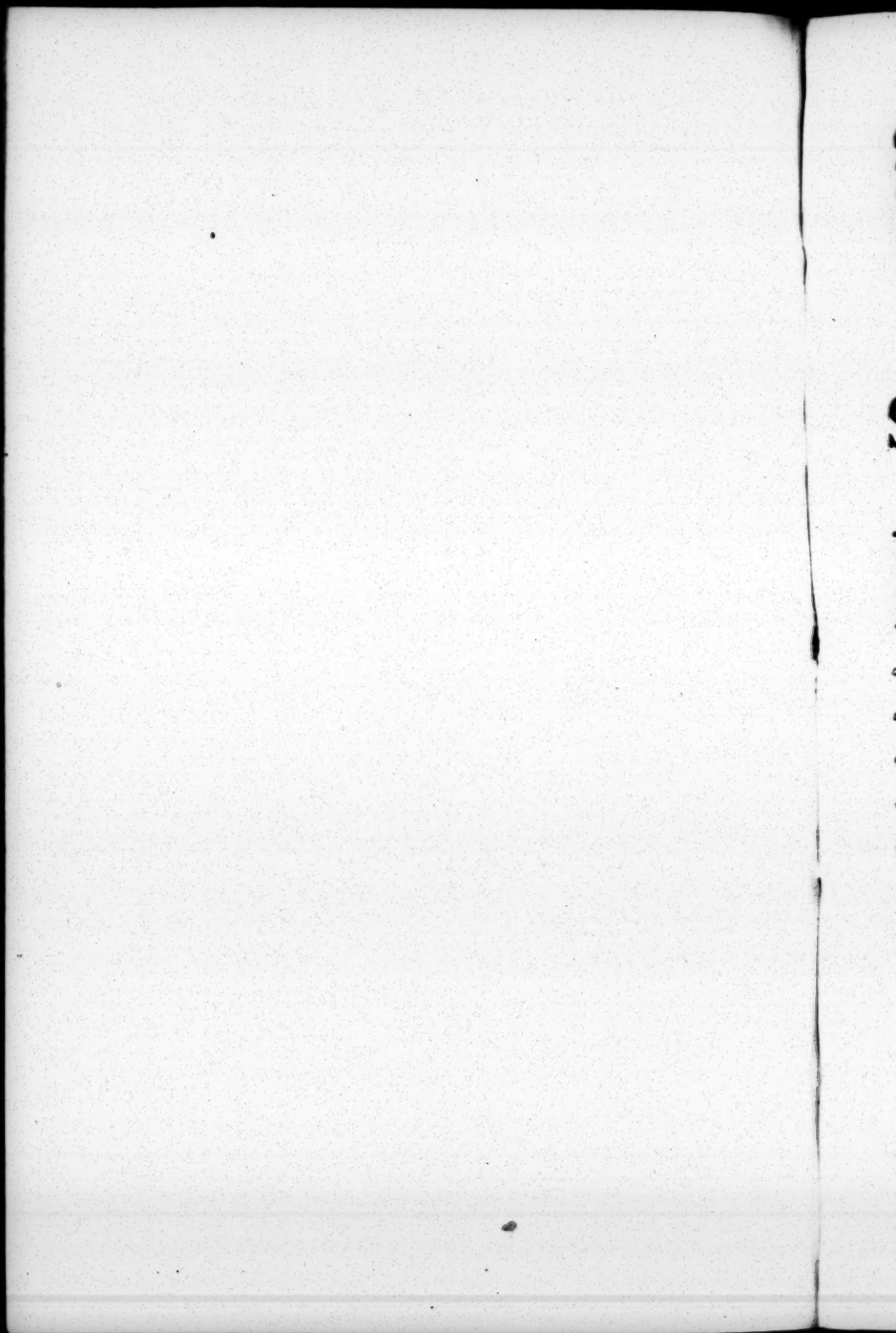
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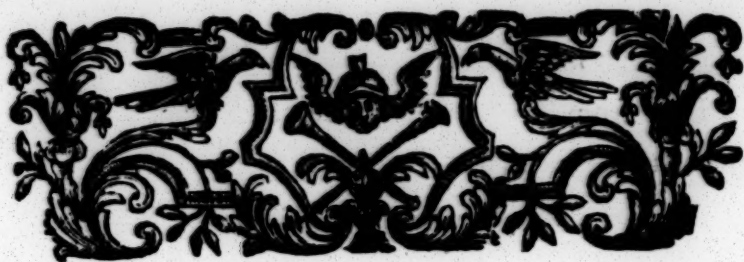
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*Interdum tamen & tollit Comædia vocem.*      HOR.

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## SATIRE VI.

I Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.  
*Apollo* whisper'd in my ear—" *Germain.*—  
I know her not—" Your reason's somewhat odd ;  
" Who knows his patron, now ? reply'd the God.  
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ;  
" Then steal great names to shield them from the Town.  
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,  
" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid ;  
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,  
" In vengeance write a Volume in *her praise*.  
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;  
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye Fair ! to draw your excellence at length,  
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;

You, *here*, in miniature your pictures see :  
Nor hope from *Zincks* more justice, than from me.  
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *fide* ;  
His portraits will *inflamm*e, mine *quench* your pride ;  
He's *dear*, you *frugal* ; chuse my *cheaper* lay,  
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

*Lavinia* is *polite*, but not *prophane* ;  
To *Church* as constant, as to *Drury lane*.  
She decently, *in form*, pays Heav'n its due ;  
And makes a civil *visit* to her *Pew*.  
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,  
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer* :  
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,  
Not one the Fair omits, but at the *creed*.  
Or if she joins the *Service*, 'tis to *speak* ;  
Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break ;  
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*  
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.  
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd* ;  
For they're before their Maker,—and *mankind* :  
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,  
*Satan* himself will toll the parish bell.



Acquainted with the World, and quite well bred,  
*Drusa* receives her visitants in bed.

But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defy  
The very blackest tongue of calumny,  
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,  
She begs, you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the fight,  
*That* makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.  
*There* is no woman, where there's no reserve;  
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit  
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.  
Mark well the rowlings of her flaming eye,  
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.  
“ Or if you take a lyon by the beard. \*  
“ Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* Pard,  
“ Or arm'd Rhynoceros, or rough *Russian* Bear,  
First *make your will*; and then *converse* with Her.  
This Lady glories in profuse expence,  
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.  
To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,  
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.

Had

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\* *Shakespeare*.

Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?  
In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.  
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour ;  
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.  
Thrice happy they ! who think I boldly *feign*,  
And startle at a Mistress of my brain.

*Flavia* is constant to her old Gallant,  
And generously supports him in his Want.  
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,  
A hell, no Lady so polite can bear.  
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains  
Her angel-brood of *b. fiends* she maintains.  
Nor least advantage has the Fair to plead,  
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

*Amasia* hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;  
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a faint :  
Her soul superior flies formality,  
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,  
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good* ———  
Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd *Abra* puts on formal airs ;  
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.

Her

Her only grief is, that she cannot be  
At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.  
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,  
“ *Who wou'd not think that Abra was a maid?*”

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,  
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?  
If no disease reduce her pride before,  
*Lavinia* will be ravisht at threescore.  
Then she submits to venture in the dark;  
And nothing, now, is wanting—but her spark.

*Lucia* thinks happiness consists in state;  
She weds an *idiot*; but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possesses,  
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;  
The rude *material*; *Wisdom* add to *this*,  
*Wisdom* the sole *artificer* of bliss.  
*She* from herself, if so compell'd by need,  
Of *thin content*, can draw the subtle thread;  
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)  
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been blest with *half* her sense,  
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.

But

But since she can make *error* shine so bright,  
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.  
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;  
And by too great accomplishments undone.  
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,  
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

*Naked* in nothing should a woman be,  
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* ;  
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,  
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,  
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.  
*Lesbia* the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,  
Pretends, the Fop she laughs at, is ador'd.  
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence,  
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

*Mira* endow'd with every charm to bless,  
Has no *design* but on her husband's *peace* ;  
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd  
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.  
“ *How charming this ?* ——— The pleasure lasted long ;  
Now every day the fit comes thick, and strong ;  
At last he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,  
And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.

What

What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?  
 How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more?  
 She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed,  
 She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:  
 Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,  
 He husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious *Melania* rises to my view,  
 Who never thinks her Lover pays his due;  
 Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;  
 Her Majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.  
 His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,  
 As uncoil'd hinges, querilously shrill.  
 "You went last night with *Celia* to the ball."  
 You prove it false. "Not go? that's worst of all."  
 Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame;  
 And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.  
 Her Lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen,  
 His *mirth* is an inexpressible fin.  
 For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breast,  
 There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;  
 To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self  
 Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himself.





And this, because she's exquisitely fair,  
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare ?  
How would *Melania* be surpriz'd to hear  
She's quite deform'd ? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine  
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;  
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.  
Hence, men are often captives of a face,  
They know not why, of no peculiar grace ;  
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear ;  
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

*Aspasia's* highly born, and nicely bred,  
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,  
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,  
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.  
“ Folks are so awkward ! things so unpölite ! ”  
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn to night.  
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes,  
Each creature's *imperfections*, are her woes.  
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress,  
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah !

Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,  
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing!  
Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before,  
*Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threescore*.  
Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay;  
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,  
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,  
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks:  
Then, *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine,  
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

*Julia's* a manager, she's born for rule,  
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;  
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*  
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;  
For difficult amours can smooth the way,  
And tender letters *dictate, or convey*.  
But if depriv'd of such important cares,  
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.  
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,  
Nor take her *Tea* without a *stratagem*;  
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face,  
Important by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supream among amusements reign,  
 By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*;  
 Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies,  
 Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wife*?

*Syrena* is for ever in extreams,  
 And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames.  
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,  
 She strains too much to make it understood.  
 Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;  
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

*Brunetta's* wife in actions great, and rare;  
 But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.  
 Thus every hour *Brunetta* is to blame,  
 Because the occasion is beneath her aim.  
 Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it shall appear;  
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;  
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
 Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with *Alicea*, there you'll see  
*Simplex munditiis*, to the last degree.

Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,  
And what she has of head-dress is aside.  
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace ;  
Unwasht her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.  
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves ;  
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.  
Gloves by queen *Bess's* maidens might be mist,  
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fi*st.  
Lovers beware ! to *wound* how can she fail  
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail ?  
For *H*——y the first *wit* she cannot be,  
Nor cruel *R*——d the first *toast* for thee ;  
Since full each other station of *renown*,  
Who would not be the greatest *Trape*s in town ?  
Women were made to give our eyes delight,  
A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair *Isabella* is so fond of *fame*,  
That her *dear-self* is her eternal theme ;  
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,  
“ Methinks I look so wretchedly to day !”  
When most the world applauds you, most beware ;  
’Tis often less a *ble*ssing, than a *snare*.

Distrust

Dis<sup>tr</sup>ust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;  
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.  
The breath of *others* raises our renown,  
Our *own* as sure blows the pageant down;  
*Take up* no more, than you by worth can claim,  
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,  
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.  
So far is Worth from making glory sure,  
It often hinders what it *should* procure.  
Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and wise?  
No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.  
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?  
No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;  
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,  
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;  
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?  
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,  
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.  
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim  
Of *injur'd* modesty the sacred name.

But



But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?  
"Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"  
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,  
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

"*Daphnis*, says *Clio*, has a charming eye:  
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?  
"*Aspasia*'s shape indeed—but then her air—  
"The man has parts who finds destruction, there.  
"*Almeria*'s wit has something that's divine;  
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?  
"*Selina* serves her friends, relieves the poor—  
"Who was it said *Selina*'s near threescore?  
"At *Lucia*'s match I from my soul rejoice,  
"The world congratulates so wise a choice;  
"His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—  
"But mortgages will sap the best estate.  
"In *Sherley*'s form might cherubims appear,  
"But then — she has a *freckle* on her ear."  
Without a *but*, *Hortensia* she commends,  
The first of women, and the best of friends;  
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;  
But how comes this to pass? — she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at *Satire* rail;  
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail;

And

And whence such praise ? our virulence is thrown  
On *others* fame, thro' fondness for our *own*.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns ;  
For are not *Coronets* akin to *crowns* ?  
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address  
The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confess.  
You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;  
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.  
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,  
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.  
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *Cit*,  
And quite as much detested, as a *Wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine ?  
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine ?  
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less  
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.  
That happiness which great ones often see,  
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,  
Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor ;  
But what are they who *droop* amid their store ?  
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state* ;  
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.

Peasants enjoy like appetites with Kings,  
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,  
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.  
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong  
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery ?  
 They languish ! oh support them with a *lye* !  
 A *decent competence* we fully taste ;  
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast :  
*More*, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone ;  
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,  
 To feel their great abundance ; and request  
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest ;  
 To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,  
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth divine,  
 Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.  
 All *boarded* treasures they repute a load,  
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.  
 Grand *reservoirs* of publick happiness,  
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they bless ;  
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,  
*Relieve* our wants, and *spare* our *blushes* too.

But Satire is my task, and *these* destroy  
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.  
Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,  
And blast our common enemy, G — n :  
But our *invectives* must despair success,  
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame ?  
Or is't *Asuria* ? that affected dame ?  
The brightest forms, thro' *affectation*, fade  
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made ;  
Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,  
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes ;  
In *Albucinda*'s native grace is seen  
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.  
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,  
*Retain* your gentle selves, and you *must* please.  
Here, might I sing of *Memmia*'s mincing mein,  
And all the movements of the soft machine ;  
How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,  
To cool the *bobea*, and inflame the *beau* ;  
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conspire  
To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.

*Tia !*

*Tea!* how I tremble at thy fatal stream?  
 As *Lethe*, dreadful to the love of fame.  
 What devastations on thy banks are seen?  
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been?  
 A *Hecatomb* of characters supplies  
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.  
*H—P—B—* asperst by thee, decay,  
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,  
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:  
*Scandal's* the sweetner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,  
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for wine;  
*Spirits* no longer shall serve under thee;  
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded *Tea!*  
*Citronia's* nose declares thy ruin nigh;  
 And who dares give *Citronia's* nose the lye? \*

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,  
 And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;  
 At length to rescue man, the generous lass  
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.  
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,  
 Who suckt the poison from her husband's wound.



Nor to the *glafs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,  
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal*! for thy feverer rage!  
To lash the ranker follies of our age.  
Are there among the females of our isle  
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?  
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,  
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,  
Without thin *decency* held up to view,  
Naked she stalks o'er *law*, and *gospel* too.  
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,  
Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;  
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,  
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.  
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,  
And one eternal tempest of debate.  
What foul eruptions from a look most meek?  
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek?  
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand;  
But then, their *reason* is at due command.  
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?  
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.

*Wives*

*Wives* wonder that their conduct I condemn,  
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them ?  
 What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see ?  
 And *Misses*, *antient* in iniquity ?  
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming ?  
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming ?  
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,  
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,  
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,  
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,  
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,  
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,  
 Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,  
 'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well drest *Belle*  
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *bell* ;  
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,  
 Who listen less to *C—ns*, than *St. Paul*.  
 Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth ;  
 'Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth,  
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs  
 This daring character, in timorous things,

Who

Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,  
A match for nothing——but the *Deity*.

But not to wrong the fair, the muse must own  
In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone ;  
But join to that a more substantial view,  
“ From thinking free, to be free agents too.

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,  
In complaisance to all the fools in town.  
O how they tremble at the name of *prude* ?  
And die with shame, at thought of being *good* ?  
For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,  
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say ?  
They Heav’n defy, to earth’s vile dregs a slave,  
Thro’ cowardice, most execrably brave.  
With our own judgments durst we to comply,  
In virtue should we live, in glory die.  
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise,  
They dread a Satire, who defy the *skies*.

Atheists are few ; most nymphs a godhead own,  
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.  
From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe  
God is, and is almighty—to *forgive*.

His

His other excellence they'll not dispute ;  
 But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.  
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain  
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain ?  
 Will the great author us poor worms destroy,  
 For now and then a *isp* of transient joy ?  
 No, he's for-ever in a smiling mood,  
 He's like themselves ; or how cou'd he be good ?  
 And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—  
 Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they dispose  
 The *pure* ! the *just* ! and set up in his stead  
 A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.

- “ Dear *T—l—n* ! 'be sure the best of men ;  
 “ Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen*.  
 “ Tho' once upon a Time he misbehav'd ;  
 “ Poor *Satan* ! doubtless he'll at length be fav'd.  
 “ Let priests do something for their one in ten ;  
 “ It is their *trade* ; so far they're honest men.  
 “ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,  
 “ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black* ;  
 “ Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,  
 “ From joys of this, to keep them all their own.  
 “ Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;  
 “ But then they leave our *untytb'd* *virtue* free.

“ *Virtue's*

" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show,*

" Did ever mortal write like *Rochevoucant* ?

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,

And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel forms angelic truths maintain ;

Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.

For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face* ?

Virtue made *visible* in outward grace ?

She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,

The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline ; the Fair long Vigils keep :

They sleep no more ! \* *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.

" Poor *K—p* ! cries *Livia* ; I have not been there

" These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.

" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—

" And people of condition shou'd bestow.

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to *K—p*'s grave matrons run,

Now *set* a daughter, and now *flake* a son ;

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly ;

And beggar half their race—thro' *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,

I less shou'd blame this criminal delight ;

But

\* *Shakespeare.*



But since the gay assembly's gayest room  
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,  
 Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,  
 And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.  
 We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,  
 And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,  
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills,  
 Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,  
 Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,  
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
 And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,  
 The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle !  
 And see, (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,  
 A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;  
 That rattles loud a small enchanted box,  
 Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.  
 And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,  
 From *Æolus's* cave impetuous broke ;  
 From this small cavern a mixt tempest flies,  
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !  
 For men, I mean, the Fair discharges none ;  
 She (guiltless creature !) swears to heav'n alone

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles swell !  
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.  
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs !  
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !  
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,  
And on her pillow lays her aking head,  
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,  
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round :  
Imaginary ruin charms her still,  
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *Spadil* :  
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,  
He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair !  
Why is the rich *Atrides*' splendid heir  
Constrain'd to quit his antiënt lordly seat,  
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?  
Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal cry ?  
Why pale distraction thro' the family ?  
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,  
And trembling Servants from the tempest creep.  
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent ?  
What fiends that *daughter*'s destin'd match prevent ?  
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?  
O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But

But wanders not my Satire from her theme ?  
 Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame* ?  
 Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd ;  
 'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.  
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong ;  
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.  
 This may be said in honour of our times,  
 That none, now, stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,  
*Love* has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride ;  
 Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r !  
 Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden show'r* ?  
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ?  
 Must *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *please* ?  
 When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,  
 What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chast* ?  
 Can *fame* like a *repique*, the soul entrance ?  
 And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance* ?  
 Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away ?  
 They find no woman disengag'd—from *play*.  
 Why pine the *marry'd* ? O severer fate !  
 They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.  
*Flavia*, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,  
 Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel card*.

Nor *Arria's* bible can secure her age ;  
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her Page.  
 While *death* stands by, but 'till the game is done,  
 To sweep *that flake*, in justice, long *his own* ;  
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire ;  
 Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.  
 Ye Gods ! with *new* delights inspire the fair ;  
 Or gives us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen* close  
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose* :  
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,  
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.  
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,  
 Advice to *right*, confirms us in the *wrong*.  
 I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."  
 When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod ?  
 But I've a charm your anger shall controul,  
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light  
 That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.  
 What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe ?  
 Her deeds are precepts, her example, law.  
 'Midst empire's charms, how *Carolina's* heart  
 Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art* ?

Her

Sat. VI.      *The Universal Passion.*

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,  
 Excess of goodness ! it has dawn'd on me :  
 When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,  
 Or godlike deeds were shewn, or generous thoughts,  
 She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew  
 From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

\* Thus the majestick mother of mankind,  
 To her own charms most amiably blind,  
 On the green margin innocently stood,  
 And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood ;  
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,  
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

† *In more than civil war, while patriots storm ;  
 While Genius is but cold, their passion warm ;  
 While publick good aloft, in pomp, they wield,  
 And private interest skulks behind the shield ;  
 While M—t, and W—ns rise in weekly might,  
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,  
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat  
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state ;*

*“ While*

\* *Milton,*

† *Lucan.*



" \* *While Atè hot from bell makes heroes shrink,*  
" *Crys harvock, and lets loose the dogs of ink ;*  
*Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,*  
*But ladies are ript up, and cits knockt down ;*  
*Tremendous farce ! where even the victor bleeds,*  
*And he deserves our pity, that succeeds ;*  
*Immortal Juvenal ! and thou of France !*  
*In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance ;*  
*But cuts her self a track, to you unknown,*  
*Nor crops your laurel, but wou'd raise her own ;*  
*A bold adventure ! but a safe one too !*  
*For, though surpast, I am surpast by You.*

\* *Shakespear.*

*LOVE* of *FAME*,  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
S A T I R E

THE LAST.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

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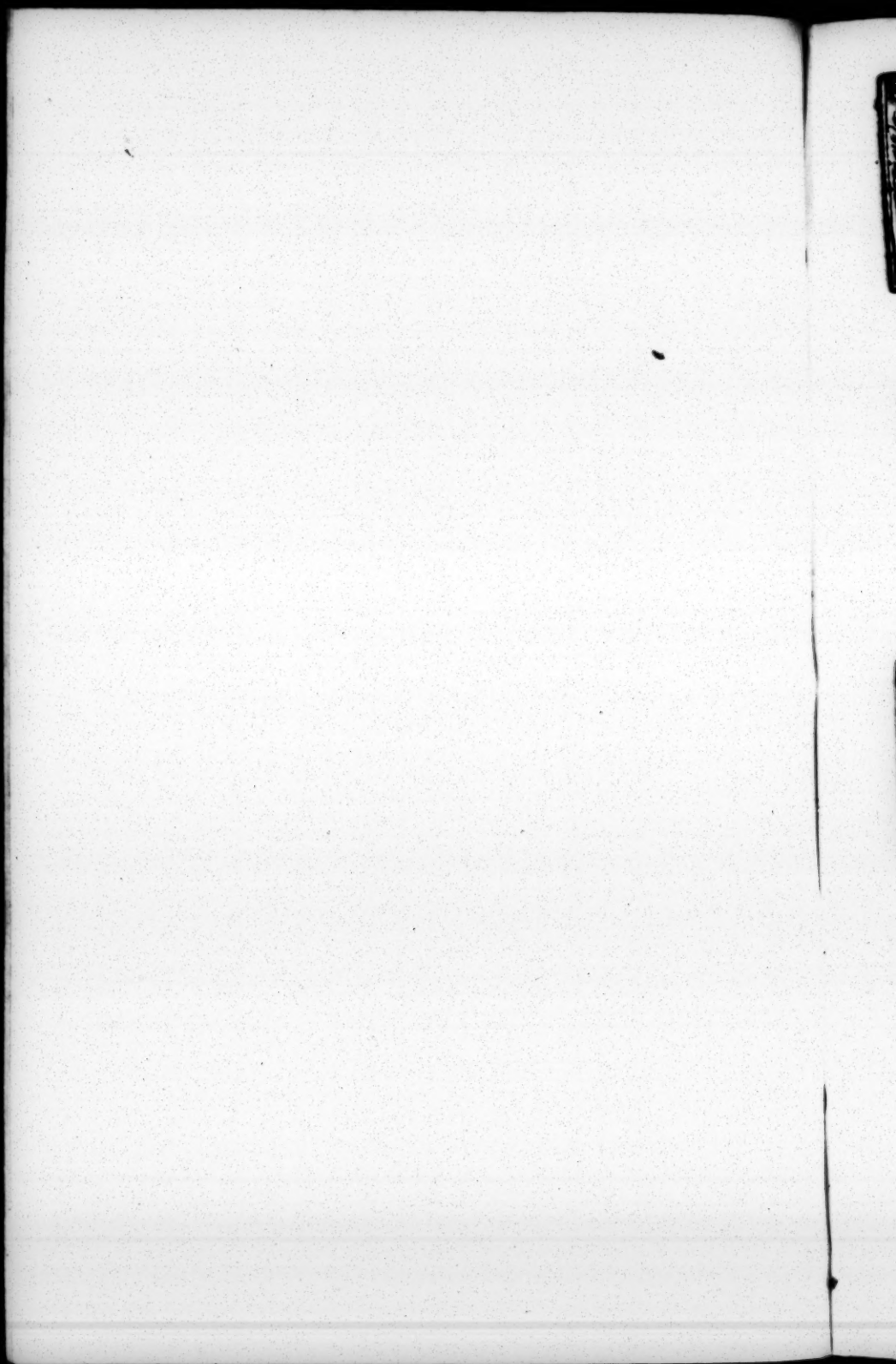
*Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus.*

VIRG.

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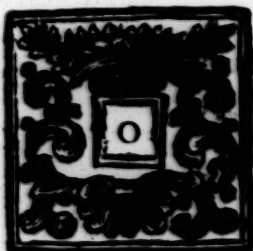
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# S A T I R E

## T H E L A S T.



N this last labour, this my closing  
strain

Smile, *Walpole*, or the *nine* inspire in  
vain.

To *thee* 'tis due ; that verse how  
justly thine,

Where *Brunswick's* glory crowns the whole design ?

That glory, which thy counsels make so bright ;

That glory, which on thee reflects a light.

Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known !

To *give*, and *take* a lustre from the throne.

N O R think that thou art foreign to my theme ;

The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.

R.

How

How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see  
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee ?  
Yet, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy sons,  
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs ?  
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless ;  
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,  
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)  
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause ;  
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,  
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

W H I L E I survey the blessings of our isle,  
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,  
Her publick *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,  
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,  
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,  
And shews the madness of ambitious men,  
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,  
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

T H E follies past are of a private kind,  
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd ;  
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,  
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse ;



Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away ;  
The *world* their field, and *human-kind* their prey.

THE *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,  
With rage and terror stalking by his side,  
Raves round the globe ; he soars into a God !  
Stand fast, *Olympus* ! and sustain his nod.  
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.  
What slaughter'd *hosts* ! what *cities* in a blaze !  
What wasted *countries* ! and what crimson *seas* !  
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

AND cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise  
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?  
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,  
Or *famine*, or *volcano* ? they perform  
Their mighty deeds, they hero-like can slay,  
And spread their ample desarts in a day.  
O great alliance ! O divine renown !  
With *dearth*, and *pestilence* to share the crown.  
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
Earth's builder and preserver they blaspheme.

ONE to destroy is murder by the law,  
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;  
 To murder *thousands* takes a specious name,  
*War's glorious art*, and gives immortal fame.

WHEN after battle I the field have seen  
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men ;  
 A nation crush'd ! a nation of the *brave* !  
 A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !  
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
 This *human chaos*, carry smiles away !  
 How did my heart with indignation rise !  
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes !  
 How was I shock'd, to think the hero's trade  
 Of such materials *fame*, and *triumph* made !

How guilty these ? yet not less guilty they,  
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way ;  
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;  
 Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*,  
 Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart* ;  
 All real kindness for the shew discard,  
 As marble polish'd, and, as marble hard.

Who

Who do for gold what christians do thro' grace,  
 " With open arms their enemies embrace."  
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;  
 " The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine."  
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd;  
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.  
 Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,  
*Walpole*, when men forget to copy thee.

HERE cease, my muse! the *catalogue* is writ,  
 Nor one more candidate for *fame*, admit,  
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame  
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.  
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here  
 May furnish laughter for another year.  
 Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd  
 The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,  
 With patience wait; and be content to reign  
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

SOME future strain, in which the muse shall tell  
 How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

S

How

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,  
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,  
His sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verres* is less qualify'd to steal  
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyer's fees to such excess are run,  
That clients are redrest, 'till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,  
And even denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,  
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

THIS swarm of themes that settles on my pen,  
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,  
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay  
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.

That

Sat. VII. *The Universal Passion.*

131

That duty done, I hasten to compleat  
My own design; for *Tonson's* at the gate.

THE love of fame in its *effects* survey'd  
The muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:  
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,  
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

SHOT from above, by heaven's indulgence came  
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,  
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,  
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.  
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,  
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;  
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest,  
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;  
It bids *Argyle* in fields, and senates shine,  
What more can prove its origin divine?

BUT oh! this passion planted in the soul  
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,  
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,  
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,  
Of blots, and beauties an alternate source;



Hence *Gildon* rails, that raven of the pit,  
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;  
 And in art-loving *Scarborough* is seen,  
 How kind a patron *Pollio* might have been.  
 Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,  
 And into *coxcombs* burnishes our fools;  
 Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,  
 And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height;  
 That key of nature, by whose wit she clears  
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

WOULD you then fully comprehend the whole,  
 Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?  
 (For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)  
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

YE doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,  
 As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;  
 As if a letter'd dunce had said "'tis right,"  
 And *Imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

TO glorious *deeds* this passion fires the mind;  
 And closer draws the *ties* of humankind,  
 Confirms *society*; since what we prize  
 As our chief blessing, must from *others* rise.

AMBITION in the *truly-noble* mind  
 With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;

As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread  
 From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct fled;  
 Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;  
 But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid  
 Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

IN *meaner minds* ambition works alone,  
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,  
 That not more like in feature, and in mien,  
 \* The God and mortal in the comic scene.  
 False *Julius*, ambusht in this fair disguise,  
 Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

NO mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,  
 But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;  
 All I have sung are instances of *this*,  
 And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

YE *vain*! desist from your erroneous strife;  
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life.  
 The *true* ambition there alone resides,  
 Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;

Where

\* *Amphitruon*.

Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state,  
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great;  
Where publick  *blessings* publick *praise* attend,  
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.  
Would'st thou be *fam'd*? have those high deeds in view  
Brave men would act, tho' *scandal* should ensue.

BEHOLD a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;  
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;  
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,  
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,  
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;  
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;  
*Tumult* and *noise* are dear, which with them bring  
His people's blessings to their ardent king:  
But, when those great heroic motives cease,  
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;  
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,  
A *sudden* foe to splendor, and applause,  
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,  
'Till men, and angels jointly shout his name.  
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;  
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

FROM

FROM one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,  
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,  
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine  
 In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;  
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,  
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

IN *Brunswick* such a source the muse adores,  
 Which publick blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.  
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,  
 Angels and *George* are rivals for the fame;  
*George*, who in foes can soft affections raise,  
 And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

\* NOR *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,  
 But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.  
 Even storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,  
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.  
 Thus, *nature*-self, supporting *man's* decree,  
 Styles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

WHILE *sea* and *air*, great *Brunswick*! shook our state,  
 And sported with a king's, and kingdom's fate,

Depriv'd

\* *The King in danger by Sea.*

Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with fear,  
 Of ever losing what she held most dear,  
 How did *Britannia*, like \* *Achilles*, weep,  
 And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?  
 Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,  
 Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

WHAT felt thy *Walpole*, pilot of the realm?  
 Our *Palinurus* † slept not at the helm,  
 His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,  
 And outwatch every star, for *Brunswick's* sake.  
 By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,  
 He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.  
 But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,  
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;  
 His own, which *Nature*, and the *Graces* form,  
 At will, to raise, or hush the civil storm.

\* *Hom. Il. l. 1.*

† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethaeore madentem, &c. Virg. l. 5.*

F I N I S.





II.

A  
VINDICATION  
OF  
PROVIDENCE:  
OR, A  
TRUE ESTIMATE  
OF  
HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH THE

*Passions* are consider'd in a New Light.

Preach'd in St. George's Church near Hanover-Square, soon after the late King's Death.

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The FOURTH EDITION Corrected.

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By E. YOUNG, LL. D. Fellow of *All Souls*  
College in *Oxford*.

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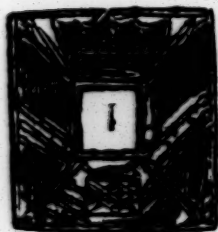
For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's* Head,  
GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible*, and  
WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Booksellers  
in *Dame's-street*. MDCCLXXXIV.





T O T H E  
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,



F the following Discourse is as Happy in its Execution, as it is Important in its Design, it will not be, (give me leave to say,) altogether unworthy of a Royal Patronage.

The Design is of great Consequence ; and, I think, New : It is to remove a prevailing, and inveterate Mistake, which first sprang, and now thrives in a Soil too indulgent to it, and a Soil too difficultly subdu'd, the Pride and Ill-Nature, and Melancholy, and Vice of Mankind. I mean, M A D A M, That false Opinion, that Reflection on Providence,

## DEDICATION.

“ That this World is, in its own Nature, That  
“ is, by God’s Appointment, a World of  
“ Sorrow, a Scene of Misery, a Vale of Tears;  
“ and that to be in it, is to be wretched un-  
“ voidably.” Whereas this Treatise shall en-  
deavour to make it manifest; That Providence  
is not only Gracious in the Composition, Stu-  
dious of the Accommodation, Preventive of  
the Accidents, Corrective of the Mistakes,  
and Liberal of the Wants, but Lavish, also,  
to the Luxuries of Man; and that God does  
not only permit, but enable us, and not only  
enable, but enjoyn us, to be Happy; Happy,  
to a much greater Degree than we are, That is,  
than we chuse to be.

Nor is that Error I combat, an Error of the  
Vulgar, Unlearned, or Sinful only; But the  
Learned, Wise, and Good, have fatally con-  
tributed their sacred Authority towards the Pro-  
pagation, and Establishment of it: Either  
through Inadvertency, or the Resentment of  
present Pain, or an indiscreet, tho’ well intend-  
ed Zeal, in the Recommendation of a Better  
World.

Most of them have, as it were casually, let  
fall from their Pens, which pursu’d some other  
Principal Point, too severe, and unguarded In-  
timations to the Discredit of our present State:  
Many have made an Invective on this Life,  
a general Drift that mingled it self in all their  
Discourses, and Conversations: And some  
have

## D E D I C A T I O N.

have made it their particular Theme, and avowedly, determinately, and strictly drove at this very Point; without adjoining the true Causes, the proper Cures, the right Ules, and salutary Effects of our Misfortunes and Pains; and thus have left Grounds, of future Argument against the Goodness, and thrown a present Cloud over the Glory of the Great Disposer of Events, the King of Time, and of Eternity.

Let, M A D A M, one of his most shining Representatives on Earth, patronize and vindicate a Vindication of his Providence; let one of the principal Ornaments of human Life indulge *A true Estimate* of it; let her graciously defend a Refutation of an Error, which flows from a Decay of that Faith, of which our dread Sovereign is the great Defender; and, which leads to a Corruption of that Morality, of which her own correct Conduct is the distinguish'd Glory. Let that Queen who is nearly concern'd in the sad Occasion that turn'd my Thought on this Subject, take it into her Protection; her Protection will recommend it to the World, and her Example will supply the Defects of this Composition on it.

And, M A D A M, as your Example will assist me, so that good Providence, whose Ways I presume to assert, grant, that your Fortune may too! That your most sacred Majesty, from this joyful and unclouded Morning of your



## DEDICATION.

Reign, may shine forth a long and illustrious Day, as an unanswerable Instance of temporal Happiness, and an unquestionable Heir of Eternal, is the constant and fervent Prayer of,

M A D A M,

*Your Majesty's most obedient,*

*And most dutiful Subject,*

E. YOUNG.



## The P R E F A C E.

I Know not well why, but the Passions are a Favourite Subject with Mankind: The Reason may possibly be, Because Men are much concern'd with them, both as to themselves, and others; and where we have a Self-concern, we have an Attention. Or, because they are such powerful, and universal Springs, that almost all the Pleasures, Pains, Designs, and Actions of Life are owing to them; and therefore it is our Interest to know them well: Or, because every Man carrying them in his own Breast, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able Judge of such Compositions; and thus his Pride has a Fondness for them: Or, because the Passions, like the Boy at the Fountain, fall in love with their own Representations: Or, because many are all Passion, and if Men consider a Treatise on the Passions, as a History of themselves, it is no wonder they read it with Pleasure. Or, because what a most celebrated Antient writ on this Subject is lost, to the great Regret of the learned, and polite World, which is studious of some Reparation of that Loss; and the more so, because what other Antients have left on that Head, is imperfect, and short.

Being sensible how difficult it is to gain Attention for Works of Divinity, I have insisted more on the Passions, than any other Head of the following Discourse; in Hopes of a more welcome Reception prepar'd for it, by that general Taste, or Disposition of Heart, which I have mentioned. I have mark'd the Distinctions, and Peculiarities of the Passions, with some Care.

A French Author, has treated of them with such Accuracy, and Applause, that it conciliated to him the particular Favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the Death of the Author of that Piece, though she had never seen the Man.

## THE PREFACE.

But he had a wrong Bias on him through the Whole to the Prejudice of it; nor could I reap any Advantage from him beside that of having such an Example of Industry, and Discernment; of which, what Use I have made I do not hope, but fear, the Reader will too easily perceive. That Author indeed displays the Passions at large, and pursues them into all their several Branches, whereas I could find Room for the Primary, or Radical Passions only, at present; but they may, one Day, shoot under Her Majesty's benign Influence, (who like the Queen above-mentioned, is the greatest Encourager of Arts) and give that one Tree of human Knowledge its entire Growth.

But as imperfect as the Discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible) I persuade myself the Reader will find an uncommon Variety in it; and that the Observations, which are by no Means drawn from Books, but the Life, are so far just, that any one who is at the Pains of looking on them, may possibly find Truths which his own Experience can attest, and thus be a Witness, as well as a Judge, of what is here written: He may find some Traces, some Features of his own Condition, as the Trojan met his own Picture on a foreign Shore. I wish, (a rare Wish in a Writer) that I could be refuted in what is here advanc'd, for some of the Truths are very melancholy. I hope the great Length will be excused, since the Nature of the Subject might easily have betray'd me into a much greater Transgression against the common Limits of this kind of Writing.

If this Piece in any tolerable Degree answers its Title, a Perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the Desiderata in Literature, and that of the nearest, and most general Concern to Man.



COLOSS. iii. 2.

*Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*



WE by no Means question, but that the Birth, and Life, and Death, and Resurrection of our Lord, were Acts of infinite Merit; Merit sufficient to satisfy God's Justice, and bring Sinners to the Terms of Reconciliation, and Salvation: But we must not imagine that they wrought any Change, or Confusion in the Nature of Things. God is as pure as ever, and Iniquity is as much his Aversion: Tho' he can be reconciled to Sinners, he cannot be reconciled to Sin; and tho' the Sinner may be saved, he cannot be saved unless he, first, be changed; for Heaven has no more Admittance for Corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable Holiness of God requires, that notwithstanding all our Lord has done to save us, we should still work out our own Salvation, by a Conformity to his Example, as well as a Dependence on his Merit; nor, most impiously, make his Merit an Encouragement of Sin.

For this Reason, the Christian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to rise again, in a Moral Sense; for in the  
Natu-



Natural, all these Acts are Acts of Necessity. These Expressions import so many several Stages in the Christian Course.

By Nature we are born of Flesh and Blood, which gives us a Constitution fond of what is present, and careless of what is future: And therefore to secure the future, we are told, that the Spirit of God is a new Principle of Life, which, when received into the Soul, will impress on it new Thoughts, new Aims, and new Desires; and to receive this Principle, and these Impressions, is the Christian Birth.

By Nature we live a Life of Sense and Self-will, which is destructive of our eternal Interest; and therefore we are enjoined to take the Will of Christ for our Rule, and his Practice for our Example; and this is the Christian Life.

By Nature we die thro' a Separation of Soul and Body; but this Separation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to Sin; and this is the Christian Death.

By Nature (or by God's Appointment in Nature) we are to rise again whether we will, or no; but nothing that is of pure force can produce an Effect to any one's spiritual Advantage; and therefore are we to rise by Choice, that is, by setting our Affections on Things above; and this is the Christian State, and that which the Text particularly calls for.

I shall begin with explaining the Words. The first Word in the original Text contains the whole Act of our Duty. We translate it, *set your Affections*, but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing without judging of its Worth; or can we judge of the Worth of any Thing, without taking it into our Thoughts; and the Word signifies each of these Acts, to \* think, to † judge, and to ‡ love.

---

\* Rom. 12.

† Rom. 14. 6

‡ In the Text.

Thus



Thus the whole Signification of the Word not only teaches us the whole Act of our Duty, but likewise the Method necessary for the Practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

The next Words are Things above; Shewing the Object of our Duty. Now things above, in the Stile of Scripture, signifie the Things of Grace, and the Things of Glory. The Things of Grace, are Holiness, Justice, Temperance, Charity, and all other Christian Vertues. Prov. xv. 24. *The Way of Life is above to the Wise, that he may depart from Hell beneath*; that is, every wise Man will be religious; for this is the Way above, that upper, exalted Way that leads to Life; But Sin is the low and ignominious Way, so low, that there is nothing beneath it but Hell, to which it leads.

*Secondly*, by Things above, are meant the Things of Glory; as the beatifick Vision of God, the Presence of Christ, the Conversation of Angels, the Fellowship of Saints; Bodies glorified, Souls ennobled, Faculties enlarged, and entertained with transporting Objects, and replenished with unmixed Joys! all these Things are meant by Things above: And one would imagine that an Injunction could not be ungrateful, to set our Affections on Things like these.

And yet it is ungrateful to most of us; and that for this Reason, because there are Things on the Earth too, Things contrary in their Nature, and inconsistent in their Choice, with the Things now mentioned: Pleasant Things, and such whole Pleasures are present, and palpable, and always at hand: Pleasures of Appetite and Sense, those winning Masters, under whose Dominion we spend the first of our Years for want of Reason, and (too often) the rest, in spite of it: Pleasures, that thro' their Number, and Opportunity, and Prepossession, and Custom, get such a fatal Ascendant, that unless we are always on our Guard against them, our Love of things above will either never spring, or (what is all one) never come to Maturity. And this is the

4 *A true Estimate of Human Life.*

the Reason of that Caution superradded in the last Words of the Text, *not on Things on the Earth.*

Having thus explained the Words, I proceed to shew the particular Method of practising the Duty contained in them; which consists (as I have already intimated) in those three Acts; First, Thinking of; Secondly, Judging; Thirdly, Loving the Things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our Duty. Nothing can act on the Soul but by the Mediation of Thought; that which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not: And therefore it is not so much the Beauty, or Excellency, or Gratefulness, or Fitness of an Object, as Thought that makes us love. The Object brings in the Matter, but Thought gives the Form to the Passion; and if we think not of a Thing, it is impossible we should love it, be it never so lovely.

If therefore we would work our selves to a proper Zeal for Things above, it is necessary that we should allow our selves stated Seasons of thinking on them: We must call them into our Mind, and make them the Matter of our serious Contemplation, and then the most desirable Things will certainly move in us a suitable Desire.

Nor is it strange that Thought should be necessary to give us an Affection for Things Spiritual and remote, when it is necessary to give us a Perception of Things sensible, and at Hand. The Eye may be open on an Object which it does not see; and the Ear struck with Sounds which it does not hear, if Thought is intensely engag'd another Way. But small Attention, indeed, is necessary to give Things sensible, and present their full Force on us. And this is the Reason of that Advantage; which earthly Things have on our Choice, above heavenly: They are immediate; their Presence is their Power. But religious Thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal Advantage; which is a strong Argument for the Practice of this Duty: Thought can make absent things present, take  
away

away the Distance between Earth and Heaven, and make an eternal Good, though future, a better Entertainment, and fuller Satisfaction to the Mind, than all the Pleasures of Sin, tho' at Hand.

I confess, indeed, since Heaven forces it self on our Thoughts, from a thousand Occasions, whether we will or no; that many think of Heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every Man desires it in proportion to his Thinking: For no Man but wishes for Heaven, while Heaven is on his Mind; and if every transient Glance of Thought can procure a Wish, it is a good Argument, that a fixed and frequent Contemplation would produce no less than an effectual Will. If therefore we affect not Heaven enough, it is because we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one strange Consideration which offers it self on this Subject: Since our common Notion of Things above represents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it possible that they should not ever engage our Thoughts? how is it possible, that Mankind which abhors nothing so much as Pain, should not be for ever meditating on that Place, which we confess to be the Seat of perfect Exemption from it? how is it possible, that Mankind which toils out a weary Life in eager Pursuits of every Appearance of Good, should forget that which we confess the Supream? for 'tis too manifest, that as the Thoughts of Heaven, and heavenly Things enter most rarely into our Minds, so they hang the most loosely there, and are soonest dislodged from their slender hold on us. Every new Object, tho' never so trifling, foreign, or absurd, is sufficient to divert us from the Importance of them.

The Holy Scripture is frequent in asserting, that the Devil is actually and perpetually conversant among us. His End and Business being to seduce, deceive, and destroy. Nor can there be a greater human Demonstration of this Truth, than this Instance of our Thoughts, with regard to the Contemplation of eternal Happiness; wherein their  
Slack-

Slackness, Avocations, Startings, Wanderings, and Interruptions, are so unaccountable, so contrary to their Nature and Manner of Attention, when applied to worldly Objects, that they cannot seem to receive their Conduct from any Principle, either Voluntary, or Mechanical, that is purely within our selves, but from the extrinſick Influence, and Injection of that evil Spirit. And accordingly we find him charged, *Mat. xiii. 19.* with this very Fact of snatching away good Thoughts from the Heart of Man.

And, indeed, if Men but grant that there is such a Power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we must cease to be Christians,) the other follows of it self: For the Region of the Soul, in which the Devil forges his Wiles to deceive us, is the Imagination; and his Manner of working is by forming Images, or exciting Motions there, which become the immediate Matter of our Thought; and his Time of working is then particularly, when he perceives our Minds are religiously disposed; for then he is most afraid of losing his Hold on us. And thence comes to pass (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the Seasons of Devotion a Languor, and Inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before, nor after: For then especially, he attempts our Imagination, and throngs it with foreign Matter. As therefore my Text requires the setting our Thoughts on Things above, in order to create such a Relish, and kindle such a Desire as is due to them; so in order to setting our Thoughts on them, it is necessary to superadd this Rule; that in the Seasons assigned for such Contemplation, we would always guard our Thoughts with that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, Deliver us from Evil, that Evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us to snatch away good Thoughts from our Hearts.

But a Persuasive to serious Contemplation (and nothing less than serious Contemplation is sufficient) must seem strange to so gay an Age, which has distinguished it self by nothing more, than by carrying Diversions to their greatest, and most expensive Height; Diversions, which  
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are the Reverse of serious Thought : An Age, which particularly may be said with *Sempronia*, \* *Psallere, & saltare elegantius quam necesse est Proba*. *Pecuniæ, an Famæ minus parceret haud facile discerneres*. I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of some Effect on all that hear it attentively.

“ Ah, my Friends ! while we Laugh, all things are serious round about us : God is serious, who exerciseth Patience toward us ; Christ is serious, who shed his Blood for us ; the Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the Obstinacy of our Hearts ; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears the most serious things in the World ; the Holy Sacraments represent the most serious, and awful Matters ; the whole Creation is serious in serving God, and us ; all that are in Heaven or Hell, are serious ; how, then can we be gay ? ” To give these excellent Words their full force, it shall be known, that they came not from the Priesthood, but the Court ; and from a Courtier as eminent as *England* ever boasted.

I shall now proceed to my second Head, Judging of the Things above ; which is the second Act of our Duty. As judging of them without thinking, which some do, (or our Conversations and Presses would not be so guilty as they are,) is preposterous ; so thinking of them without judging, is incompetent, and short. We must therefore judge likewise of the Things above ; that is, we must think of them comparatively, weigh them against all other Things, that may possibly stand in competition with them ; and so on a rational, and mature Deliberation, give them that Preference which they so well deserve.

Now this second Act of the Soul is necessary for the fixing our Affections, for this Reason ; because the simple Act of Thinking, indifferently raises our Love to every Thing that is pleasurable ; but when Judgment comes to examine,



and discern between those pleasurable Things, it will find that some of them must be foregone, and rejected of Necessity, because they are inconsistent with, and destructive of each other. And this in a particular Manner, is the Case between Things above, and Things upon the Earth; both of them offer Pleasures, and such Pleasures as must necessarily engage our Affections, on our first Contemplation of them: But those two Kinds of Pleasures are inconsistent; so contrary to each other, both in their Nature, and their Means, that it is impossible for one Soul to pursue both; such therefore, as entertain a distracted Inclination for both of them, are called in Scripture, Men of two Souls.

Since, then, it is necessary to chuse one, in order to enjoy either, let our Judgment examine these two Competitors for our Affections, Things above, and Things upon the Earth, and see which of them is most likely to bring in the fullest Satisfaction to our Souls.

First, let us put this World in the Ballance; and to avoid Confusion in so wide a Subject, let us separately consider the different Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations, Constitutions, Tempers, and Passions of Men; and see this Variety united in uneasiness and Complaint.

First, as to their Orders. The Peasant complains aloud; the Courtier in Secret repines: In Want, what Distress? In Affluence, what Satiety? The great are under as much Difficulty to expend with Pleasure, as the Mean to labour with Success. In Retirement, what Olsitancy, what Heaviness? In the World, what Conflict, what Fatigue? The Ignorant, thro' ill-grounded Hope, are disappointed; the Knowing, thro' Knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions Mistake; Mistake Disappointment, and Disappointment is Misery: Knowledge, on the other Hand, gives true Judgment, and true Judgment of things below, gives a Demonstration of their Insufficiency to our Peace. Good Fortune maketh the Will undisciplined and dissolute, the Imagination vain, the Passions strong, and the Understanding weak:

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A miserable State! Affliction is the best School of Wisdom; no Volumes are an Equivalent for the Necessity of Reflection that lays us under; but then it must be confessed we pay dear for its Instruction: And since the End of Wisdom is to lead us to Pleasure, what signifies that Wisdom which is accompanied with Pain?

The Marriage State only may be the most happy, but is the most dangerous; as fruitful of Calamities, as it is of Relations; whose Capacity of being our greatest Pleasures, is likewise their Capacity of being our greatest Pains. And if we consult Experience more than Reason in this Point, we have Grounds to fear the worst. Nor is Reason entirely on the other Side; for if there are more Vices, than Virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate Accidents in Life, the Balance in this State, will probably turn against us: The Good in it we look on as as our Due, and therefore receive it coldy, and without a proper Emotion of Heart; the Bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the Resentment of it: The Shaft is sharp; the Surprise dips it in Poison, and doubles our Anguish. Both Parties look on all that the other can do for them as an absolute Debt: This Notion leaves both a much less Power to oblige, than to disgust; and consequently makes Disquiets almost unavoidable.

The State of Celibacy, unless it can work out an artificial Happiness for the Absence of Evils, which requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a desert, melancholy, and disconsolate State: At the Maturity of Life, tender Affections awake in the Heart, which demand their proper Objects, and pine for the want of them. In this State of Celibacy, they must either be extinguish'd, or continued without Gratification: The first is a great Violence to Nature; the Second, her lasting Pain; and a Pain of that Kind, which furnished the *Platonists* with their principal Idea of Hell. Our Paternal Affections must be drawn off, like a Mother's Milk, or they will corrupt, and turn to Disease.

Husband, and Father, are the Titles of Honour which Nature dispenses, and endows them with greater Pleasure, than any Titles which Fortune can confer. They that resist the Impulses of Nature, are resisted by her, in their new Schemes of Enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful Adversary. He that has Children multiplies himself, and gives Happiness many Channels by which to flow in upon him: Letting the Heart stream out in Tenderneſs on its proper Objects, as it is the greatest Duty, so it is the greatest Blessing of Life: To have no one, to whom we heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable State. It may be said, that Wisdom will provide us with such Objects, in every Condition: It may; but it would cost us less Pains, if we suffered Nature to ease her of that Trouble.

Persons of Birth, Riches, Power, and Talents, those shining, and envied Characters, have all their peculiar Evils, the Growth of their respective States.

*First*, Persons of Birth: These have their Eye on their Ancestors; and would have their Glory subsist on the Merit of the Dead. This the World will not agree to, but thinks that an Argument for Attainments of their own, which the Great by Birth look on as their Exemption from the Labour of them: Thus are they pain'd, where they expect Homage, to find Reproach. They condemn those of mean Extraction; and by that Contempt, as it were, exact their Hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad Consequences of it. Ardently they desire Honours, because it is natural to Men to desire an Accumulation of that Good, of which already they enjoy a Share: Hence a Disappointment in this Pursuit, is more stinging to them, than others. Who is truly more noble for his high Birth? He that despises it: He that despises it as a Possession, but values it as an Incitement to Virtue. Their Appellations are their Instructors, they are stiled Noble, on a Presumption that they retain the Virtue; their Blood is stiled Gene-  
rous,

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rous, on a Presumption that they retain the high Nature of their Ancestors. Their Riches are not sufficient.

*Secondly*, Men of Riches : These Men, which is natural, are so high in their Opinion of what they largely possess, that they think to have Riches, is to have every Thing ; that, they think them the Price for, and Title to all the World can give, or Man enjoy. Hence high Expectations, and high Resentments, and every Evil is aggrandized by These. Every wrong Accident is a Calamity, and not only a Calamity, but an Injury too ; for have not they a Title to better Things ? Others, when they are sick, are sorry ; but these are angry also, and look on a Gout, or a Fever, as an Object of Resentment ; which is still the stranger, because, for the most Part, they invite them to their Habitations.

*Thirdly*, Men of Power : They that have it in their Power to make the Fortune, and Reputation of others, may have, and often have as many Enemies, as those whose Fortune, and Reputation they do not make. For Men are so fond of themselves, as to think that all others can do, they should do for them. This is unjust, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the Uneasy, instead of venting their Passion by striking the Air, as it is natural for the Peevish in their Gusts of Rage to do, vent it often on Men in Power, by shooting their Arrows at them, even bitter Words ; because Men are apt to think they contract an Importance, from the Importance of those they injure. Whereas 'tis rare that Men in Power give just Offence to such as these : If they injure, they stoop not to these ; they level at the Great, for that gives their Dignity the highest Satisfaction. The Great often justly are, the Mean often unjustly will be their Enemies. Where then are their Friends ? They must be few ; and those few are more likely to be secret Enemies to them, than to any others with whom they pass for Friends. Because, First, Men of Power create the greatest Envy, which is our strongest Passion : Secondly, their Ruin would afford the largest Plunder, and our own Emolument is our chiefest Aim.



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*Fourthly*, Men of Talents: If they do exert them, it will cost them much Pains, and they may probably fail of Success, through Malice of Accident, or Indiscretion of Choice. Or if they succeed in their Labour, their Labour may not succeed in its Reputation; or if it does, it is only setting themselves a hard Task for the future; for it is double Shame to fall beneath themselves. Fame is generally these Mens Aim; and to fail of our Aim, be it never so idle, is Infelicity. An Author at his Lamp tells himself in Triumph, now the Toil is almost over, the Purchase at hand, he's within a Month of Immortality. But on *Publication* he finds the Payment deferred; deferred to the Day of his Death; too late a Payment of that which he cannot transfer to his Heir. There is no stronger Intatuation than this Desire of chimerical Immortality. It is very strange; but the Secret of it is this: God implanted in the Soul a violent Desire of Approbation, in order to stimulate Men into an Attainment of his own Approbation, which is the most valuable; as he implanted in the Soul strong Hope, and Fear, and Love, that he himself might be the Object of them, as my Text directs: But as these Affections when they stop short on Temporals, become Pains; so this violent Desire of Approbation, when it stops short at Men, becomes, tho' most admirably wise in God's Design, that ridiculous, and seemingly unaccountable Folly of which I speak: And the wisest of Men, not attending to this, have sometimes started in Surprise and Shame, on discovering that some of their noblest Designs had their Rise, and Termination in that most despicable Point, the Opinion of Men. Thus you see that the Thirst of Approbation, when misapply'd becomes a Folly, and incur Shame, which it would most avoid. And this is the State of the greatest Gifts that Omnipotence can bestow, when turned on improper Ends. This, therefore, which might seem digressive, is not so; it tends to demonstrate the Miseries of this Life, since hence it appears, that we have Reason to stand in Dread of the very Excellencies of our Nature, as well as the Imperfections of it.

*Secondly,*



*Secondly*, Consider the different Ages: Young Men desire passionately, and therefore are afflictively disappointed. They desire chiefly Gratifications of *Sense*, and therefore soon impair their Appetites for them, and anticipate old Age by Infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their Inclinations, and therefore as some Things by Nature cannot, others, through their own Temper, shall not please them long.

They are fastidious in their Pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted, the Prerogative of their Time of Life: Thus they reject many, and impair the rest.

They are prone to Anger, because unsubdued by Fortune, and unapprized by Wisdom of what they ought to expect: Hence are they displeased with others without Cause, and then with themselves, for being so; for generally their Sense of being in the Wrong is as quick, as their Propensity to it, is strong.

They have not a sufficient Regard for Things of Utility, (because they never wanted,) and find the bad Effects of it; what Pride can better taste, pleases them more: Hence they are very tender of their Honour, before they have gained any; and thus are they pain'd, not only about Things that are, but Things also, that are not.

They are credulous because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived: And hence, from too fond an Opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a Dislike for Mankind; as fruitful a Source of Evil, as their first Mistake.

The young Man's Field of Reflection is small, for little is past; his Field of Hope large, for much is to come; which falling in with Vivacity of Spirits, and Vanity of Heart, he indulges it to the Exclusion of necessary Fear, which is the Shield of Life; and hence is he perpetually

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wounded in his Peace, Fortune, Reputation, or Health, or All.

He delights in Extreams, whereas Virtue is in the Mean, and Happiness dwells with her. He is a Squanderer of Wealth, as well as of Health, Peace, and Reputation; and by the Guilt of Youth, lays up Poverty for Age; of which I am now to speak.

Age is infested with Suspicion, Excess of Caution, Disaffection, Pusillanimity, Illiberality, Querulousness, Immodesty, Garrulity, Want of Compassion, solid Hatred, Moroseness, inordinate Self-Love, extream Covetousness, and Distempers.

An old Man is suspicious, because incredulous; and incredulous, because experienced. For the Knowledge, and Distrust of Mankind are inseparable. Now he that lives in perpetual Suspicion, lives the Life of a Centinel, of a Centinel never relieved; whose Business it is to look out for, and expect an Enemy, which is an Evil not very far short of perishing by him.

Allied to Suspicion is Excess of Caution: Wisdom, Coldness of Temperature, and sometimes Ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall chuse one Instance that includes them all: In Points of Speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any Thing positively, though he is best able to do it: He knows nothing, but is of such an Opinion on most Occasions; by which, one Thing he means, is, to call younger Men Fools, (who delight in a more sanguine Style) and thus, artfully, to gratify his Disaffection to them.

He is all Disaffection: I speak in general. He loves no body, because formerly, very probably, his good Inclinations have been abused; besides, the Affections as naturally contract in the Evening of Life, as Flowers at the Departure of the Sun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none; nor is lov'd, or enjoyed by any.

He

He is Pusillanimous, from Decay of Spirits, and the Blows of Fortune. Now Pusillanimity is the want of Hope, and Hope is the Cordial of Life.

He is Querulous, which is the Voice of Pusillanimity; and an infallible Source of Contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how easy to lose; as likewise, from a growing Passion for the Security of to-morrow; whereas to day is the Mistress of Youth. Now Illiberality is the Source of Hatred, as Generosity is of Love.

He is Immodest, I mean hardened to the Eye, and unaffected with the Opinion of others, because he disesteems them; and disesteems them, because he knows them; and Praise, and Dispraise we disesteem, when we disesteem those from whom they come. Now this Immodesty is a Source both of Hatred, and Contempt. Besides, Virtue is always enfeebled by a Neglect of Praise, which is a Food of it.

He is Talkative, because his largest Scene lies backward; and his Talk on the past, is always a Censure on the present: Now he that censures, is displeased. Besides this Talkativeness is disgusting on two Accounts: First, as he is generally his own Theme; Secondly, as it runs counter to the Fire, and Activity of younger Men, to whom he speaks.

His Compassion is slight, from his Familiarity with Misfortunes; and his Hatred is solid, more apt to vent it self in Deeds than Words, from the Maturity of his Wisdom, which loves Things effectual, and to the Purpose. His former Qualities put him in a State of War with Mankind: This, in a State of War that gives no Quarter.

He is Morose, and an inordinate Lover of himself. The First, because he envies Pleasures which he can't partake.

There is no such Thing, at least, in our Climate, as a gay old Man ; A Fly in *Winter* is for Nations nearer the Sun. He is the Second, because Men rise in Fondness for Things, in proportion to their Hazard of losing them ; and his Life is on the Departure. Hence absurdly his Passion for it increases, as its Value fails. Now from all that has been said.

His extream Covetousness is accounted for. Money has two excellent Qualities for him : First, it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do : It will keep him Company, as it always does ; it will flatter him ; it will go on his Errands ; it will procure him Smiles, and Bows, and all the Outside of Affection, and Respect. Secondly, as it is a Thing inanimate, it can give no Offence. But not to aggravate this Matter, (which it little needs !) granting, that as Youth is the Reign of vehement Desire, and vehement Desire, is a Disease, a Fever, a Pain ; so Age, indeed, brings on a Serenity ; Experience makes us able Pilots in the Waves of Fortune, and Vigour impair'd no longer scorches us with the Violence of Desire ; Granting, that the Mind gains that Strength which the Body loses, and intellectual Pleasures are then in their full Force ; yet so, it must be confess'd, are

Distempers too ; and what Comfort is there in an Hospital, or a Storm ? In Youth what Disappointments of our own making ? In Age what Disappointments from the Nature of Things ? It is long before we arrive at a right Conduct, and by that at a true Relish, and good Husbandry of Life ; and when we are arrived at it, as much as Wisdom gives, Time withdraws, Objects begin to flatten, and Appetites to fail. Human Life has then its Morning and Evening ; but the Evening and Morning are one Day ; a Day of Sorrows ! different indeed in Sort, but in Essence the same. And this is the Reason why Men always unhappy, are always expecting Happiness. For had we no Change of Scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the Vanity of our Expectations : Whereas we, now, are amused with Hope, which, for Pleasure, gives



us Change of Pain; we are wretched, and deceived, which increases our Wretchedness; for every Sorrow receives a new Sting, from our Expectation of the contrary.

*Thirdly*, Consider our Aims: If we let loose our Wishes at Things above our Desert, how rarely we succeed? Or if we succeed, how are we pain'd with the Fears of exposing our Insufficiency? How shall we make good the Promise our Fortune has made to the World? We must live in perpetual Constraint: be for ever sweating under a Mask of Form and Artifice, which, in spite of all our Care, the Wise will see through, and, at their Mercy we lie, for the precarious Character we preserve. And how ridiculous a Sight it is, to see a Man embarrass'd by good Fortune, and struggling with his own Success? To take up more Money than our Estate can answer, in Time, is certain Ruin: To take up more Reputation than our Merit can answer, in Time, is as certain Shame,

If our Fortune, on the other hand, falls below our Desert, how careless are we of exerting those Capacities we are really Masters of, and of levying that Advantage and Reputation which is due to them? Our Preferment is our Punishment; and the Consciousness of our Worth is at once our Pride, and our Affliction; how unpromising a Scene is that for Happiness, where our Merit increases the Number of our Pains?

If our Aims are proportion'd to our Desert, we may indeed succeed; but our Success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see (as soon we shall!) our Interiors in Merit get the Start of us in Place and Fortune; when we find our Wisdom and Modesty less advantageous, than the Rashness and Confidence of other Men.

If we stand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a solitary and uncomfortable Dominion; unrefresh'd with Hope, which is the Life of Life itself. If we have our Attachments, and lean against our Superiors, it is often a shining Servitude, a promising Anxiety, that excites indeed



deed our Spirits, but torments them too, during the Sufferance; and as often deceives, as satisfies, in the End. Which has most Happiness? a servile Hope, or a hopeless Independency? He that has many Hopes, has many Possibilities of Disappointment; he that has few, has few Occasions of Joy.

If we converse with our Inferiors, or Equals only, we sacrifice the Advancement of our Fortune, to present Ease and Complacency; if with our Superiors, we in some Measure sacrifice our Ease and Complacency, to our Fortune; our Caution must be always awake, our Abilities always on the Stretch; and Conversation, which was designed to recreate, must become a Discipline, and an Enterprize.

Moreover, it is Expectation from Superiors that is apt to give a painful, and unreasonable Awe of them; an Awe due rather to God, than Man. It is that which annoys our Breasts with pusillanimous Doubts and Fears; that makes the little Heart play its Servile Passions in all their Force, at a Smile, or a Frown; which he that does not expect, is free from himself, and in others, most justly contemns. The most despicable Weakness any one Man can be guilty of, is an undue Fear of another, which Expectation is apt to subject him to.

Obscurity has its obvious Disadvantages; and a great Name is the Mark of Envy and Reproach: Or if Reproach spare it, it must be nurtur'd, or lost. Time itself will work Decay in Glory as in other Things; unless it be kept in Repair at the Expence of returning Pains, and a Succession of Deserts: And if preserved, it has its moral Evils; Fame from Letters, makes a Man unsociable, and overbearing; Fame from political Wisdom, designing; and Fame from Arms, incorrect of Life. It has likewise its natural Evils. For since Fame is the general Mistress of Mankind, he that enjoys it has almost as many Rivals as Men, and often as many Foes as Rivals.

One Man aims at making his Happiness by Philosophy, another by Fortune. The First is stemming the Stream of the World, and his own Nature, with endless Labour; the Second is carried away by that Stream, with endless Hazard, and every Wave is Master of his Peace.

One follows Fancy, and by that Time the Thing fancied is attained, his Fancy for it is fled. Another follows Custom, and is fashionably pleased in Contradiction to his own Heart. Seeming to be happy, is his Happiness; now seeming Happiness implies the Want of it. A third follows Reason; and Reason puts us out of Humour with almost every Thing about us.

If Men have no Pursuits they are a Burthen to themselves; if they have, Disappointments are a greater. What Disappointments interrupt the most successful Prosecutions? And what is worse, Possession is the greatest Disappointment of all; it destroys the very Phantom of Happiness, our pleasing Error, our sweet Flatterer, Hope, which before we enjoyed. The Man of Success, and of the highest Advancement, first indeed laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at himself. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his Fondness: He is grieved, he is surprized, he is angry, that the Absence of those Things was able to give him so much Pain, the Presence of which can afford so little Enjoyment. But he usually keeps the Secret, in poor Hopes of that Enjoyment from the mistaken Envy of others, which the Things envied cannot give him; and takes a malicious Pleasure in seeing his unwarned Followers deceived, as well as himself. There is ever a certain Languor attending the Fulness of Prosperity: When the Heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its Possession; and the Energy of the Soul goes out, like the Flame that has no more to devour; or, like a Storm, loses its Force for want of Opposition. Who is so wretched as the Man that is overwhelm'd with a Multitude of Affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting Superiority

riority of Fortune should give some Superiority of Happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the Endearments of Life, increases, at the same Time, the Terrors of Death. Which leads me to

The *Fourth* Consideration, that of our Relations in Life: A Wife, a Child, dear to us as our own Bosoms in which they lie, what Cowards do they make us? What are their Endearments, their Softness, their Charms, but new Terrors in the Frown, and new Shafts in the Quiver of Misfortune and Death! There is something truly formidable in having such tender Blessings as these; and every wife and feeling Heart, while it is transported at the Thoughts of them, must tremble too.

But all Relations are not pain'd through Tenderness of Affection. While the Father is solicitous for the Welfare of his Son, how solicitous and impatient is the Son (very often) for the Death of that very Father? What are Alliances of Blood, but Titles for Expectation? And what are Titles for Expectation, but Exposures to Disappointment, and Aggravations of its Smart? All that seeming Family-endearment, Comfort and Complacency, which we figure to our selves at a Distance, what is it, (too often!) but mutual Attacks on the Peace, Plots on the Riches, Hopes from the Sickness, and Joy from the Deaths of each other?

The Servant envies his Master, and sometimes the Master his Servant, and perhaps with more Justice; but justly, neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the World from one Sin, there would be no such Thing as Envy upon Earth; Envy, which is a double Folly; Folly, as it is a Sin, and Folly as it is a Mistake; for it results from the Supposition of that which is not, the superior Happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that Degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

*Fifthly*, As to Constitutions and Tempers: In Health, what Temptation? In Sickness, what Pain? The Misery of

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of many is wrap'd up in their very Veins, how then shall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchase Distempers? Earthquake, Storm, War, sweep not halt so many, as Diseases which we, knowingly, contract by Carelessness and Excess. Women, as they are less subject to Pains of Mind, are more subject to Pains of the Body than Men, to ballance that Account.

He that is infirm, dies daily, and loses all the Pleasure of Life: He that knows no Infirmities, observes not the Lapse of Time, grows old unawares, and is unprepar'd for Death: But suppose a Man has Health, and Wisdom too, how many find in their Tempers an Enemy to Peace?

The Tempers are, as I take it, lesser Passions, or, various fainter Shades, or Blendings of those strong Colours on the Soul of Man. The gloomy, peevish, sanguine, phlegmatick, good-natur'd, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, suspicious, refining, reserved, affable, fearless, timid, modest, proud, delicate, and insensible Temper, have all their peculiar Evils.

A gloomy Temper surveys every Thing in the worst Light, and can discover no Blessings.

A peevish Temper quarrels with the Blessings it discovers, with its Friends, itself; and defeats the Labour of Providence for its Satisfaction.

The sanguine overshoots; the phlegmatick desponds; the mild tempts Insults; the cholerick is its own Tormentor.

If a Man is good-natur'd, his Friends devour him; if not, his Foes.

The impatient feels as much Uneasiness from the slow Approach of Pleasure, as others from the Despair of it.



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To the thoughtless and improvident, the Surprize of every Disappointment doubles its Pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the constant Expectation of Calamity, is a Calamity itself.

If a Man is haughty, and too tender of his Honour, he gives the Power of hurting him to every Wretch that can shew Disrespect: And who cannot? If he is remiss, and negligent of Respect, Men will withhold real Services, because their Ceremonial was not sufficiently welcome; he loses the Substance, because he will not catch at the Shadow. But Forms are more than Shadows, they are the Robe and Defence of Realities, which will ever run some Hazard, when we throw them off.

The very courteous lessen their Favours by giving them the Appearance of a Debt, thro' their frequent Professions of Kindness: The Favours of an arrogant Man are receiv'd unthankfully; because, thro' too great a Consciousness of them, he is his own Pay-Master. And yet he who does not sometimes assert his own Merit, will soon have painful Suspensions that the former is in the Right.

The suspicious, in some Measure, justify those Injuries, they expect. A Person of small Merit is anxiously jealous of Imputations on his Honour, because he knows his Title is weak; one of great Merit turbidly resents them, because he knows his Title is strong.

The refining Temper is expressly a Maker of Evils: Not to be obliged by Superiors, it construes an Injury; to be obliged by Inferiors, an Affront. To have its Wants relieved, it construes an Affectation of Superiority in its Benefactor; not to have them relieved, a Contempt. It can work Wonders to its own Disadvantage, and make a Look or Gesture, it disapproves, a serious Misfortune.



Reserve may procure Respect, but it gives a Disposition to Hatred; because that Respect is involuntary, and as it were, extorted; and we hate every Thing that invades the Freedom of our Choice.

Affability procures Good-will, but may give a Disposition to contempt; because it gives us cheaply that which we desire, and the Difficulty of the Attainment enhances the Value of Things.

A Fearless Temper impairs our Caution, and makes us careless of exerting our utmost Strength; A Timid, gives our Understanding the strongest Arguments for exerting our Strength, but at the same Time enfeebles the Heart in the Execution of what appears so reasonable.

A Native Modesty in Men may conciliate Love from the Many, but forbids Esteem from the Wise: Because with them no Act has Merit, but what has Choice; and these chuse not Modesty by their Reason, but suffer it from their Constitutions.

Proud Men are apt to be injurious, because it is a Mark of Superiority: They strike more through Vanity, than Malice; but then, as it is a Mark, it is a Mutilation of Superiority too; For it throws down our Respect for them, which is a considerable Support of it.

Too great a Sensibility creates Pain, where by Nature it is not; too little perceives not Blessings where they are: And there is a too great Sensibility from Fortune, as well as Temper: Rank gives some Persons such a Delicacy, that they have a Set of Inquietudes entirely their own, the Prerogative of their high Station, to which their Inferiors must not presume to pretend. If Humour, and Passion are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? which leads me to

The *Sixth* and last Consideration, the Passions of Men.  
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An Account of the Passions is properly a History of the Active Part of the Soul, as an Account of the Understanding is of the Contemplative. They may be consider'd as so many Standard-Bearers, round each of which many Mischiefs are rang'd in array against us, and lay waste the Tranquillity of Human Life. They have by others been consider'd Physically, as they constitute Part of our Nature; Morally, as they influence Virtue and Vice; and Rhetorically, with regard to Composition; but I do not know that they have been consider'd in a System, or with any Accuracy, as the Pains, and Promoters of the Pains of Life. In this View I shall speak of them, with as much Light and Distinction, as I can. It is the Passions that give the perpetual Motion to Human Life, that roll us from Place to Place, from Object to Object, nor will the Grave itself afford them Rest.

*First, Anger.* It is elegantly said, the King's Anger is as a roaring Lion. Which Description of it is confin'd to Kings, only as to its Efficacy; it is as strong, tho' not as successful in other Men. By a King it is let loose into the large Field of Power, in others it bites the Bars that confine it, and in both, it lashes itself. This shows it to be a Pain; and it likewise proceeds from Pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has received an Injury in himself, or His; for which he is, first, Grieved. So that Anger may be called the Daughter of Sorrow, and the Mother of Revenge, which often has fatal Consequences. Thus this Passion has past, present, and future Pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent; for among Enemies it is the natural Habit of the Mind; and where are not Enemies? Among Friends, it is unnatural, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As Pride is predominant in Man, the principal Cause of Anger is Disrespect; the Question therefore is, if the angry Man acts not against his own supream Purpose: If Anger is impotent, That is a Blow directly on his Pride; if it

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it succeeds by unworthy Means, That is a Blow on his general Character. Anger therefore is not only an Evil it felt, proceeding from, and leading to Evil, but, often, to the very Evil it would most avoid. It falls on its own Sword.

Two Sorts of Men are most subject to this Passion; Men of Felicity, and Men of Affliction, One, because their Expectations are high, the other because their Uneasinesses are many. The First make their Superiority their Anxiety, counterballancing by their own Resentment, the Favours of Nature, and Fortune; the Second inflame the Severities of them both.

Ally'd to Anger is Hatred, which is a lasting Anger; now Hatred is always accompany'd with Disgust, and Disgust is Pain.

Ally'd to Hatred are Contempt, and Abhorrence; Contempt is Hatred without Fear, but it is Hatred, and therefore Pain, Abhorrence is Hatred with Fear, and therefore its Pain is double.

Invective indeed eases the Heart, as a Discharge the Stomach, but it also proves it very sick before.

I do not deny that there is such a Thing as a malicious Pleasure; but I affirm it is a Pleasure like that of violent scratching, or striking our selves in some Dispositions; it supposes a Distemper, and leaves a Wound, both in our Reputation, and our Peace.

Anger has under its Banner, Invective, Assault, Ruin, and Death.

*Secondly, Love.* By Love I mean not the Desire of what is Useful, or Honest, but more particularly of what is Pleasant. With Philosophers it includes the two Former, with the World it is often limited to the Last. It implies Discontent, that is Pain; for he that desires, is dissatisfy'd

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with his present Condition, be it what it will. And the Pain is in Proportion to the Desire.

To say the least to the Disadvantage of this Passion. It is putting your Peace in the Power of another, which is rarely fate even in your own.

There are two Things, I think, peculiar to this Passion; and what makes them more remarkable, is, they seem somewhat inconsistent. One is our Desire of it; the Other is a Condition that makes it very Undesirable. As to the First, we don't seek, nay, we avoid Occasions of Anger, Hatred, Fear, Shame, or Envy, but we seek Occasions of Love. As to the Second, Love is all the Passions in one: It is Anger that it cannot, Shame that it does not, Fear that it shall not enjoy its Object; It is Envy of, and Hatred to, those that possibly may. For Envy, Hatred, and Suspicion form Love's constant Companion, Jealousie; which therefore stings deeper than either of them, because it is all. Now as many Passions as Love has, so many Pains. Be it therefore a Maxim, he that was never pain'd, never lov'd.

But tho' this Passion has Pains, leads it not to Pleasures? It may fail of them, and then it is Despair, which is most terrible; if it attains them, they may not be lasting; For most Pleasures, like Flowers when gather'd, die.

Love has under its Banner, Watching, Sickness, Abasement, Adulation, Perjury, Jealousie; and sometimes it lifts Anger's most dreadful Followers; the only difference is, there, they are standing Troops, here, casual Recruits; there, they are Volunteers, here, they are pressed occasionally into the Service; for they do not naturally belong to Love.

*Thirdly, Fear.* This is a most dismal Passion; a Mind haunted with Fear is a hideous Night-Piece of Storm, Precipice, Ruins, Tombs, and Apparitions; it is not content with the Compass of Nature, as if too scanty for Evil,



vil, but creates new Worlds for Calamity ; Things that are not. But very timorous Natures only suffer to this Degree ; and it is well they do not ; for such a Fear alone is capable of taking in an ample Vengeance of an incens'd God. In-  
fomuch that some have thought that Hell consisted in the severe Extremity of this Passion only.

All, that fear, have proportionable Pain. It is an Anticipation of Evil ; and has under its Banner, Confusion Supplication, Servility, Amazement, and Self-Desertion particularly.

For I think it a Peculiarity of Fear that it defeats its own Purpose more than any of the Passions. Anger strikes, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a Blow ; Love pursues, and it unsuccessfully, it only loses a Pursuit ; Fear makes us fly, but makes us stumble too, and the more precipitate our Flight, the farther are we from an Escape. Hence says the Holy Scripture, it betrays the Succours of Reason, meaning, that it betrays it more than any other Passion, for all betray it in some Degree.

Fears are the Shields of Life ; but if they are too many, they are an Oppression, and like the Maid at the Capitol, we perish under them.

Fears we have many, but there is but one that came from Heaven, (as the *Romans* fabled of their *Ancile*.) which is the Fear of God ; all the rest are false ; and this sevenfold Shield will save us from them : A falling World cannot fright him, whom that Shield has under its Protection.

*Fourthly*, There is also false Shame ; when, through an Affectation of the Esteem of bad Men, we are asham'd of what God approves ; or if asham'd of what is truly shameful, then, we are asham'd with regard to Men, not God. The First is Blasphemy in Thought, or such a Thought, as if express'd in Words, would be Blasphemous. The Second is Sacrilege, giving God's Due to Man. This is a Shame to be asham'd of ; and contrary to the Apostle's Repentance



penitance not to be repented of, for Shame is a Repentance; or something very like it.

Shame is a Sense of Estimation impair'd, and of our sinking in the Opinion of Men; I wish I could add of God too; for Men are not ashamed of Injustice, or Prophaness, at the same Time that they blush for an Omission in Fashion or Complaisance: Nay I wish they are not often proud of the Former; now Pride is Shame's Reverse. As shining in the Opinion of others is the supreme Aim of almost all Men. Shame must be exceeding Painful, as it implies the Loss, or Diminution of their greatest fancy'd Good. Besides, every Man, while he is ashamed wishes his Condition alter'd, which no Man does that is happy under it.

Shame has under its Banner, Self-Condernation, Pusillanimity, Regret, Lying, Confusion of Face.

Which last puts me in Mind of what I take to be Peculiarities of this Passion. Which are Three. First, Other Passions fly to Men for Redress of their Grievances. This flies from them: Anger flies to strike, Love to embrace, Fear for Shelter; But Shame flies from all Men, and makes an Eye as sharp as a Sword. Shame's bad Estate is seen in this, that its Hope, and Felicity runs so low, as to make Night, and Oblivion, which are the Terror of others, a Wish, a Joy; *Fallere & Effugere est Triumphus*. So that it robs Man of one of his most Essential good Qualities, that of his being a sociable Creature.

Secondly, Shame has a more infallible Mark fix'd on it by Nature, than any of the rest, I mean Blushes. Of which I take the Reason to be, that this Passion necessarily supposes Guilt. Which is not the Case of any of the Passions beside, except Envy, which is generally mark'd with Pale-ness, as Shame with the Contrary. Shame, I say, necessarily supposes Guilt. For none are ashamed but on one of these Three Accounts. First, Because they are directly guilty. Secondly, Because they want some Merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Because they suffer some Indignity.

nity. Now the want of proper Merit proceeds generally from Omissions; suffering Indignities, from Sloth, or Cowardice; and all these are Vicious. But Men are sometimes ashamed of Virtue. True; but then they consider That Virtue as a Fault, in the Eyes of those before whom they are ashamed of it: Besides, then, it does not only suppose, but is Guilt.

*Thirdly, Lying.* This is the false Cover of false Shame; for true or proper Shame has Regard to God, and who dares, who can lye to him? For we cannot lye to any Purpose, but to fallible Beings. Now as false Shame is lying eternally, tho' the Person subject to it is ashamed without Reason at first, He is sure to have ample Reason for Shame in the End; and consequently he will be pained without just Cause, and with it, too.

*Fifthly, Envy.* This is the most Deformed, and most Detestable of all the Passions. A good Man may be angry, or ashamed, may love, or fear; but a good Man can not envy. For all other Passions seek Good, but envy Evil. All other Passions propose Advantages to themselves; Envy seeks the Detriment of others. They therefore are Human. This is Diabolical. Anger seeks Vengeance for an Injury; an Injury in Fortune, or Person or Honour; But Envy pretends no Injuries, and yet has an Appetite for Vengeance: Love seeks the Possession of Good, Fear the flight of Evil; but Envy neither; all her Good is the Disadvantage of another. Hence it is most Detestable; and because most detestable, therefore, Secondly,

Most Deformed. For it is the most detestable, because the least natural; or what is least natural works in us the most disadvantageous, and deforming Effects. We must be sometimes angry, we must love, and fear, and be ashamed by the Necessity of our Nature, and there are just Occasions for them all. But no Necessity of our Nature, obliges us to Envy, nor is there any just Occasion for it. For all Men are unhappy, only we know not where their Uneasiness lies; therefore there is no natural Occasion for Envy;

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and that there should be a Moral one is a Contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we should rejoice. As therefore neither our Nature, nor Reason requires Envy, it is properly unnatural, and because unnatural, it works such terrible Effects in us. How Pale, Keen, Inhuman, and Emaciated is it's Look, if the undeserved Indulgence of Constitution gets not the better of those Effects: Now all these are Demonstrations of its extream Pain.

Men of Imagination therefore have been fond of this Subject, as Painters, Poets, Historians, for the Imagination delights in Extreams; and nothing is more terrible than their Descriptions of it, but the Thing it self. A cheartul Heart does good like a Medicine, but Envy corrodes like a Poison; It is so sharp, that it cuts the Body which sheathes it. Nay it is thought by some, actually to send forth its Virulence; to sit visible in the Eyes, and wound its Object. Of this Opinion seems our greatest *English* Philosopher, who assigns Physical Reasons why Persons in Joy, and Triumph, are more liable to receive this Venom than others. What a Wretch must the Quiver of such Arrows be? Such is the Pain of Envy, that it made the two greatest, and bravest Men that ever liv'd, weep; It made them shed Tears, but not of Compassion, though over the Monuments of the Dead.

Compassion is griev'd at others Evil, Envy at others Good. Indignation is griev'd that the Unworthy prosper, Envy that the Meritorious prosper, also. Emulation is griev'd as its own Wants, Envy at the Enjoyments of others. Nay it principally maligns those who deserve the greatest Praise, (*viz.*) New Men, the Makers of their own Fame, and Fortune. For rising Glory occasions the greatest Envy, as kindling Fires, the greatest Smoak. In a Word, It is the Reverse of Charity; and as that is the supreme Source of Pleasure, so this of Pain. This gathers Pain, as that gathers Pleasures from all the Felicities that happen to Mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The most Imperfect, and Pusillanimous are most subject to it; The First, because their Field for Envy is largest; The Second,

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cond, because, through Mistake, what is little appears great to them; and, therefore, as the proper Object of Envy.

Its Peculiarities I take to be, First, That it seeks not, (as the other Passions.) Good, but Evil. Secondly, That this is lasting, the others short. We are angry, or ashamed, we love, or fear, for a Day or a Year; but we envy for Life; and I look on it to be the most universal Source of Unhappiness on Earth.

It has under its Banner, Hatred, Calumny, Treachery, Cabal, with the Meagerness of Famine, Venom of Pestilence, and Rage of War.

Nor are the Good, and pleasurable Passions without their Inconveniencies, and Inquietudes, which is a Subject hitherto, I believe, unhanded. Compassion, Indignation, Emulation, Hope, nay and Joy it self, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any Refinement, or Affectation of novelty in the Attempt.

*First*, Compassion, while it has other's Misery in its Eye, it has its own in its Apprehension; and is struck with a quick Sense of the obnoxious Condition of Human Nature. Hence it is evident, that Fear, and Sorrow, are included in it; and can there be Fear and Sorrow without Pain?

Though I know it is disputed, I venture to affirm, that our Compassion for others, is accompanied with a Concern for our selves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the Persons who are most, and who are least inclined to Compassion.

The least inclined, are the most confirmed in, or the most lost to Happiness. The First are not compassionate, because they have felt the worst. Little self-concern being mov'd by the miserable Object in these Men, little Compassion is mov'd by it, too.



The most inclined to it, are the Timid, and those who have Wives, Children, and Relations. The First, because they are most liable to fear for themselves; the Second, because they afford Misfortune the largest Mark.

And all are more compassionate towards their Equals in Age, Fortune, Birth, Qualifications, or Manners, than others; because the Misfortunes of such are a more direct Alarm of Fear for themselves.

*Secondly*, Indignation. This is a just, and noble Passion, and none but the Noble-Minded feel it. It is a generous Zeal for Right, an Heroick and laudable Anger at the Prosperity of Undeservers. An Anger therefore Foreign to the Unworthy, Base, and Profligate, who can conceive no Resentment that Men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated Passion has sometimes a severer Pang than is consistent with Life. *Cato* died of it. He thought no Man worthy to triumph over Liberty and Rome. And that violent Deportment shown at his Death, which has, hitherto, been wrongfully imputed to a Ferocity of Temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental Passion, which was the Cause of his Death; this Fever, this noble Inflammation of Mind, this Indignation for *Cesar's* unjust Success. My Conjecture clears his Character in that Respect, and makes it more consistent with that Humanity, which he, in a peculiar Manner, manifested on many Occasions in his laudable Life, which was worthy our Emulation, though his Death was detestable at the best.

*Thirdly*, Emulation is an exalted, and glorious Passion, Parent of most Excellencies in Human Life. It is enamour'd of all Virtue, and Accomplishment; its generous Food is Praise; its sublime Profession, Transcendency, and the Life it pants after, Immortality. It kindles at all that is Illustrious; and as it were, lights its Torch at the Sun. Envy seeks other's Evil, Emulation its own Good; Envy repines at Excellency without Imitation; Emulation imitates, and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at, we emulate, nothing but what we can, or think



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think at least we can attain. Hence the Young and Magnanimous are most inflam'd with Emulation, an Emulation rather of Glory, and Virtue, than of the Goods of the Body, or Fortune, till the World effaces Nature's first good Impressions. "*Hæc imitamini*, says Tully, *per Deos immortales, hæc Ampla sunt, hæc Divina, hæc immortalia, hæc Fama celebrantur, monumentis Annalium mandantur, Posteritati propagantur.*

But tho' Emulation is the Pursuit of the most amiable Things, and that by Persons most amiable too, it cannot escape; it cannot escape in a bad World, where Men judge of others by themselves, being mistaken for Envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has sometimes, such a Degree of Resemblance, as to give the Weak occasion of Error, and the Malicious of Excuse. Thus it falls *Alieno Vulnere*; not to mention its own natural Pain, which is at least as uneasy to the Soul, as extream Thirst is to the Body. Hope and Fear ply the Heart of Emulation with Violence; It has its Throbs, its Paleness and Tremblings, when carry'd to an Height.

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*Exultantiaque haurit  
Corda Pavor pulsans, Laudumque arrecta Cupido.*

*Fourthly*, Hope, and Joy. Hope feels the Stings of Impatience, which is often so vehemently eager, that falling from it into the Despair of its Object, is sometimes a sensible Ease to the Mind. Joy, if moderate, scarce breaks thro' the general Disquiet of Life; if immoderate, it is a Fever, a Tumult, a gay Delirium, a Transport; which signifies a Man's being beside, or beyond himself; and he that is not in Possession of himself, can but ill be said to be in Possession of any thing else: Joy in this Case, goes beyond its Bounds, into an Enemy's Country, and becomes a Pain; as its Tears abundantly testify. Nor has its Tears only, but it is sometimes Mortal.

Hence some, nay most Philosophers, have plac'd our Chief Good in Serenity, or Indolence, but this is a Mistake.

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stake. Indolence, or Rest is inconsistent with our Nature, and not to be found in Heaven itself, but in a Comparative Sense. On the Contrary, our Heaven will consist in a pleasing Motion, a delightful Exertion, a transporting Progress to all Eternity. Annihilation is the only Rest for Man. What therefore we are to aim at, I shall shew in my second Discourse.

To conclude on the Passions. We consist of Soul, and Body; the Passions are the Wants of the Soul, as the Appetites may be call'd the Passions of the Body. So that we are made up of Wants, that is of Pains. Who is almost ever free from one Passion, or another? And as Passions are the Pains (from which they take their very Name) so are they the Destroyers too, of our Nature, they pain the whole Soul, they confound the Memory, make wild the Imagination, and hurt the Understanding, like Ebriety, which they resemble in their natural, and moral ill Consequences. And because they injure the Body also, therefore has the Physician, as well as the Moralist, to do with them; and interdicts them to all those who desire Length of Days. Nay, they, are more terrible than that Death which they hasten; for many have fled to that from the Torment of them. It seems strangest, at first Sight, that Fear, of all the Passions, should put on this Appearance of Courage; but it is so far from it, in reality, that no other Passion ever arriv'd at Suicide, but thro' the Suggestion of this Trembler, Fear. Men die because they fear Life under its present Ills; Whereas True Valour meets those Ills, whatever they are, with the same Resolution, with which they meet Death. Their Cowardice shews a pale, feeble Valour, as Darkness shews the Moon; but that Valour is nothing compar'd to the true, as the Moon is nothing by Day.

If this Account of the Passions be just, let us turn them against themselves; let us be angry with Anger, ashamed of Shame, afraid of Fear, pity Envy, and moderate our Fondness for Love. For some are so idle, ridiculous, shameless, as to court the Passion itself; and at a time too,  
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when they have the least Probability of Success. Love, according to the different Objects it embraces, like a Woman espoused, changes its Name, and becomes Voluptuousness, Ambition, Avarice, or Vanity. Those four predominant Impulses that divide Mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four Winds of Heaven, and keep the restless World in a perpetual Storm.

On this common Subject I shall endeavour to throw some new Light, by shewing that they all act directly counter to their own Purposes, and are the Reverse of that which they pretend to.

*First, The Voluptuous :* Can this Man be unhappy, whose sole Aim is Pleasure? Whose Study is the Art, whose Life is the Chase, of Delight? He may, he is, nay he must be so; because his Imagination promises much more than Sense is able to pay. Hence, he is always disappointed; but through Ignorance or Negligence of the Cause of it, though always disappointed, he is always expecting; and repeated Experience serves only to upbraid, not correct his Conduct. And it must be so; for as every new Scene of Voluptuousness is a new Light to his Understanding, to shew the Insufficiency of those Scenes to his Happiness; so is it, also, a new Blow to his Understanding, and the Rectitude of his Will, and weakens his Power of resisting them. Hence is he reduced to the wretched State of eternally pursuing, and eternally condemning the same Things; than which, nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest Tyrant, and greatest Foe. 'Tis not in vigorous Health, boundless Fortune, unrestrained Liberty, or that Liberty improv'd by Skill, and Experience into an Art of Debauchery, to give him Satisfaction, nay not to give him Inquietude, though Virtue, though Reason did not interpose: The Body only would find out the Vanity, the Tedium, the bad Effect of Voluptuousness, and bare Instinct would reproach him with it. His past gives Regret, his present dissatisfies, and his future deceives: His Imagination imposes on his Senses; his Senses weaken, and vex his Understanding; and his Understanding

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ing censures them both : They persist, that grows peevish, and impotent. Thus the divided Man, like a divided Family, is the Seat of Misery, and Object of Contempt.

With regard to the chief Branch of Sensuality, and its fatal Consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad Woman's Hatred, except her Cares; nothing is more to be declin'd than her Deformity, except her Charms. But as for a good Woman, *Her Price is beyond Gold. She is a Pillar of Rest.*

The Man of Pleasure, as the Phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all Beings; he travels, indeed, with his Ribbon, Plume, and Bells; his Dress, and his Musick, but through a toilsome, and beaten Road; and every day nauseously repeats the same Tracts. Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, ematiated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity? The decay'd Monuments of Error! The thin Remains of what is called Delight!

In a Word, to suppose Sense alone can make a Man happy, is to suppose Reason superfluous, which is blasphemous, and absurd: But Sensuality brings such a Grossness on the Understanding that this Argument will not be so much as comprehended by those who have the greatest Need of being affected by it. Now the Cause of their not comprehending it, is their total Inexperience, and Ignorance of the Pleasures of Reason: Which Ignorance proves this gay, this gallant Creature, this Patron of Pleasures, and Professor of Delight, (what he little suspects) in Reality, the greatest Niggard in Enjoyment, the greatest Self-denier in the World.

*Secondly*, Ambition. Voluptuousness had its Intervals: When Sense is satisfied, it pauses for the Revival of its Flame; like Eruptions, it rages, and rests by Turns: But  
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Ambition, like a Conflagration, burns on incessant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the stronger is its Fury. Success but sets it new Tasks, and is as severe to the Ambitious, as Misfortune to other Men. Every Difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its Stead: So that the Character of the most ambitious Man that ever liv'd, is a proper Motto for all his Sons, whose Sport, like the *Leviathan's*, makes a Tempest, and is the Ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.* That is, it is their Maxim, to know no Rest. How differs then Ambition from Slavery? As severe Exercise from hard Labour; the Thing is the same, only here it is Necessity, and there it is Choice; that is, there it is Wretchedness, and Folly too.

The Ambitious thinks all Happiness is deriv'd from Comparifon, and that highest, and happiest, is the same Thing: Nor knows that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always, and truly to be high. If his Notion is right, how have the Wisest of all Ages, and all Nations been mistaken? Either they have persever'd in an eternal, and obstinate Error, in asserting Content to be Happiness, or he is not happy at all; for Ambition imports an Absence, nay, a Disdain of Content. And indeed it has the Glory, if 'tis a Glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small Things, gives the Ambitious no small Anxiety; Success in great, no great Satisfaction, because there remains still greater Things than these; and while his Heart burns at some mighty Point in View, it robs him of the relish of those considerable Enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meanest of her Children. The Spring has no Beauty, the Autumn has no Taste; much less has Wisdom, or Religion. He is not altogether incapable of repenting of Religion, and thinking his Prayers a Loss of Time. Too just, I fear, is this Observation, which makes a Passage in *Aristotle* extreamly remarkable, who recounting the Vices incident to the great Men of his Age, says, "Indevotion was not one of them, but that they were addicted to the Worship of the Gods, on account of the  
" Riches



" Riches which they had receiv'd from them." But to return, the Violence of the ambitious Man's Desires sets him at a Distance from himself; he is never at Home to the present Hour, but reaching, and gasping at Joys to come; all in Possession is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent Affection for those Objects he pursues? To a strenuous Endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as fast as he can; that is, he seeks at once to gain a Blessing, and to destroy it: Nor in this only does the Ambitious appear to thwart his own Purposes, as will appear immediately.

But First, let us observe that he cannot be extremely happy in the very Exercise of his Dominion, that fullest Gust of all his Desires; when he stands surrounded with many Circles of expecting, anxious Beings; the whole Nest gaping-wide, while he can allay the Cravings but of Few. He has not Morsels for them all. If he has any Humanity, it must touch it, to see himself besieg'd with eager Visages, secret Pains, repining Hearts, disappointed Hopes, that will strike deep into the Peace of Families, and carry Distress beyond his Knowledge, and perhaps beyond his Conception of it. Or if these Stings of his Fellow-Creatures touch him not, he is still more to be pity'd.

Seek not of the Lord Preheminence, neither of the King in the Seat of Honour. But call in the Waves of thy Desire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud Heart be still, and say to it, hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther: And let it, at least, have the Bounds of the Ocean, as well as the Tumult of it.

Among Ambition's Temporal Evils (for of those only I speak) must be number'd the Terribleness of its Fall, which the Scripture sets in the strongest Light. It shews it in a Flame of Eloquence: In its Stile of Denunciation against it, it shakes Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and shall it not shake the Heart of Man? Give me leave to set down at large, one remarkable Instance of this, collected from the Scriptures.

I shall place the Woe of *Babylon* in this Order. God's Threatning, his Word of Command, the Execution, the Reflection, the Consequence, the Triumph.

" O Earth! Earth! hear the Word of *The Threatning,*  
 " the Lord, who is cloathed in a Vesture *or Alarm.*  
 " dip'd in Blood, and out of his Mouth  
 " goeth a sharp two-edged Sword, and his Countenance  
 " shineth as the Sun in his Strength. Put yourselves in  
 " Array against *Babylon*, round about: O thou most proud!  
 " behold I am against thee. Thou hast harden'd thy  
 " Heart in Pride. Thou hast provoked the Eyes of my  
 " Glory. Though thou shouldst mount up to Heaven, and  
 " fortify the Height of thy Strength, though thou shouldst  
 " exalt thy self as an Eagle, and build thy Nest among the  
 " Stars, I will bring thee down. O how lottye are thy  
 " Eyes? O thou who dwellest on many Waters! Abun-  
 " dant in Treasure! Thy End is come. There shall be  
 " Time no longer with thee. I have the Keys of Hell, and  
 " of Death. Though thou art a fair Cedar of *Lebanon*,  
 " though the Fowls of Heaven make their Nest in thy  
 " Boughs, and under thy Shadow dwell all great Nations,  
 " and thy Roots drink many Rivers, and all the Trees of  
 " the Garden of God envy the Multitude of thy Branches,  
 " thou shalt be but a fading Flower. I will tread the Wine-  
 " press of the Fierceness and Wrath of Almighty God.  
 " Wherefore gloriest thou thy self in thy Vallies, thy flow-  
 " ing Vallies, thou back-sliding Daughter? Though thou  
 " fillest the Face of the World with Cities, though thou  
 " cloathest thy self with Crimson, and deckest thee with  
 " Ornaments of Gold, and thy Face with Painting; in  
 " vain thou makest thy self fair, thy Lovers shall seek thy  
 " Lite. The Ambassadors of Peace shall weep bitterly.  
 " Woe to the Multitude that makes a Noise, like the Noise  
 " of the Seas, and to the Rushing of Nations, like the  
 " Rushing of many Waters. I will cause the Arrogancy  
 " of the Proud to cease, and lay low the Haughtiness of  
 " the Terrible. Though thou art as a young Lion of the  
 " Nations, and as a Whale in the Seas, they shall bring thee  
 " up



" raise from their Thrones all the Kings of the Nations.  
 " The whole Creation shall groan! Thy Stars shall fall  
 " down round about thee, and be stamped on the Earth.

" The Lord maketh his Arm bare, he  
 " bath open'd his Armoury, and brought *The Words of*  
 " forth the Weapons of his Indignation; *Command.*  
 " his glittering Spear, and his Shield, and his Chariots,  
 " from between two Mountains, two Mountains of Brass.  
 " The Pestilence goeth before him, and behind him a  
 " flaming Fire. He cometh up like a Lion from the swelling  
 " of *Jordan*; in the Glory of his Majesty he ariseth to  
 " shake terribly the Earth. The Lord mustereth the Host  
 " to Battle. Lift ye up a Banner on the high Mountain!  
 " Exalt the Voice: Shake the Hand! Harness the Horses!  
 " Get up the Horsemen! Stand forth with the Helmet!  
 " Put on the Brigantines! Prepare thee! Stand fast! Go  
 " up O *Eilat*! Besiege O *Media*! Ye Kingdoms of *Ava-*  
 " *rat*! *Minni*! and *Ashchenaz*! Ye are my Battle Axe.  
 " Come up ye Horses! and rage ye Chariots! and let the  
 " mighty Men come forth. Make bright the Arrows!  
 " and gather the Shields! Arise ye Princes! and anoint the  
 " Buckler! Set up a Standard on the Walls! Make the  
 " Watch strong! Prepare the Ambush! Cast up a Bank!  
 " Call the Archers! Spare no Arrows! Set the Engines of  
 " War against her Wall! With Axes break down her Tow-  
 " ers! Burst her Bars! her Pillars of Iron, and her Walls of  
 " Brass! A Sword! a Sword is sharpen'd! Ah! It is made  
 " bright! It is wrap'd up for the Slaughter. Their Horses  
 " Hoofs are like Flint; and their Wheels like a Whirlwind.  
 " Their Arrows are sharp, their Bows bent; the Quiver  
 " rattles against thee. The Valleys are full of Chariots,  
 " the Horsemen set themselves in Array at the Entering of  
 " the Gates. The Snorting of the Horses is heard from  
 " *Media*; the whole Land trembles at the Neighing of  
 " the Strong. Nations lift up a Shout against her, they set  
 " their Thrones before her Gates. They roar like a Lion,  
 " like a young Lion; they roar like the Roaring of the Sea.  
 " No Man shall spare his Brother. Cursed is he who  
 " keepeth back his Sword from Blood.

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" Lo!



*The Execution.*

" Lo! the Shield of the Mghty is  
 " madered; the Valiant are in Scarlet,  
 " The Chariots are with flaming Torches; the Fir Trees  
 " are terribly shaken. They rage in the Streets, they juttle  
 " one another in the broad Ways, they run like Lightnings,  
 " the prancing Horses! and jumping Chariots! the Horse  
 " is struck with Astonishment; and the Rider with Mad-  
 " ness. A Day of Wrath and Distress; of Desolation and  
 " Darkness; of the Trumpet and Alarm! All Hands are  
 " faint; and every Heart melts. Their Children are dash'd  
 " to pieces before their Eyes; their Houses spoil'd; their  
 " Wives ravish'd; their Women with Child are rip'd up.  
 " The Blood of the Souls of the Innocents is upon them,  
 " Watchman! What of the Night! Watchman! What of  
 " the Night? Enquire! Return! Come! One Post runs  
 " to meet another, and one Messenger to meet another,  
 " to tell the King of *Babylon* that his City is taken at one  
 " End; that the Passages are stop'd, the Reeds burnt with  
 " Fire, the Men of War affrighted. They scale the Wall,  
 " they climb the Houses, Death comes in at his Windows,  
 " like a Thief. The Gates of the Rivers are open'd; the  
 " Palace is dissolv'd. Pangs take hold on them, as on a  
 " Woman in Travel. They are amaz'd; their Faces are  
 " as Flames. They are fed with their own Flesh; and  
 " drunken with their own Blood; as with sweet Wine.  
 " How! O Gate! Cry O City! *Bell* boweth down! *Nebu*  
 " stoopeth! *Merodack* is confounded! They stoop, they  
 " bow down together. Thou saidst, I shall sit a Lady for  
 " ever, I shall not be a Widow. Lo! Thy Sons have  
 " fainted, they lie at the Heads of all the Streets, like a  
 " wild Bull in a Net; they are full of the Fury of the  
 " Lord. The Sword devours, it is satiate, it is drunk  
 " with Blood. At the Stamping of the Hoofs of the strong  
 " Horses, at the Rushing of the Chariots, and the Rum-  
 " bling of the Wheels, the Fathers look not back for their  
 " Children. The Mighty stumbleth against the Mighty,  
 " and both fall together. They roar as Lions, and yell as  
 " Lion's Whelps. Her broad Walls are utterly broken, her  
 " high Gates are burn'd with Fire; in Fire her People la-  
 " bour;



"bour; and labour in vain! Her mighty Men are taken,  
 "their Bows are broken; I have made her Princes, her  
 "Wife, and her Mighty drunk with the Cup of Trem-  
 "bling. They sleep a perpetual Sleep. O thou Sword of  
 "the Lord! how long will it be before thou art Quiet?  
 "Put up thy self in the Scabbard; rest, and be still.

"My Sword is fill'd with Blood; it is *The Reflection*.  
 "fat; it is bath'd in Heaven. With the  
 "Sole of my Feet have I dry'd up all the Waters of besieg'd  
 "Places. How the Hammer of the whole Earth is bro-  
 "ken? *Babylon* is fallen! is fallen! She that was great a-  
 "mong the Nations, and Princess among the Provinces!  
 "The Glory of Dominion! The Beauty of the *Chaldee's*  
 "Excellency! The golden City, that went out by Thou-  
 "sands! The Crown of Pride! Alas! alas! That mighty  
 "City, that was cloath'd with fine Linnen, Purple, and  
 "Scarlet; and deck'd with Gold, precious Stones, and  
 "Pearls! She who was call'd the Lady of Kingdoms; that  
 "crowning City, whose Merchants were Princes, and  
 "her Traffickers, the Honourable of the Earth. That was  
 "as a golden Cup in the Hand of the Lord, with which  
 "he made drunk the Princes of the Earth, and the Na-  
 "tions mad. Thy Pomp, and the Sound of thy Viol is  
 "brought down to the Grave; the Worms are spread over  
 "thee. Thou art become an Astonishment, and all that  
 "pass by hiss at thee. Thy Pile is deep and large, of Fire  
 "and much Wood, and the Breath of the Lord like a Stream  
 "of Brimstone hath kindled it: the Breath of the Lord,  
 "whose Fire is in *Zion*, and his Furnace in *Jerusalem*.  
 "Thy *Tophet* shall not be quench'd, Night nor Day, the  
 "Smoak of it shall go up for ever, and for ever. Wild  
 "Beasts of the Islands shall cry in thy desolate Houses, and  
 "doleful Creatures in thy pleasant Palaces; Satyrs shall  
 "dance there, they shall cry to their Fellows. It shall be  
 "an Habitation of Dragons and the Court of Owls. A  
 "Wolf of the Evening shall spoil thee, and a Leopard  
 "shall watch over thy City.

“ Thy King spake, and said : Is not this great *Babylon*  
 “ which I have built, for the House of the Kingdom, by  
 “ the might of my Power, and for the Honour of my  
 “ Majesty ? I will ascend into Heaven ; I will exalt my  
 “ Throne above the Stars of God ; I will be like the most  
 “ High. How art thou fall’n from Heaven O Lucifer !  
 “ Son of the Morning ! Is this he that weaken’d the Na-  
 “ tions, destroy’d Cities, held Princes Prisoners, shook  
 “ Kingdoms, made the Earth tremble, and the World a  
 “ Wilderness ?

*The Consequence.*

“ Thou art cast out of thy very Grave.  
 “ Thy Bones shall be spread before the Sun,  
 “ and the Moon, the Queen of Heaven,  
 “ which Thou lovedst ; and before all the Host of Heaven  
 “ which Thou worshippedst. Thy Name, Remnant, Son,  
 “ and Nephew, are cut off. Thy Voice shall come out of  
 “ the Ground, like the Voice of one that has a familiar  
 “ Spirit, and shall whisper out of the Dust. Thy Sons are  
 “ gone down to Hell with their Weapons of War ; They  
 “ have laid their Swords under their Heads ; but their Ini-  
 “ quity shall be upon their Bones, tho’ they were the Ter-  
 “ ror of the Mighty in the Land of the Living.

*The Triumph.* “ A mighty Angel took a Stone, like a  
 “ great Mill-Stone, and threw it into the  
 “ Sea, saying, Thus shall the great *Babylon*  
 “ be thrown down with Violence, and shall be found no  
 “ more for ever. O ye Heavens be astonish’d at this ! Sing  
 “ O ye Heavens ! for the Lord hath done it : Let the morn-  
 “ ing Stars sing together ; and all the Sons of God shout  
 “ for Joy. Allelujah ! Allelujah ! In a Voice, as of a great  
 “ Multitude, as of many Waters, as of mighty Thunder-  
 “ ings, Allelujah ! Amen, Allelujah ! The Lord God Om-  
 “ nipotent reigneth \*.

Let

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\* Though a shorter Quotation would have satisfied my present

Let no Man imagine (as some seem to do) that the Excellency of his Understanding hinders him from believing a Revelation, if he finds not something beyond all human Composition, in this. What Fire, what Rapidity, what Elevation, what Enthusiasm, what Picture, what Propriety, what Opulence, what Fancy, what Energy, what \* *non Imitabile fulmen*, is here? how Arouzing, how Divine, but how Terrifying too, is this? and its sacred Inspirer forbid, that the Ambitious should read it for their Pleasure only. The fall of Ambition is not only possible, but probable; nay, the wisest of Men says, he that exalteth his Gate seeketh his fall. And an Author of great Name, when he is prescribing Rules for the Ambitious, says, that the best rule that can be given them, is, to prepare for a change of Fortune. *Nebuchadnezzar, Julius, Sejanus, Woolsey*, are only leading Instances of fallen Stars; Countless Multitudes have been involv'd in the like Calamity, from the same Cause, and fill up the Terror of these notorious Warnings to the Pride of Man.

On what did *Nebuchadnezzar*, on what does any of his Successors in Ambition set their Hearts? on little Things. Let any one remove his Eye from the most magnificent Parade, or Triumph, to the Expanse of Heaven; and in-

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present Purpose, yet since I design'd this, likewise, as a Specimen of a Work that endeavours to shew, in a manner yet unattempted, the Genius, and Eloquence of the Psalms, Prophets, and Job, superior to that of all other Authors, I hope the Length will be excused. Prejudice on one Hand, and implicit Admirasion, and Extasy on the other, have left Room, and Occasion of farther adjusting the Degree of Estimation due to these Compositions, as Compositions; some Parts of which have reach'd such a Height of Perfection, that human Nature has not Ideas to carry her to a Conception of any thing beyond it. Two Instances of this Truth among many, are, I think, the six last Chapters of Job, and Psalm the 104th.

\* Virg.

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stantly,

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stantly, what was great is little, what was Publick is Private. The Trumpet, the Plume, all that can enter at Sense on the face of the Earth, seems Annihilated; and to dwell on it, seems creeping into a By-Path, a Digression from the Grandeur of our Nature, and the true Majesty of Life. Let not this be thought extravagant, it is strictly just. And perhaps the best Reason why a great Part of the Creation which seems of little or no Influence to our Well-being, is notwithstanding within the Compass of our Observation, is, that it should lift the Thought, expand the Soul, disparage the littleness of Things below, and inflame us with Reflections of a similar Nature to this.

But to come close to the Point. What does the Ambitious Man aim at? at Dominion, Principality and Power; at governing Nations, and making his Name great in the Earth, and who but the Pusillanimous, and Base, shall censure him for this? whatever his Errors are, does he not shew, at least, a Grandeur of Deportment, and a Magnanimity of Heart? Neither, but altogether the Reverse.

For, First, As to Magnanimity. There is a Meanness of Spirit in passionately desiring those Things, the Contempt of which requires a greater Effort of Mind, (that is a greater Magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller Happiness, than the Possession of them. Magnanimity is a Resolution able to comply with the Dictates of Reason when most difficult; if therefore Ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn) it must be Pusillanimous. I will not therefore call the Ambitious an unhappy, or a guilty, (as I might) but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little Man; and if that does touch him nearer, it will be a new Argument to prove that I call him so with the greatest Truth.

As to the second, The Grandeur of his Deportment. That is, his Distance from Subjection, and Servility. What then if it should appear that no Man is so much a Slave? Dominion over others is indeed his Aim; but by that very Aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard, or promote his Purposes, has an  
Awe



Awe over him; is the Object of his anxious Application, and servile Fear; disciplines his Deportment, and pains his Mind. Not to expect is the only Means to be Free, and he is all Expectation, that is, all Slavery; while Dominion, nay because Dominion is his only Aim. And thus it fares with all irregular Pursuits of Happiness; they contradict the Purpose of God, and therefore must counter-act themselves; for God will not be controul'd. He has assign'd other Means of Happiness, and to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of his Means, but their own to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their Endeavours shall be their Hindrance, shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater Distance from it. Thus the Voluptuary just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the Objects, most effectually blunts the Powers of Appetite. The Covetous, while he inordinately desires to become rich, though he succeeds in all his Attempts, he fails of his End; nay fails of it by that Success; God to chastise, and as it were, to insult him too, gives him the Thing, but withholds the Enjoyment; nay commands Abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only can that miraculous Conduct of the Covetous be accounted for, of whom

*Thirdly*, I am about to speak. The Covetous strongly exposes human Nature by shewing us an Instance in one Person, how much she desires, and how little she wants. For who subsists on so little, who grasps at so much? He mistakes the Means for the End; Money for Enjoyment; nay the Means in his Hands, makes against his End, and the Power of enjoying is an Inducement to Self-denial. The Gold that comes into his Possession but changes its Mine, and is farther from the Light than ever. His Impiety, and his Folly are equally gross. As to the First, He is often in Scripture call'd an Idolater, because he worships his Wealth: As to the Second, That his Idol, like other Idols of old, requires severer Service of him than the true God; more rigid Austerities than Religion enjoins; his Toils, his Self-denials, his fervent Devotion to Gain, is greater than that which might carry him to Heaven. Covetousness is nothing but the

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Pain.



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Painful Art of making Industry sinful, Wealth indigent, Influence dishonourable, Life fordid, Death terrible, and Heirs ungrateful without any manner of Guilt.

But to set it in the clearest and shortest Light; what is Wealth? a Security put into our Hands, that the Enjoyments of this World shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on that Title. Now if that Title rather denies, than gives us those Enjoyments, it loses its Nature; it is no longer a Title indulg'd to our Necessities, but it is a Warrant served on our Folly, to deliver us over to Wretchedness, to Shame, and to Want. So that the Miser has no Wealth.

Nothing is so strange as Man's inextinguishable Thirst for more; nay, he pants after that which he has. For I affirm that infinite Numbers have sufficient Means of Happiness already in their Hands, and sufficient Means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But Men know not what they possess. How few have made an Inventory of their own Blessings? How few know what they do not want? Hence, know thy self was said to come from Heaven: For, without it, no Man can be content. Our Pains are from our Desires, not from our Wants, For which most material Truth I shall mention two Arguments.

*First*, If we examine, we shall often find, that after burning with some vehement Desire, we are quieted by Despair, as much, and perhaps, more happily, than we should have been by Success.

*Second*, Let some great Pain seize us in our most rapid Pursuit after what we imagine Essential to our Peace, and the ceasing of that superior Pain will give us a momentary Conviction, that we were really, then, happy, when we thought ourselves miserable. But Folly soon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aside but two Things, First, Our own Imagination, which makes us think Things necessary which are not; Secondly, Our Deference for the Opinion of the World, which makes us incapable of being happy, unless we are thought so, the Majority of Mankind would be much happier than they, at present, imagine; they would grow rich *extempore*, and be more indebted to the Removal of an Error in Judgment, than to any possible Success they could have in their Pursuits of Wealth. Our Error in the present Case, (as in most Others) proceeds from partial Views, from not taking in the Whole. We look only on those above us, which strains our Hearts in Pursuit, and puts all our Faculties plainly on the Stretch; whereas if we lookt on those below us too; it would abate our Ferment, remit our painful Intention, and inspire quite new Sentiments of our own State. Now on our Sentiments (which few observe) our Happiness depends. It lies in Thoughts, and not in Things. Things are *opaque* Bodies, which have no Light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to Advantage the Gayety beaming on them from our own Hearts. Hence, the very Unhappy fly publick, and pompous Scenes of Life; because, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and therefore, more provokingly so, than Retreat. It is not the Man's Business, who desires Happiness, to increase his Riches, but to give his Understanding so just a Judgment of Things, and his Affections so rational a Temper, that he could not be more happy, though he were more rich. Nay some have parted with their Riches for the Sake of Happiness. But, in this, the Faith of Annals, in the Miser's Opinion, will labour very much.

The Foundation of Error in this Point, is, all our Pains, and Pleasures, are from Sense, or Imagination, and not from Reason. Now content is an Art; I have learn'd to be content, says the Apostle. Neither Nature, nor Chance, nor Circumstances can give it. The whole Body of Pagan, and Christian Ethicks are the Rules of this Art. Now the Miser professes an Art directly the Reverse of it. He  
is

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is wife, (which is another Word for Happy is this Case,) who can say I have not much, but no Man has more, for I have all I want. *Socrates* said with Wit, but with Judgment too, "He that needs least, is most like the Gods, who need Nothing.

*Fourthly*, I am to speak of the Vain. This is the most distinguish'd Son of Folly, and has the most airy Happiness of them all. His Brothers before mentioned, thought themselves to be laugh'd at, laugh at him. He seeks his Felicity entirely in the Opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there; for the World, by his very Name, has pronounc'd against him; from the Emptiness of his Pursuit, and the Thinness of his Enjoyment, is he call'd Vain. The Former wish at least for something Substantial, but his very Wish is a Reproach.

As the too Modest is pain'd by being in the publick Eye, he is pain'd by being out of it. What a vast Expence is he at to buy Spectators? For to what other End is his splendid Person, and Equipage, his large Parks, Palaces, Rivers, and Cascades? How Expensive? and how Useless? Sense is too Narrow, it wants Compass to take them in; less Things would gratify that more. The Understanding condemns them; Childish Imagination only approves, and that too but for a Moment; what are these Pageantries, but larger Toys with which it plays a-while, and then grows weary of them? What are they, but huge Monuments of Mistake, Subjects for popular Talk, and an immense Tax paid for Rumour, for sure it cannot be call'd Fame?

How he gazes on, and touches, and retouches, and as it were solicits his shining Ornaments to give him some extraordinary Sensation, somewhat adequat to the Desire he indulg'd for, or the Expectation he entertained from them? but in vain. They were much more Powerful in Idea, than they are in Fact. It is falling in Love with our own mistaken Ideas that makes Fools, and Beggars of half Mankind.

The Vain is a Beggar of Admiration. Begging in an un-reputable Profession; but as we are dependant Beings, we must all be Beggars in some Degree. The Scandal therefore of this Practice depends on two Things, the Character of the Person from whom, and the Value of the Things which we beg. Now the Vain begs from all, even the most Ignoble; and he begs Nothing; I mean, what turns to no Account. He is more noble that asks Bread, than he who asks a Bow, or the Glance of an Eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this Man lay out the Faculties of an immortal Soul? That Time, on which depends Eternity? That Estate, which well disposed of, might in some measure purchase Heaven? What is his serious Labour, subtle Machination, ardent Desire, and reigning Ambition? —to be seen. This ridiculous, but true Answer, renders all grave Censure almost superfluous. If the World was fill'd with such as these, all Arts, and Engines of Discipline, and of Death, for chastisement of Offence, might seem needless; let the Law they violate, or the Power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come close to the Point. What is it the Vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an Alms of Admiration from every Passer by, and his Happiness starves without it. Now what does this Desire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their Leave. Thus is he by Choice the most precarious Creature on Earth. The most precarious Creature is the most wretched, and, therefore, the most precarious by Choice, is the most Foolish too; if any will deny that the most precarious Being is most wretched, let them consider that the Reverse, the least precarious Being, is the most happy, for that is God: And the farther we are remov'd from Independency, and Self-sufficiency, the farther are we remov'd from that Standard of Wisdom, and Happiness.



I shall dismiss the Vain with one Observation more. We ought particularly to guard against this Folly, for a Reason very particular too. Other Vices are promoted by Vices, but this is often nourish'd by Virtue it self.

Thus have I, I think, prov'd, That the voluptuous is the greatest Self-denier; that the Ambitious is the greatest Slave; that the Covetous has no Wealth; and that the Vain whose Idol is Admiration, is the greatest Object of Contempt.

The Considerations which have been alledg'd to the Discredit of human Happiness have been, hitherto, drawn from general Topics; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have lately lost our King; that sad Occasion first suggested this Subject to me, which, now, it supports with an unwelcome Argument; for when our Sovereign fell, Nature her self emphatically proclaim'd "That all below is Vain". Too powerful a Supplement to this Discourse!

Who, then, art thou who settest thine Affections on Things below? Art thou greater than the Deceas'd? Dost thou value thy self on thy Birth? The most highly-descended is no more. Dost thou value thy self on thy Riches? The King of Britain is no more. Dost thou value thy self on thy Power? The Master of the Seas, the Arbitrer of Europe is no more. Dost thou glory in thy Constancy, Humanity, Affection to thy Friends, or Encouragement of Arts? — But I forbear. It is Ambition to be Grateful, when Princes bestow.

How lately were the Eyes of all Europe thrown on this great Man? for Man let me call him, now, nor contradict the Declaration which his Mortality has made. They that find him, now, must seek for him; and seek for him in the Dust. What on Earth but must tell us this World is vain, if Thrones declare it? If Kings, if British Kings are Demonstrations of it? O Majesty! Thy Serene Evening  
indeed

indeed is clos'd; but, then, thou shinest on us in thy Meridian Glory.

I shall offer one Observation on the Death of Princes, which is full to my present Purpose. A Throne is the shining Period, the golden Termination of the worldly Man's Prospect, his Passions affect, his Understanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the Favours it can bestow. The Sun, the Expanse of Heaven, or what lies higher, have no Lustre in his Sight, no Room in his pre-engag'd Imagination, it is all a superfluous Waste. When therefore his Monarch dies he is left in Darkness, his Sun is set, it is the Night of Ambition with him. Which naturally damps him into Reflection, and fills that Reflection with awful Thoughts.

With Reverence, then, be it spoken, what can God, in his ordinary Means do more, to turn his Affections into their right Channel, and send them forward to their proper End? Providence, by his King's decease, takes away the very Ground on Which his Delusion rose; it sinks before him; his Error is supplanted, nor has his Folly whereon to stand; but must return, like the Dove in the Deluge, to his own Bosom again.

By this, is he convinc'd that his ultimate Point of View is not only vain in its Nature, but vain in Fact; it not only may, but has actually fail'd. What, then, is he under a Necessity of doing, this Boundary of his Sight remov'd? Either he must look forward, (and what is beyond it, but God?) Or, he must close his Eyes in wilful Darkness, and still repose his Trust in Things which he has experienc'd to be vain. Such Accidents, therefore, however fatal to his Secular, are the Mercy of God, as to his eternal Interest; and say with my Text, *Set your Affections on Things above, and not on Things on the Earth.*

Let us, now, from the Throne look back, (as from an Eminence,) on the former part of our Journey; We have passed the several Orders, Ages, Aims, Relations, Constitutions,

tutions, Tempers, Passions, with the four great Impulses of Mankind, and have found but one Report through these several Stages of our Course; the various Witnesses concur, and bring in a full Verdict against the Happiness of human Life. They declare that all Mankind is united by Misery, in some Degree, as by (what is less melancholy the Grave, to which it leads.

And can this World enchant us still? And can we be born for this? Is this a Scene for Reason, that Emanation of Divinity to doat on? Is this the Fortune, this the Dower to which we should wed an immortal Soul? Where then is the Difference between Reason, and Absurdity? Between Immortality and the Beasts that perish? Be this their Heaven, (as properly it is,) but not their Lord's, but not Man's.

I shall close this Discourse with a Picture of Life in Miniature, that your Memories may carry it the better: A Picture more melancholy, than that of this Globe e'er well clear of the *Chaos*; or labouring, afterwards, under all the Wrongs, and Disgraces, that an universal Deluge could inflict.

*Thoughts with* Behold a World! Where the Inhabitants are not differenced by Happiness, and Misery; but only by the different Degrees, and various Colours of Misery universal: Where the Memory is clouded with black Ideas of the Past; the Imagination over-looks the Present, and the Understanding, through Mercy is blinded to the Future: Where, every Passion may be call'd Legion, for its Evils are many. Where, Men almost universally lay aside intellectual Pleasures; are most ardent desirers of Happiness, and yet subsist it on the most impotent Half of their Natures. Where, Anxiety of Thought damps sensual Pleasure, and sensual Pleasure increases Anxiety of thought, and impairs our Strength to support it, too. Where, the Soul and Body are in perpetual hostilities, aggrieving each other, and external Accidents seem superfluous to our Misery;

lery; thus the poor Man, like devoted *Jerusalem*, besieg'd without, and divided within, is a Complication of Infelicity.

Where, Success must be procur'd by *To Externals*.  
our infinite Care, and Ruin follows on  
the contrary; so that all the sad Choice indulg'd to Man-  
kind, is, of infinite Care or Destruction. Besides, the  
more we have of Credit, Wealth or Power, the more we  
may lose; nor is any Man entirely free from the Appre-  
hensions of it; so that our Possessions imply and provide  
for our Misery. Where, an independant Pleasure is very  
severe: a dependent, very frail. Where, Pleasure often  
exact's such Hardships from her Votary, that Austerity  
cannot improve upon them. Where, nothing pleases  
but in Prospect, and to please in Prospect only, is not to  
disappoint alone, but to deride us, too. Where, what ex-  
alts the Spirits shortens Life by that Expence, and what de-  
presses, makes the shortest Life too long. Where, Days  
are long, yet Life is short. Where, we stand as in a Battie,  
Thousands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our  
own Mortality; nay, are harden'd into an Insensibility of  
it, by these very Proofs of its Approach; and start, like  
*David*, when we hear, "Thou art the Man." Where,  
Experience, which is truly the greatest Blessing of Life, is  
the severest Discipline of it, too; and Diversion, which is  
suppos'd a Blessing, only signifies that to ourselves we are  
inlupportable. Where, Sorrow is as the Stem or Root of  
Life; Joy but as its Flower, expected at remote Seasons  
only, then often blighted, or if it blooms, in Blooming  
dies. Where all is vexatious, or mix'd, or fugitive. Where,  
Pains assault us, Delusions surround us, and Terrors hang  
o'er us. Where, we are restless in Pursuit, dissatisfied in  
Fruition, and persecuted with Remorse. Where, we are  
ever pursuing, and ever condemning the same Things;  
ever accusing Hope of its broken Faith, and ever trusting  
on; ever grasping after sensual Enjoyments, and ever im-  
pairing our Appetite for them. Where, Objects, as well  
as Appetites, decay; or if they last, last not to us, through  
the Fickleness of our Choice. Where, we are yearly bu-  
rying



rying some favourite Amusement or Pleasure; and they that succeed are less exquisite, and full as mortal. Where, we spend most of our Days in climbing the Hill of our Fortune, which suspends, by Labour any serious Thought; and when we have climb'd it, and are about to change Toil for Enjoyment, we start to see our Grave so near us on t'other Side. Where, Life with most Men is to come, till it is past.

*To the Professions  
and Nature of  
Things.*

Where, the grave Employments of Mankind are but strenuous Follies; nor differenc'd from those of Children, but by their Magnitude, and their Guilt. Where, the several Occupations of Life are but Fortifications against Want, and often frail ones, too. Where, among Professions are the Lawyer and the Soldier, Professors of Quarrel and Death; Fortune and Life their Prey. Where, the Infirmities of our Bodies demand and support one Profession; the Infirmities of our Mind, another; and the Misadventures of our Fortune constitute an ample Portion in the whole World of Literature. Where, the very Elements wage War against us; and have their Inundation, Shipwreck, Earthquake, Famine, Pestilence, Volcano's, and Conflagration. Where, we cannot make way from our Doors, but through the Cries of Indigence or Disease. Where, Hospitals and Bedlams are publick Necessaries. Where, the very Appellations of a large part of Mankind can't be heard without Compassion; Widows! and Orphans! Where, Tears are a Distinction of the whole Species from other Creatures. Where, Youth often languishes like a Tempest-beaten Flower, and Age shews its Injuries like a blasted Oak.

*To History.*

Where, History, for the most part, is nothing but a large Field of Misfortune, and to dip into almost any Page of it, is, to dip into Blood; into blood, Persecutions, Inquisitions, Treasons, Assassinations, Sings, Servitudes: Or if sometimes a Triumph breaks through this general Cloud, as Lightning thro' Night, it vanishes almost as soon; and while it lasts, it is a

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Proof and Memorial of Misery ; for what is a Triumph, but the gay Daughter of Destruction and Death ? Where, Hard-heartedness and Lust, drinking the Tears of believing Innocence, and Self-design, and Treachery, turning every Virtue of others, to its own Interest, and the good Man's Ruin, (which abounds in every Record) makes Peace more cruel than War. Where, Happiness is such a Stranger, that for many Ages it was Learning to seek the true Notion of it ; and it was but sought ; it was not found, but reveal'd at last. Where, the Pumps and Prancings of the Mighty, are but the Trappings of Woe. Where, the most shining and envy'd Characters have few of them died a natural Death ; but furnish Theme of Tragedy for succeeding Generations : Strange ! that the same Persons should be the Objects of our Envy and Pity too ! Strange too ! that we should have Sighs sufficient for more Miseries than our own. Where, the most Happy would not repeat their Course ; and he was justly censur'd who wept over his Army as mortal, because not one of that numerous Host, but might probably wish, before he found his End. Where among the many Arguments for a future State, the Misery of this has been most strongly and universally insisted on in all Ages ; which demonstrates an acute Sense, and too ample a Conviction of it. Where, Crowns have been often abdicated , how often, in our own Annals, is the Palace chang'd for the Cloyster ? Where, Self-murder, at certain Periods, has been a Fashion ; nay, very extraordinary Methods have been taken to restrain even the tender Sex from this Horror. Where, half the Travels that have been undertook, half the Designs that have been enterpriz'd, half the Volumes that have been written, have been Refuges from Uneasiness of Heart ; and the last are not more the immortal Monuments of human Wit, than of human Infelicity. Where Happiness is an Art, and Content is an Art ; what Libraries have been written to teach it ? Whatever Success they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, That Unhappiness and Discontent are natural.

*To Friendship.*

Where, a Smile is often an Ambush, as it was on the Face of *Domitian*, on which it seldom shone, but when Rancour gather'd at his Heart. Where, Enmity is sincere, Friendship often a Name, and it is Ruin to trust those, whom not to trust is almost a Crime, as a Relation, a Friend, a Brother! Where, many fall from Credit, Fortune, Life, with *Cæsar's* Exclamation, "*And this from thee?*" where provoking our Foes has not ruin'd half so many, as confiding in those of a contrary Character. He needs no Foe, who is entirely at the Mercy of his Friends. Where, more Hearts pine away in secret Anguish for Unkindness from those who should be their Comforters, than from any other Calamity in Life. Where, Bills of Mortality would scarce be mournful, if Bills of private Calamity were in use. Who has not seen, who has not foreseen, nay, who almost has not felt a bleeding Heart? where evil Arts usurp the Name and Port of Wisdom, though scarce worthy to be call'd Cunning. Now Cunning is but the Top of a Fool's Character, and Wisdom itself is but the Bottom or inferior Part of the Character of an honest Man. *Nulla Bona, nisi Honestas.*

*To Family-Affection.*

Where the honest, confiding Heart takes a Virgin Flower into his Bosom, and often finds a Sting under it. Where, the fond Mother, to-day, looks with Transport on the Reward of her long Labour, and painful Travel, which changes perhaps, to-morrow, the Cradle for the Grave. Where, the feeble Father follows a favourite, an only Daughter, the Delight of his Eye! the Rest of his Age! to her long Home, which he perhaps has wished for himself in vain; and sheds those Tears on her Ashes, which should express his Joy for the happy Disposal of her in Life: Or perhaps the Case is still worse, he sees her Youth, and Beauty, and Innocence, fallen into Arms, to him more dreadful than those of Death. Where, the Son of some Great House, its Hope, Joy, and Support, the sole Heir of Riches, Titles, and golden Schemes, falls immaturally, grasp'd by Death,

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Death, as the Pillars were by *Sampson*; and the whole Structure is sorely shaken, if it does not follow on his Fall. Where, many a numerous Family lives in Innocence, Peace, Plenty, Reputation, under the Wing of an indulgent, prudent and industrious Father; the Father dies, they are scatter'd, like a Sheaf of Corn when the Band is broke, and become the Prey of Guilt, Want, Anxiety and Shame. Where, the Comforts of Life have their Pangs; their Jars, Jealousies, Interruptions, Decays, and Extinction. Where, Grudge, Animosity and Revenge wound deep; but deeper (when they wound) Relation, Friendship, Love; for Love has its Barbarities, and frequently may be mistaken for Hatred by its Effects. There are sometimes malignant Tempers in Families; such domestick Maladies are like Ulcers in the Vitals; Extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Where, the Night is an idle Dream, *Mixt Thoughts*. and the Day little better. Where, every one is Witness or Patient of Affliction; ever telling sad Tales of others, till he becomes a Tale himself; the Tale of a Day! and then is utterly forgotten. He *Liv'd and dy'd*, is an Epitaph for much the greatest part of Mankind. Where he that has reach'd his Meridian is One of a Thousand, his Friends and Relations lie dead around him; half of his Conversation is gather'd from the Tomb. What are the Gay, Young, Beautiful, Brave, Learned, Wise, Good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? a Tear! a Sigh! Where, Youth has the Pain of getting, Age of leaving its Riches; Affection being rarely strong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where, Fears and Pangs, only give a Relish of the contrary; and our Pleasure generally as it rises from, so it ends in them, too. Where, the Pain of Impatience turns us over to the Pain of Satiety, scarce divided by the Moment of Delight. Where Pain is oftener sunk by new Pain, than heal'd by Supervening Pleasure? Where, real Evils are frequent; imaginary; perpetual; and the Happiest thanks some other's Wretchedness, for putting him in mind, that he is not the most wretched himself. Where, I was hap-



py, a few may possibly say; I shall be happy, most say; I am happy, none: Now it none are happy on the present, it is a Demonstration that Happiness is absent from us all. The present is all that our Parent Nature, properly, gives us; and that, like peevish Children, we will not taste; thus between the Law of our Condition, and the Perverseness of our Temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, subsisting, or rather starving our thin Happiness on Dreams, and Shadows of Good to Come; perhaps, never to come; certainly, never to come proportionate to our Conceptions of them. Where, Man snatches such quick and terrible Resentment from the smallest Occasion, that it resembles the Discharge of Ordnance at the Touch of a Reed. Where, to have any Chance for Happiness a Man must possess the World, or despise it; now the Contempt of it, in him that possesses it not, is a Cheat, he does not heartily condemn it; he mistakes his Ill will for Contempt; and what is as unfortunate, he that possesses it, does condemn it; but not from Wisdom, but Weakness, which has not the Skill to relish its Enjoyments, as they deserve. Where, proud Honour stands in the Place of meek Religion, Honour that disdains Compulsion, and that, consequently, must stand or fall with Inclination and Humour; he, therefore, that relies on Honour, relies on Humour, and he that relies on Humour, is a Fool, and must be a Wretch in the End. Where, the two Points the World's wise Man aims at, are, First, to get the better of natural Instinct, so as not to be betray'd by it into any Humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate Account; Secondly, to surmount the Prejudices, and Timorousness of Education, to throw the Virtues and Vices into one Heap like a Man; thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as Interest directs; Interest, which is his God and his Bible, the Custom of the World. Where, many Men suppose you a Knave, or conclude you a Fool; and call you so by their Professions of disinterested Friendship, by which they only mean to steal your Affections, and the good Effects of them. Where, Compassion with some, passes for Weakness, and you must suppress your Sighs, as in the Theatre, not to be laugh'd at; he is look'd on as an Ideot, who is

not

not above being a Man. Where, Men seek not the Means of serving, but an Excuse for not serving others; and Words change their Name, and do not reveal, but cover the Mind; the Passions themselves, those Betrayers of Truth, are taught to act a Part; the very Eye can lie, and that natural Window of the Soul has a Skreen before it, that you may not see through; he only, who discovers his own Interest, gives you a Key to his Heart: In a word, where the honest Man (who alone is worthy of Good) if he judges of Men by himself, is undone. This may be call'd Satire, but, by the same Rule, the Scripture is to too. Where, to dissemble Injuries, is the greatest Shock to Nature, and Shame to Honour, yet, at the same time, the greatest Art of Life. Where, he that has not learn'd the World must go out of it, or be a Jest, and an Unfortunate in it; he that has learn'd it, has learn'd it with Discipline, and by that time he is well Master of the Game, his Candle is put out. It is hard to learn the World, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will, one Day, prove more fatal. Where, we will not believe yesterday, but hope favourably of to-morrow, as if then there would be a new Sun, a new Nature, a new Self; they pray for that, who almost curse its Fellow. Where, Sorrow is fruitless, and Laughter is mad. Where, at the several Tides of good Fortune, the Head tells the Heart, well, now, we are happy, which the Heart scarce believes, or believes it implicitly: Whenever we say to our selves, let us sit down and enjoy Life, we discover the Cheat, like one deluded by Perspective, by bringing it to the Touch. Nothing will do; Business, considering Passion and Accident, is a Toil certainly; Idleness is worse; and Books are a weak Resource; a Man should no more read than eat, without an Appetite, if he does, the Book will be near as much amused and edified by the Man, as he by the Book. Where Multitudes, (strange and ridiculous! but for the Horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every Step is a Step towards a Grave, every Minute an Approach to an Eternity: Besides, if Men well knew the Business of this World, and would acquit themselves like Masters in it, Want of Time would be their great Complaint. Nay, he that

## 62 *A true Estimate of Human Life.*

that lays down but this one simple Rule, That he will be in the Right wherever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle Moment, tho' he has not the important Cares of Nations, or even of Families, on his Hands.

Where, the Past is a very Dream, and the Future a sore Travel. Where, the tender Mother sheds Tears over her helpless Infant, and the careful Father pours Groans over them both; Groans conscious of the Present, and presaging of the Future. Where sometimes Nations groan, as one Man, under a general Calamity; nor is the whole Earth at all privileged from the severe Condition of any one Nation of it. Where, Nature is perpetually pouring her Children in vast Tides out of Time into Eternity; and the Survivors take the Evil, and refuse the Good. They are but the more melancholy, not the wiser for it. Where, we are born with Pain, and die with Amazement. Where, Life is the Slave of Misery, and yet (most strange and deplorable!) the King of Terrors is Death.

*Sunt Lacryma Rerum, & mentem Mortalia tangunt.*

Almost the whole Book of *Ecclesiastes* might be transcrib'd as a scriptural Support of what is here said; and its Author it is well known, received Wisdom as an immediate Gift from God, in Superiority to all the rest of Mankind.

I shall conclude by saying what is most true, that human Life is like a dishonest Creditor, it puts off our Youth and Manhood, with Lies, from Day to Day, then owns the Cheat, and gives our Age an absolute Denial.

*The Description of* If this Account is just, as I think it is, *human Happiness.* What is human Happiness? A Word! a Notion! a Day-dream! a Wish! a Sigh! a Theme to be talk'd of! a Mark to be shot at, but never hit! a Picture in the Head, and a Pang in the Heart of  
Man.

Man. Wisdom recommends it gravely, Learning talks of it pompously; our Understanding listens to it eagerly, our Affection pursues it warmly, and our Experience despairs of it irretrievably. Imagination persuades some that they have found it, but it is while their Reason is asleep; Pride prevails with others to boast of it, but it is only a Boast, by which they may deceive their Neighbours, but not themselves; Felicity of Constitution, and Suavity of Manners make the nearest Approach to it, but it is only an Approach; Fortune, the Nature of Things, the Infirmities of the Body, the Passions of the Mind, the Dependance on others, the Prevalence of Vice, the very Condition of (uncorrected) Humanity forbids an Embrace. Wine, Beauty, Musick, Pomp, Study, Diversion, Business, Wisdom, all that Sea or Land, Nature or Art, Labour or Rest can bestow, are but poor Expedients to heave off the insupportable Load of an Hour from the Heart of Man; the Load of an Hour, from the Heir of an Eternity! If the Young, or Unexperienc'd, or Vain, or Profligate only were subject to this Weakness, it were something; but when the Learned, and Wise, and Grave, and Grey—— It shocks! it mortifies! and with Shame and Pity, my Mind turns from its Purpose, and goes backward with Reverence to throw a Veil over the Nakedness of my Father. In a Word, the true Notion of Human Happiness explained, is it self one of the strongest Proofs of our Misery. For how can we speak more adequately of it, than by saying, It is that of which our Despair is as necessary, as our Passion for it is vehement and inextinguishable. Now ardently to thirst, and unavoidably to despond, with Regard to the same Thing, and that Thing of Consequence suprem, is the Consummation of Inelicity. I know but one solid Pleasure of Life, and that is our Duty; how miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, who make that one a Pain?

The Purpose of this Discourse, as express'd in the Beginning of it, was to put this World in the Balance; and examine the Value of *Things on the Earth*. Now such as  
is



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is represented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding Discourse, is the General State of Mankind : But it is a State of their own Choice ; and it may be, though not wholly revers'd, abundantly reliev'd, exceedingly brighten'd from the Clouds, the thick Darkneſs that hangs upon it ; as I ſhall endeavour to make manifeſt in the following Discourse ; and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing Imputations ; and by laying the two Counter-parts together, infer *A true Estimate of Human Life.*

*F I N I S.*



3  
*BUSIRIS*

King of E G Y P T.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

---

By *EDWARD YOUNG*, L L. B.

---

*O triste plane acerbumq; Funus ! O Morte ipsa Mortis  
Tempus indignius ! Jam destinata erat egregio Juveni,  
jam electus Nuptiarum Dies ; quod Gau dium, quo  
mærore mutatum est ?* PLIN. EPIST.

---

*D U B L I N :*

Printed by S. POWELL,

For *GEORGE RISK*, at the *Shakeſpear's Head*,  
*GEORGE EWING*, at the *Angel and Bible*, And,  
*WILLIAM SMITH*, at the *Hercules*, Bookſellers  
in *Dame's-ſtreet*, M DCC XXX.



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To His GRACE the

Duke of *NEWCASTLE*,

Lord Chamberlain of His MAJESTY's  
Household, &c.

*My Lord,*

**I**F a Dedication carries in its Nature a Mark of our Acknowledgment and Esteem, and is there most due, where we are most obliged; the late Instances I received of your Grace's undeserved and uncommon Favour in an Affair of some Consequence (foreign to the Theatre) has taken from me the Privilege of *choosing* a Patron; especially for a Performance, which not only by its Kind falls immediately under your Grace's Authority, but which likewise by its good Fortune, in a Season of some Danger to it, received from your Grace's free Indulgence, its Life and Success on the Stage. Thus my Ambition concurs with my Duty, and its my Happiness, not to be able to gratify the Impulse of the one, without obeying at the same Time the Dictates of the other.

Addreses of this Nature, through a gross Abuse of Praise have justly fallen under Ridicule.

How pleasant it is, to hear one of yesterday complimented on his Illustrious Ancestors? A sordid Person, on his Magnificence? An illiterate Pretender, on his Skill in Arts and Sciences? Or a Wretch contracted with Self-love, on his diffusive Benevolence to Mankind? Yet from the Frequency of such a shameful Prostitution of the Pen as this, one Advantage results; it gives the Grace of Novelty and Peculiarity to a Dedication, that shall reclaim Panegyrick from its Guilt, and rescue the late-mentioned sublime Distinctions of Character from Aburdity and Injustice, by applying them to a Duke of *Newcastle*. It is a kind of Compliment paid to Panegyrick it self, to use it on so just an Occasion.



## DEDICATION.

It is Letters, my Lord, which distinguish one Age from another; each Period of Time shines, or is cast in Shades, as they flourish or decline; and who knows not, that the Fate of Letters is determin'd by the kind or cold Aspect of the Great! How happy then is the present Time, how fair an Assurance has it of being exempted from the Death of common Ages, when we see the politer Arts triumphing in the Care and Encouragement of one who has made an early and regular Acquaintance with them at their *own Home*, joining to the amplest Fortune, the Qualifications requisite (had it been wanting) to acquire and deserve it. One, who in the Flower of Youth, when the Imagination is warmest, and fit for such a Province, presides over the Labours of Genius and fine Taste, and has it in his Power to rival those he is pleased to patronize. One, in a Word, who is covetous of Learning, reaches beyond his own Nation for new Supplies of it; who, zealous for Merit, pays Honours to its very Ashes; and whose being an excellent Master in polite Letters himself, is one of the smallest Proofs he has given of his ardent Love towards them.

But I cannot turn my Thought that Way, without being put in mind of the Imperfection of the following Scenes. I own they have many Faults, as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the Town, for the Countenance they have received: But I hope they have Merit enough to entitle them to some Share of your Grace's Approbation, as well as Errors enough to make them stand in need of all your Protection. The Continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My LORD,  
Your GRACE's  
*much obliged,*  
*most obedient, and*  
*most humble Servant,*

EDWARD YOUNG.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

**L**ONG have you seen the Greek and Roman Name,  
Assisted by the Muse, renew their Fame:  
While yet unsung those Heroes sleep, from whom  
Greece form'd her Plato's, and her Cæsar's Rome.

Such, Egypt, were thy Sons! divinely great  
In Arts, and Arms, in Wisdom, and in State.  
Her early Monarchs gave such Glories Birth,  
Their Ruins are the wonders of the Earth.  
Structures so vast by those great Kings design'd,  
Are but faint Sketches of their boundless Mind:  
Yet ne'er has Albion's Scene, tho' long renown'd,  
With the stern Tyrants of the Nile been crown'd.

The Tragic Muse in Grandeur should excel,  
Her Figure blazes, and her Numbers swell.  
The proudest Monarch of the proudest Age,  
From Egypt comes to tread the British Stage:  
Old Homer's Heroes Moderns are to those  
Whom this Night's venerable Scenes disclose.

Here Pomp and Splendor serve but to prepare;  
To touch the Soul is our peculiar Care;  
By just Distress soft Pity to impart,  
And mend your Nature, while we move your Heart;

Nor wou'd these Scenes in empty Words abound,  
Or overlay the Sentiment with Sound,  
Words (when the Poet wou'd your Souls engage)  
Are the meer Garnish of an idle Stage.

When Passion rages, Eloquence is mean;  
Gestures and Looks best speak the moving Scene.

O ye shining Fair! whom tender Woes invite  
To pleasing Anguish, and severe Delight,  
By your Affliction you compute your Gain,  
And rise in Pleasure as you rise in Pain.

If then just Objects of Concern are shown,  
And your Hearts heave with Sorrows not your own,  
Let not the generous Impulse be withstood,  
Strive not with Nature, blush not to be good:  
Sighs only from a noble Temper rise,  
And 'tis your Virtue swells into your Eyes.

Drama-



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

|                                             |                                   |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Busiris</i> King of <i>Egypt</i> ,       | <i>Mr. Vanderbank.</i>            |
| <i>Myron</i> , the Prince,                  | <i>Mr. Elrington</i> , Sen.       |
| <i>Nicanor</i> , Father to <i>Mandane</i> , | <i>Mr. F. Elrington.</i>          |
| <i>Memnon</i> ,                             | <i>Mr. Giffard.</i>               |
| <i>Rameses</i> ,                            | <i>Mr. R. Elrington.</i>          |
| <i>Syphoces</i> ,                           | } Conspirators. <i>Mr. Roscø.</i> |
| <i>Pheron</i> ,                             |                                   |
| <i>Auletes</i> ,                            |                                   |
|                                             |                                   |
|                                             | <i>Mr. Hallam.</i>                |
|                                             | <i>Mr. Watson.</i>                |

### W O M E N.

|                                        |                         |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Myris</i> , Queen of <i>Egypt</i> , | <i>Mrs. Vanderbank.</i> |
| <i>Mandane</i> ,                       | <i>Mrs. Knapp.</i>      |

SCENE, *MEMPHIS* in  
old *EGYPT*.



# BUSIRIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Temple in Memphis.*

*Enter Pheron and Syphoces.*

SYPHOCES.

**I**F Glorious Structures and immortal Deeds  
 Enlarge the Thought, and set our Souls on fire,  
 My Tongue has been too cold in *Egypt's* Praise,  
 The Queen of Nations, and the Boast of Times,  
 Mother of Science, and the House of Gods!  
 Scarce can I open wide my labouring Mind  
 To comprehend the vast Idea, big  
 With Arts and Arms, so boundless in their Fame.

*Pher.* Thrice happy Land! did not her dreadful King,  
 Far-fam'd *Busiris*, whom the World reveres,  
 Lay all his shining Wonders in Disgrace,  
 By Cruelty and Pride.

*Syph.* By Pride indeed;  
 He calls himself the *Proud*, and glories in it,  
 Nor would exchange for *Jupiter's Almighty*.  
 Have we not seen him shake his silver Reins,  
 O'er harness'd Monarchs, to his Chariot yok'd?  
 In fullen Majesty they stalk along,



With Eyes of Indignation and Despair :  
While he aloft displays his impious State,  
With half their rifled Kingdoms o'er his Brow,  
Blazing to Heaven in Diamonds and Gold.

*Phr.* Nor lets the Tyrant's Cruelty than Pride ;  
His horrid Altars stream with human Blood,  
And Piety is Murder in his Hand. (*A great Shout.*)

*Syph.* There rose the Voice of twice two hundred thou-  
And broke the Clouds, and clear'd the face of day ; (*And,*  
The King who from this Temple's Airy Height,  
With Heart dilated that great Work surveys,  
Which shall proclaim what can be done by Man,  
Has struck his Purple Streamer, and descends.

*Phr.* Twice ten long Years have seen that haughty Pile,  
Which Nations with united Toil advance,  
Gain on the Skies, and labour up to Heaven.

*Syph.* The King—or prostrate fall, or disappear.  
(*Exeunt,*)

*Enter Busiris Attended.*

*Bus.* This ancient City, *Memphis* the renown'd,  
Almost co-æval with the Sun himself,  
And boasting Strength scarce sooner to decay,  
How wanton sits she amidst Nature's Smiles,  
Nor from her highest Turrets has to view,  
But Golden Landscips, and luxuriant Scenes,  
A Waste of Wealth, the Store-house of the World !  
Here fruitful Vales far stretching, fly the Sight,  
There, Sails unnumber'd whiten all the Stream,  
While from the Banks full twenty thousand Cities  
Survey their Pride, and see their gilded Tow'rs  
Float on the Waves, and break against the Shore :  
To crown the whole, this rising Pyramid (*Shews the Plan,*  
Lengthens in Air, and ends among the Stars,  
While every other Object shrinks beneath  
Its mighty Shade, and lessens to the View,  
As Kings compar'd with me.

*Enter Auletes, he falls prostrate.*

*Aul.* Olive for ever,

*Busiris* first of Men !

*Bus.* *Auletes* Rise.

*Aul.* Ambassadors from various Climes arrive,

# King of E G Y P T.

9

To view your Wonders, and to greet your Fame;  
Each loaden with the Gifts his Country yields,  
Of which the meanest rise to gold and Pearl:  
The rich *Arabian* fills his ample Vase  
With sacred 'ncense; *Ethiopia* sends  
A thousand Coursers fleetier than the Wind;  
And their black Riders darken all the Plain:  
Camels and Elephants from other Realms,  
Bending beneath a Weight of Luxury,  
Bring the best Seasons of their various Years,  
And leave their Monarchs poor.

*Bus.* What from the *Persian*.

*Aul.* He bends before your Throne, and far out-weighs  
The rest in Tribute, and out-shines in State.

*Bus.* Away, he sees me not, I know his Purpose,  
A Spy upon my Greatness, and no Friend:  
Take his *Ambassador*, and shew him *Egypt*,  
In *Memphis* shew him various Nations meet,  
As in a Sea, yet not confin'd in Space,  
But Streaming freely thro' the spacious Streets,  
Which send forth Millions at each brazen Gate,  
When-e'er the Trumpet calls; high over head  
On the broad Walls the Chariots bound along,  
And leave in Air a Thunder of my own:  
*Jove* too has pour'd the *Nile* into my Hand,  
The Prince of Rivers, Ocean's eldest Son:  
Rich of my self, I make the fruitful Year,  
Nor ask precarious Plenty from the Sky——  
Thow all my Glories open to his View,  
Then tell him, in Return for Trifles offer'd,  
I give him *This*; and when a *Persian* Arm (*Gives him a Bow*).  
Can thus with Vigor its Reluctance bend,  
And to the Nerve its stubborn Force subdue;  
Then let his Master think of Arms——but bring  
More Men than yet e'er pour'd into the Field;  
Mean time, think Heavens our Tide of Conquest drives  
A different Way, and leaves him still a King:  
This to the *Persian*——I receive the rest,  
And give the World an Answer.

[*Ex. Busiris.*  
*Mandane,*

Mandane, attended by Priests and her Virgins, is seen sacrificing at a Distance.

*A Hymn to this is sung, the Priests go out.*

Mandane, attended by her Maids advances.

*Mand.* My Morning Duty to the Gods is over,  
Yet still this Terror hangs upon my Soul,  
And saddens every Thought—— I still behold  
The dreadful Image, still the threat'ning Sword  
Points at my Breast, and glitters in mine Eye.——  
But 'twas a Dream, no more. My Virgins leave me.  
And thou great Ruler of the World be present!  
O kindly shine on this important Hour!  
This Hour determines all my future Life,  
And gives it up to Misery, or Joy. *(She advances.*  
These lonely Walks, this deep, and solemn Gloom,  
Where Noon-day Suns but glimmer to the View,  
This House of Tears, and Mansion of the Dead,  
For ever hides him from the hated Light,  
And gives him leave to groan.  
*Back Scene draws, and shews Memnon leaning on his Father's Tomb.*

Was ever Scene

So mournful! if, my Lord, the Dead alone  
Are all your Care, Life is no more a Blessing.  
How cou'd you shun me for this dismal Shade,  
And seek from Love a Refuge in Despair?

*Mem.* Why hast thou brought those Eyes to this sad  
Where darkness dwells, and grief wou'd sigh secure (place  
In welcome Horrors, and beloved Night?  
Thy Beauties drive the friendly Shades before them,  
And light up Day even here. Retire, my Love,  
Each joyful Moment I would share with thee,  
My virtuous Maid, but I wou'd mourn alone.

*Man.* What have you found in me so mean, to hope  
That, while you sigh, my Soul can be at Peace?  
Your Sorrows flow from your Mandane's Eyes.

*Mem.* O my Mandane!

*Man.* Wherefore turn you from me?  
Have I offended, or are you unkind?  
Ah me! A Sight as strange, as pitiful!

# King of EGYPT.

11

From his big Heart o'ercharg'd with generous Sorrow,  
See the Tide working upward to his Eye,  
And stealing from him in large silent Drops,  
Without his Leave! — can those Tears flow in vain?

*Mem.* Why will you double my Distress, and make  
My Grief my Crime, by discomposing you? —  
And yet I can't forbear! Alas! my Father!  
That Name excuses all what is not due  
To that great Name, which Life or Death can pay?

*Man.* Speak on, and ease your labouring Breast it swells,  
And sink again, and then it swells so high,  
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big  
With something you would utter. Oft in vain  
I have presum'd to ask your mournful Story;  
But ever have been answer'd with a Frown.

*Mem.* Oh my *Mandane*! did my Tale concern  
My self alone, it wou'd not lie conceal'd;  
But 'tis wrapt up in Guilt, in Royal Guilt,  
And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon it.  
To tell my Tale, is to blow off the Ashes  
From sleeping Embers, which will rise in Flames  
At the least Breath, and spread Destruction round;  
But thou art faithful, and my other self;  
And oh! my Heart this Moment is so full,  
It bursts with its Complaint; and I must speak.  
*Myris* the present Queen, was only Sister  
Of great *Artaxes*, our late Royal Lord:  
*Busiris*, who now reigns, was first of Males  
In lineal Blood, to which this Crown descends.  
(Not with long Circumstance to load my Story)  
Ambitious *Myris* fir'd his darling Soul,  
And turn'd his Sword against her Brother's Life:  
Then mounting to the Tyrant's Bed and Throne,  
Enjoy'd her Shame, and triumph'd in her Guilt.

*Man.* So black a story well might shun the Day.

*Mem.* *Artaxes*' Friends (a virtuous Multitude)  
Were swept away by Banishment or Death  
In Throngs, and sated the devouring Grave,  
My Father — Think, *Mandane*, on your own,  
And pardon me!

[Weeps.  
The



The Tyrant took me, then of tender Years,  
 And rear'd me with his Son (a Son since dead)  
 He vainly hop'd y shews of guilty Kindness,  
 To wear away the Blackness of his Crime,  
 And reconcile me to my Father's Fate;  
 Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my Vengeance,  
 To smoothe my Brow with Smiles and curb my Tongue,  
 While the big Woe lies hro'bing at my Heart.

*Enter Pheron at a Distance.*

*Pher.* So close! so loving! here I stand unseen,  
 And watch my Rival's Fate. [*Aside.*]

*Mem.* But thou, my Fair,  
 Thou art my Peace in Tumult, Life and Death,  
 Thou yet can'st make me best.

*Mand.* As how, my Lord?

*Mem.* Ah, why wilt thou insult me?

*Mand.* Memnon——

*Mem.* Speak.

*Mand.* Nature forbids, and when I wou'd begin,  
 She stifles all my Spirits, and I faint:  
 My Heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.  
 O let me fly.—

*Mem.* You pierce me to the Soul. [*Holding her,*]

*Mand.* O spare me for a Moment, till my Heart  
 Regains its wonted Force; and I will speak——

*Pheron*, you know, is daily urgent with me,  
 Breaks thro' Restraints, and will not be refus'd.

[*Pheron shews a great Concern,*]

Yet more the Prince, the young impetuous Prince,  
 Before his Father sent him forth to War,  
 And gave the *Mede* to his destructive Sword,  
 Has often taught his Tongue a silken Tale,  
 Descended from himself, and talk'd of Love,  
 Since last I saw thee, his licentious Passion  
 Has haunted all my Dreams,——

This Day the Court shines forth in all its Lustre,  
 To welcome her returning Warrior home;  
 Alas the Malice of our Stars!

*Mem.* To place it  
 Beyond the power of Fate to part our Loves,

Be this our Bridal Night, my Life!— my Soul! [*Emb.*

*Pher.* Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd  
So long, to catch her in another's Arms!—

Another's Arms for ever! Oh the Pang!

Heart piercing Sight!— but Rage shall take its Turn,

It shall be so— and let the Crime be his

Who drives me to the black Exremity;

I fear no farther Hell than that I feel.

[*Exit.*

*Mem.* Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious Heart  
Is still in doubt if I may call thee mine.

O Bliss too great! O painful Extasie!

I know not what to utter.

*Mand.* Ah my Lord!

What means this Damp, that comes athwart my Joy,

Chastising thus the lightness of my Heart?

I have a Father, and a Father too

Tender as Nature ever fram'd.— His Will

Should be consulted.— Should I touch his Peace,

I should be wretched in my *Memnon's* Arms.

*Mem.* Take note of Wretchedness.

*Mand.* Alas! this Day

First gave me Birth, and (which is strange to tell)

The Fates e'er since, as watching its Return,

Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep

With something Great, Extremes of Good or Ill.

*Mem.* Why should we bode Misfortune to our Loves?

No, I receive thee from the Gods in Lieu

Of all that Happiness they ravish'd from me;

Fame, Freedom, Father, all return in thee.

Had not the Gods *Mandane* to bestow,

They never would have pour'd such Vengeance on me,

They meant me thee, and could not be severe.

Soon as Night's favourable Shades descend,

The holy Priest shall join our Hands for ever,

And Life shall prove but one long Bridal-day,

Till then, in Scenes of Pleasure lose thy Grief.

Or strike the Lute, or smile among the Flowers,

They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.——

Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender Side,

By weighty Reasons, and important Calls,

Nay

Nay even by Love it self ——— I quit thee now,  
But to deserve thee more. [*They embrace.*]

*Mand.* Your Friends are here. [*Exit. Mand.*]

*Mem.* Excellent Creature! how my Soul pants for thee!  
But other Passions now begin their Claim,  
Doubt, and Disdain, and Sorrow, and Revenge,  
With mingling Tumult tear up all my Breast:  
O how unlike the Softnesses of Love!

*Enter Syphoces.*

*Syph.* Hail, worthy *Memnon*.

*Mem.* Welcome my *Syphoces*.

And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding Heart;  
A Heart that bleeds for other's Miseries,  
Bravely regardless of its own, tho' great,  
That first of Characters.

*Syph.* And there's a second,  
Not far behind, to rescue the distress'd,  
Or die.

*Mem.* Yes die; and visit those brave Men,  
Who, from the first of Time, have bath'd their Hands  
In Tyrant's Blood, and grasp'd their honest Swords  
As Part of their own Being, when the Cause,  
The publick Cause demanded. Oh my Friend!  
How long shall *Egypt* groan in Chains? how long  
Shall her Sons fall in Heaps without a Foe?  
No War, Plague, Famine, Nothing but *Busiris*,  
His People's Father! and the State's Defence!  
Yet but a Remnant of the Land survives.

*Syph.* What Havock have I seen? have we not known  
A Multitude become a Morning's Prey,  
When troubl'd Rest, or a Debauch has sowr'd  
The Monster's Temper? then 'tis instant Death;  
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd Corn  
Before the sweeping Scythe, not the poor Mercy  
To starve, and pine at Leisure in their Chains.——  
But what fresh Hope, that we receive your Summons  
To meet you here this Morning?

*Mem.* Know *Syphoces*,  
'Twas on this Day my warlike Father's Blood  
So often lavish'd in his Country's Cause,

And

And greatly sold for Conquest, and Renown;  
 'Twas on this execrable Day it flow'd  
 On his own Pavement, in a peaceful Hour,  
 Smoak'd in the Dust, and wash'd a Ruffian's Feet.  
 This guilty Day returning, rouses all  
 My smother'd Rage, and blows it to a flame.  
 Where are our other Friends?

*Syph.* At Hand, *Ramefes*,  
 Last Night when gentle Rest o'er Nature spread  
 Her still Command, and Care alone was waking,  
 Like a dumb, lonely discontented Ghost,  
 Enter'd my Chamber, and approach'd my Bed;  
 With Bursts of Passion, and a Peal of Groans  
 He recollects his Godlike Brother's Fate,  
 The drunken Banquet, and the Midnight Murder,  
 And urges Vengeance on the guilty Prince.  
 Such was the Fellness of his boiling Rage,  
 Methought the Night grew darker as he frown'd.

*Mem.* I know he bears the Prince most deadly Hate:  
 But this will enter deeper in his Soul. [*Shews a Letter.*]  
 And rouse up Passions, which till now have slept:  
 Murder will look like Innocence to This.

*Syph.* How *Memnon*?

*Mem.* This reminds me of thy Fate;  
 The Queen has courted thee with proffer'd Realms,  
 And sought by Threats to bend thee to her Will;  
 She languishes, she burns, she wastes away  
 In fruitless Hopes, and dies upon thy Name.

*Syph.* Oh fatal Love! which stung by Jealousie,  
 Expell'd a Life far dearer than my own  
 By curst Poyson— Ah Divine *Apame*!  
 And cou'd the Murtheress hope she shou'd inherit  
 This Heart, and fill thy Place within these Arms?—  
 But Grief shall yield— Revenge, I'm wholly thine.

*Mem.* The Tyrant too is wanton in his Age,  
 He shews that all his Thoughts are not in Blood;  
 Love claims its share; he envies poor *Ramefes*  
 The softness of his Bed; and thinks *Amelia*  
 A Mistress worthy of a Monarch's Arms.

*Syph.*



*Syph.* But see, *Rameses* comes, a fullen Gloom  
Scouls on his Brow, and marks him through the Dusk.

*Enter Rameses, Pheron, and other Conspirators.*

*Mem.* To what my Friends shall *Memnon* bid you Welcome?

To Tombs, and melancholy Scenes of Death?  
I have no costly Banquets, such as spread  
Prince *Myron's* Table, when your Brother fell,  
I have no gilded Roof, no gay Apartment,  
Such as the Queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphoces*;  
Yet be not discontent my valiant Friends,  
*Busiris* reigns, and 'tis not out of Season  
To look on ought may mind us of our Fate:  
His Sword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*  
Thinks the Day lost that is not mark'd with Blood.

[To Ram.]

*Ram.* And have we felt a Tyrant twenty Years,  
Felt him as the raw Wound the burning Steel,  
And are we murmuring out our Midnight Curses,  
Drying our Tears in Corners, and complaining,  
Our Hands are forfeited. Gods! Strike them off!  
No Hands we need to fasten our own Chains,  
Our Masters will do that; and we want Souls  
To raise them to an Use more worthy Men.

*Mem.* Ruffles your Temper at Offences past!  
Here then, to sting thee into Madness.

[Gives the Letter. *Rameses* reads.]

*Ram.* Oh!

*Syph.* See how the struggling Passions shake his Frame!

*Ram.* My Bosom Joy, that crowns my happy Bed  
With tender Pledges of our mutual Love,  
Far dearer than my Soul! and shall my Wife,  
The Mother of my little Innocents,  
Be taken from us! Torn from me! from mine!  
Who live but on her sight! and shall I hear  
Her Cries for Succour, and not rush upon him?  
My Infant hanging at the Neck upbraids me,  
And struggles with his little Arms to save her.  
These Veins have still some generous Blood in store,  
The Dregs of those rich Streams his Wars have drain'd;  
I'll give't in Dowry with her.

*Pher.*

*Pher.* Well resolv'd:

A tardy Vengeance shares the Tyrant's Guilt.

*Ram.* Let me embrace thee, *Pheron*, thou art brave,  
And dost disdain the Coldness of Delay.  
Curse on the Man that calls *Ramefes* Friend,  
And keeps his Temper at a Tale like this;  
When Rage and Rancor are the proper Virtues,  
And loss of Reason is the Mark of Men.

*Mem.* Thus I've determin'd; when the Midnight hour  
Lulls this proud City, and her Monarch dreams  
Of humble Foes, or his new Mistress' Love,  
Then we will rush at once, let loose the Terrors  
Of rage pent in, and struggling twenty Years  
To find a Vent, and at one dreadful Blow  
Begin, and end the War.

A more auspicious Juncture cou'd not happen.  
The *Persian*, who for Years has join'd our Counsels,  
Stirr'd up the Love of Freedom, and in private  
Long nurs'd the glorious Appetite with Gold,  
This Morn with Transports snatch'd the wish'd Occasion  
Of throwing his Resentment wide, and now  
He frowns in Arms, and gives th' Event to Fate.

*Ram.* This Hand shall drag the Tyrant from his Throne,  
And stab the Royal Victim on this Altar.

*Pointing to the Tomb.*

*Mem.* Oh justly thought! Friends, cast your Eyes a-  
round,

All that most awful is, or great in Nature,  
This solemn Scene presents; the Gods are here,  
And here our fam'd Forefathers sacred Tombs;  
Who never brook'd a Tyrant in this Land.  
Let us not act beneath the Grand Assembly!  
The slighted Altars tremble, and those Tombs  
Send forth a Peal of Groans to urge us on.  
Come then, surround my Father's Monument,  
And call his Shape to witness to your Vows.

*Ram.* Nor his alone Oh all ye mighty Dead!  
Illustrious Shades! Who nightly stalk around  
The Tyrant's Couch, and shake his guilty Soul:  
Whether already you converse with Gods,

Or stay below in melancholy Glooms,  
 From Earth, from Air, from Heaven, and from Hell,  
 Come, I conjure you, by the Prisoner's Chain,  
 The Widow's Sighing, and the Orphan's Tears,  
 The Virgin's Shrieks, the Hero's spouting Veins,  
 By Gods blasphem'd, and Free-born Men enslav'd.

*Mem.* Hear, *Fove*, and you most injur'd Hero's, hear,  
 While we o'er this thrice hallow'd Monument  
 Thus join our Hands, and kneeling to the Gods,  
 Fast bind our Souls to great Revenge!

*All.* We swear. —

*Mem.* This Night the Tyrant and his Minions bleed,  
 And Flames shall lay those Palaces in Dust,  
 Whose gilded Domes now glitter in the Sun.

*Pher.* So now, my Foe is taken in the Toil,  
 And I've a second Cast for this proud Maid —  
 It is an Oath well spent, a Perjury  
 Of good Account in Vengeance, and in Love.

(*Aside.*)

*Mem.* We wrong the mighty Dead, if we permit  
 Our Eyes alone to count this grand Assembly,  
 A thousand unteem Heroes walk among us,  
 My Father rises from his Tomb, his Wounds  
 Bleed all afresh, and consecrate the Day;  
 He waves his Arm, and chides our tardy Vengeance,  
 More than this World shall thank us. O my Friends!  
 Such our Condition, we have nought to lose,  
 And great may be our Gain, if this be great,  
 To crush a Tyrant, and preserve a State.  
 To still the Clamours of our Father's Blood,  
 To fix the Basis of the publick Good,  
 To leave a Fame eternal, then to soar,  
 Mix with the Gods, and bid the World adore.

A C T

## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

*A magnificent Throne discovered, and several Courtiers walking to and fro.*

*Enter Syphoces and Ramefes. Shouts at a distance.*

Ram. **W**HAT means this Dust, and Tumult in the Court,

These streamers fooling in the Wind, these Shouts;  
The Tyrant blazing in full Insolence,  
And all his gaudy Courtiers basking round him  
Like poisonous Vermin in a Dog-day Sun?

Syph. Your Father and Prince Myron are arriv'd,  
And with one Peal of Joy the Nation rings.

Ram. Long has my Father serv'd this tyrant King,  
With Zeal well worthy of a better Cause;  
Though with his Helm he hides a hoary Brow,  
Long vers'd in Death, the Father of the Field,  
At the shrill Trumpet, he throws off the weight  
Of fourscore Years, and springs upon the Foe.  
The Transport, Danger gives him, conquers Nature,  
And a short Youth boils up within his Veins.

Syph. Behold, this way they pass to meet the King.

*Myron and Nicanor pass the Stage with Attendants.*

Ram. What Pity 'tis that one so lost in Guilt,  
Should thus engage the Sight with Manly Charms,  
And make Vice lovely? *(Looking on Miron.)*

Syph. Pardon me, Ramefes:

Though to my Foe, I must be ever just,  
He's generous, grateful, affable, and brave:  
But then he knows no Limit to his Passion;  
The Tempest beaten Bark is not so toss'd,  
As is his Reason, when those Winds arise:  
And tho' he draws a fatal Sword in Battle,  
And kindles in the warm Pursuit of Fame,  
Pleasure subdues him quite, the sparkling Eye,



And generous Bowl bear down his graver Mind,  
While fiery Spirits dance along his Veins,  
And keep a constant Revel in his Heart.

*Ram.* But hear, the Tyrant comes!—with what Excess  
Of idle Pride will he receive his Son?

How with big Words will he swell out this Conquest,  
And into Grandeur puff his little Tales.

*Enter King and ascends the Throne; on the other side enter  
Myron and Nicanor.*

*King.* Welcome, my Son, great Partner of my Fame,  
I thank thee for th' Increase of my Dominions,  
That now more Mountains rise, more Rivers flow,  
And more Stars shine in my still growing Empire.  
The Sun himself surveys it not at once,  
But travels for the View, whilst far disjoin'd,  
My Subjects live unheard of by each other;  
These wrap'd in Shades, while those enjoy the Light;  
Their Day is various, but their King the same.

*Myr.* Here, Sir, your Thanks are due; to this old Arm,  
Whose Nerves not threelcore Winter Camps unbend,  
You owe your Victory, and I my Life.  
When my fierce Courser, with a Javelin stung,  
First rear'd in Air, then tearing with a Bound  
The trembling Earth, plung'd deep amidst the Foe;  
And now a thousand Deaths from every Side,  
Had but one Mark, and on my Buckler rung;  
Through the throng'd Legions like a Tempest rush'd  
This Friend, o'er gasping Heroes, rolling Steeds,  
And snatch'd me from my Fate.

*Bus.* I thank thee, General,  
Thou hast a Heart that swells with Loyalty,  
And throws off the Infection of these Times;  
But thy degenerate Boy——

*Nic.* No more my Son,  
I cut him off, my Guilt, my Punishment.  
Look not, dread Sir, on me through his Offence;  
Oh let not that discolour all my Service,  
And ruin those who blame him for his Crime!

*Bus.* Old Man, I will not wear the Crown in vain,  
Subjects shall work my Will, or feel my Pow'r,

Their

Their Disobedience shall not be my Guilt;  
 Who is their Welfare, Glory, and Defence?  
 The Land that yields them Food, and every Stream  
 That slakes their Thirst, the Air they breath is mine.  
 And is Concurrence to their own Enjoyment,  
 By due Submission, a too great Return?  
 Death and Destruction are within my Call——  
 But thou shalt flourish in thy Master's Smile.  
 A faithful Minister adorns my Crown,  
 And throws a brighter Glory round my Brow.

*Nic.* Take but one more, one small one to your Favour,  
 And then my Soul's at Peace—— I have a Daughter,  
 An only Daughter, now an only Child,  
 Since her lost Brother's Folly; she deserves  
 The most a Father can for so much Goodness:  
 Her Mother's dead, and we are left alone,  
 We two are the whole House, nor are we two,  
 In her I live, the comfort of my Age;  
 And if the King extends his Grace so far,  
 And take the tender Blossom into shelter,  
 Then I have all my Monarch can bestow,  
 Or Heav'n itself, but this, that I may wear  
 My Life's poor Remnant out in your Command;  
 Stretch forth my Being to the last in Duty,  
 And when the Fates shall summon, dye for you.

*Bus.* *Nicanor*, know, thy Daughter is our Care.

*Myr.* Oh, Sir, be greatly kind, exert your Pow'r,  
 And with the Monarch furnish out the Friend!  
 Art thou not he, that Gallant-minded Chief, (*To Nicanor.*  
 Who wou'd not stoop to give me less than Life?  
 And shall I prove ungrateful? Shocking Thought!  
 He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one,  
 All other Crimes may pass for Virtues in him.

*Nic.* What Joy my Daughter's promis'd Welfare gives  
 My Lips I need not open to discover—— (ine,  
 Thus humbly let me thank you.

*Bus.* Dry thy Tears,  
 And follow us; thy Daughter's near our Queen,  
 And longs, no doubt, to see thee; blest the Maid,  
 And then attend us on Affairs of State.——

I hear there's Treason near us; though the Slaves  
 Fall off from their Obedience, and deny  
 That I'm their Monarch, I'm *Busiris* still.  
 Collected in my self, I'll stand alone,  
 And hurl my Thunder, tho' I shake my Throne:  
 Like Death, a solitary King I'll reign,  
 O'er silent Subjects, and a Desert Plain;  
 E'er brook their Pride; I'll spread a general Doom,  
 And every Step shall be from Tomb to Tomb. *[Exit.]*

*Myr. and Aul. who talk'd aside, advance.*

*Myr.* Her absent Beauties glow'd upon my Mind,  
 And sparkled in each thought. She never left me—  
 Wou'dst thou believe it? In the Field of Battle,  
 In the mid Terror, and the Flame of Fight,  
*Mandane*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul,  
 And left my Fame in Danger—My rais'd Arm  
 Has hung in Air; forgetful to descend,  
 And for a Moment spar'd the prostrate Foe.—  
 Oh that her Birth rose equal to my own!  
 Then I might wed with Honour, and enjoy  
 A lawful Bliss—and why not now? Methinks  
 Absence has plac'd her in a fairer Light,  
 Enrich'd the Maid, and heighten'd every Charm.

*Aul.* She comes.

*Myr.* That modest Grace subdu'd my Soul,  
 That Chastity of Look, which seems to hang  
 A Veil of purest Light o'er all her Beauties,  
 And by forbidding, most enflames Desire.

*Enter Mandane.*

What tender Force! what Dignity divine!  
 What Virtue consecrating every Feature!  
 Around that Neck, what Drops are Gold and Pearl!  
*Mandane!* powerful Being! whose first Sight  
 Gives me a Transport not to be express'd;  
 And with one Moment over-pays a Year  
 Of Danger, Toil and Death, and Absence from thee:

*Mand.* My Lord, I sought my Father.

*Myr.* Leave me not,  
 I've much to say, much more than I conceive;  
 Yes, by the Gods, much more than I can utter.

*My*

My Breath is snatch'd, I tremble, I expire. [Aside.

Nay, here I'll offer tender Violence.— *Takes her Hand.*

May I not breath my Soul upon this Hand,  
When your Eyes triumph, and insult my Pain?

Permit me here to take a small Revenge.

*Mand.* My Lord, I am not conscious of my Fault.

*Myr.* 'Tis false—I know the Language of those Eyes,  
They use me ill—see my Heart beat, *Mandane*;

Believe not me, but tell your self my Passion—

Is it in Art to counterfeit within?

To drive the Spirits, and inflame the Blood?

Each Nerve is pierc'd with Lightning from your Eye,

And every Pulse is in the Throbs of Love.

*Mand.* My Lord, my Duty calls, I must not stay.

*Myr.* Give me a Moment: I have that to speak  
Will burst me, if suppress—Oh heavenly Maid!

Thy Charms are doubled; so is thy Disdain—

Who is it? Tell me who enjoys thy Smile,

There is a happy Man; I swear there is;

I know it by your Coldness to your Friend—

That Thought has fix'd a Scorpion on my Heart,

That stings to Death—and is it possible

You ever spoke of *Myron* in his Absence,

Or cast, at leisure, a light Thought that way?

*Mand.* I thought of you, my Lord, and of my Father,

And pray'd for your Success; nor must I now

Neglect to give him Joy.

*Myr.* Yet stay, you shall not go—Ungrateful Woman!

I would not wrong your Father; but by Heaven,

His Love is Hatred, if compar'd with mine

I understand whence this unkindness flows;

Your Heart relents some Licence of my Youth,

When Love had touch'd my Brain. You may forgive me,

Because I never shall forgive my self;

But that you live; I'd rush upon my Sword.

If you forgive me, I shall now approach,

Not as a Lover only, but a Wretch

Redeem'd from Baseness to the Ways of Honour,

And to my Passion join my Gratitude:

Each Time I kneel before you, I shall rise

[Exit,  
advance,



As well a better, as a happier Man,  
Indebted to your Virtue, and your Love.

*Mand.* I must not hear you.

*Myr.* Oh torment me not!

Hear me you must, and more—Your Father's Valour,  
In the late Battle, rescu'd me from Death:  
And how shall I be grateful!—Thou'rt a Princess;—  
Think not, *Mandane*, this a sudden Start,  
A Flash of Love that kindles and expires:  
Long have I weigh'd it, since I parted hence,  
No Night has pass'd, but this has broke my Rest,  
And mix'd with every Dream. My Fair, I wed thee  
In the maturest Council of my Soul.

*Mand.* Oh Gods! I tremble at the rising Storm; [*Aside.*  
Where can this end?

*Myr.* And do you then despise me?

*Mand.* My Lord, I want the Courage to accept  
What far transcends my Merit, and for ever  
Must silently upbraid my little Worth.

*Myr.* Have I forsook my self, forgone my Temper  
Headlong to all the gay Delights of Youth,  
And fall'n in Love with Virtue most severe?  
Turn'd superstitious to make thee my Friend?  
Gods! have I struggled thro' the powerful Reasons  
That strongly combated my fond Resolves;  
Was Wealth o'erlook'd, and Glory of no Weight,  
My Parent's Crown forgot, and my own Conquests,  
And all to be refus'd? to sooth your Pride,  
And make my Rival Sport?

*Mand.* With Patience hear me—— [*Kneels.*  
Nor let my Trust in *Myron* prove my Ruin.

*Myr.* Distraction! Art thou marry'd?

*Mand.* Oh!——

*Myr.* My Heart foretold it.—— Ah my Soul! [*Aulet.*  
[*swoons.*

*Aul.* Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw——  
[*Exit Mand.*

*Myr.* I do not live——I cannot bear the Light!  
Where is *Mandane*? but I would not know.  
She is not mine.—— Yet tho' not mine in Love,  
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Revenge, my just Revenge may overtake her.

O how I hate her! let me know her Faults:

Did the proud Maid insult me in Distress?

And smue to see me gasping? I speak *Auletes*.

Did she not sigh? sure she might pity me,

Though all her Love is now another's Right.

*Aul.* She sigh'd, and wept; but I remov'd her from you.

*Myr.* It was well done—Yet I could gaze for ever.

And did she sigh? and did she drop a Tear?

The Tears she shed for me, are surely mine;

And shall another dry them on those Cheeks,

And make them an Excuse for greater Fondness?

Shall I assist the Villain in his Joys?

No, I'll tear her from him,——

I'd grudge her Beauties to the Gods that gave them.

*Aul.* My Lord, have temper.

*Myr.* And another's Passion,

Warm on that Lip! another's burning Arms

Strain'd round the lovely Waste, for which I die,

And she consenting, wooing, growing to him!

What golden Scenes, when absent, did I feign?

What lovely Pictures did I draw in Air?

What Luxury of Thought! and see my Fate!

Shall then my Slave enjoy her? and I languish

In my triumphal Carr, my Foot on Purple,

And o'er my Head a Canopy of Gold,

Fate in my Nod, and Monarchs in my Train?

What if I stab him? No.—She will not wed

His Murtherer.—I never form'd a Wish,

But full Fruition taught me to forget it.

And am I lessen'd by my late Success?

And have I lost by Conquest? fly *Auletes*,

And tell her——

*Aul.* What my Lord?

*Myr.* No, bid her——

*Aul.* Speak.

*Myr.* I know not what—My Heart is torn asunder.

*Aul.* Retire, my Lord, and re-compose your self,  
The Queen approaches.—Ha! her Bosom swells,

(Exit Myron.

Her

Her pale Lips tremble, a disorder'd Haste  
Is in her Steps; her Eyes shoot gloomy Fires.——  
When *Myris* is in Anger, happy they  
She calls her Friends.

*Enter Queen.*

*Queen.* *Auletes*, where's the King?

*Aul.* At Council, Madam.

*Queen.* Let him know I want him. [*Exit Auletes.*  
Bafe! to forget to whom he owes a Crown!  
Fool! to provoke her Rage whose Hand is red  
In her own Brother's Blood!

*Enter King and Pheron.*

*King.* Horrid Conspiracy!

*Pher.* This Night was destin'd for the bloody Deed.

*King.* Mistaken Villains if they wish my Death,  
They should in Prudence lay their Weapons by,  
So jealous are the Gods of *Egypt's* Glory,  
I cannot dye whilst Slaves are arm'd against me.  
Haste, *Pheron*, to the Dungeon, plunge them down  
Far from the Hopes of Day, there let them lye  
Banish'd this World, while, yet alive, and groan  
In Darkness and in Horror,— let double Chains  
Consume the Flesh of *Memnon's* loaded Limbs,  
Till Death shall knock them off—A King's thy Friend;  
Nay more, *Busiris*.—Go, let that suffice.— [*Exit Pher.*

*Queen.* My Lord, your Thought's engag'd.

*King.* Affairs of State  
Detain'd me from my Queen.

*Queen.* The World may wait.  
I've a Request, my Lord.

*King.* Oblige me with it.

*Queen.* Will you comply?

*King.* My Queen, my pow'r is your's.

*Queen.* Your Queen?

*King.* My Queen.

*Queen.* Indeed, it should be so.——  
Then sign these Orders for *Amelia's* Death.——  
He starts, turns pale, he's sinking into Earth.  
Enough; be gone, and fling thee at her Feet;  
Doat on my Slave, and sue to her for Mercy.

Go, pour forth all the Folly of thy Soul;  
But bear in Mind, thou giv'st not of thy own,  
Thou giv'st that Kindness which I bought with Blood,  
Nor shall I lose unmov'd.

*King.* I wish, my Queen,  
This still had slept a Secret for thy Sake;  
But since thy restless Jealousy of Soul  
Has been so studious of its own Disquiet;  
Support it, as you may—— I own I've felt  
*Amelia's* Charms, and think them worth my Love.

*Queen.* And dar'st thou bravely own it too? Oh Insult,  
Forgetful Man! 'tis I then owe a Crown!  
Thou had'st still grovelling in the lower World,  
And view'd a Throne at Distance; had not I  
Told thee thou wast a Man, and (dreadful Thought!)  
Thro' my own Brother cut thy Way to Empire,  
But thou might'st well forget a Crown bestow'd,  
That Gift was small. I listen'd to thy Sighs,  
And rais'd thee to my Bed.

*King.* I thank you for it.  
The Gifts you made me were not cast away;  
I understand their worth; Husband and King  
Are Names of no mean Import, they rise high  
Into Dominion, and are big with Power.——  
Whate'er I was, I now am King of *Egypt*,  
And *Myris* Lord.

*Queen.* I dream! art thou *Busiris*?  
*Busiris*, that has trembled at my Feet,  
And art thou now my *Jove* with clouded Brow,  
Dispensing Fate, and looking down on *Myris*?  
Do'st thou derive thy Spirit from thy Crimes?  
'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, heretore do'st thou threaten  
And roll thine Eye in Anger? Rather bend,  
And sue for Pardon.—— Oh detestable!  
Burn for a Stranger's Bed.

*King.* And what was mine?  
When *Myris* first vouchsaf'd to smile on me?

*Queen.* Distraction! Death! upbraided for my Love;—  
Thou art not only Criminal, but Base.  
Mine was a Godlike Guilt, Ambition in it,



Its Foot in Hell, its Head above the Clouds;  
 For know, I hated when I most carefs'd:  
 'Twas not *Busiris*, but the Crown that charm'd me,  
 And set its sparkling Glories to my Heart:  
 But thou canst soil thy Diadem with Slaves.

*King.* *Syphoc*es is a King then.

*Queen.* Ha!

*King.* Let fair *Amelia* know the King attends her.

[*Exit.*

*Queen.* Go, Tyrant, go, and wisely by thy Shame,  
 Prepare thy Way to Ruin, I'll overtake thee,  
 Living or dead; if dead, my Ghost shall rise,  
 Shriek in thy Ears, and stalk before thy Eyes:  
 In Death I'll triumph o'er my Rivals Charms,  
 And chill thy Blood, when clasp'd within her Arms;  
 Alone to suffer is beneath the Great.  
 Tyrant thy Torments shall support my State.

[*Exit.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

### SCENE. *The General's House.*

*Enter the King.*

*King.* **H**ERE dwells my stubborn Fair, I'll sooth her  
 Pride,

And lay an humbled Monarch at her Feet.  
 But let her well consider if she's slow  
 To welcome Bliss, and dead to Glory's Charms,  
 Then my Resentment rises in Proportion  
 To this high Grace extended to my Slave,  
 And turns the Force of her own Charms against her:  
 Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.

*Enter the Queen veiled.*

*Amelia,* dry thy Tears, and lay aside  
 That melancholy Veil——Ha, *Myris*?

*Queen.* *Myris.*

A Name that should like Thunder strike thine Ear,

And

And make thee tremble in this guilty Place:  
But wherefore do'st thou think I meet thee here,  
Not with mean Sighs, and deprecating Tears,  
To humble me before thee, and encrease  
The number of thy Slaves, in hope to break  
Thy Resolution, and avert thy Crime;  
But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,  
The Vengeance due to injur'd Heav'n, and me;  
And by this Warning double thy Offence:  
Think, think of Vengeance, 'tis the only Joy  
Which thou hast left me; I am no more thy Wife,  
Nor Queen; but know, I am a Woman still.

*Enter Auletes.*

*Aul.* May all the Gods watch o'er your Life and Empire,  
And render Omens vain! so fierce the Storm,  
Old *Memphis* from her deep Foundation shakes,  
And such unheard-of Prodigies hang o'er us,  
As make the Boldest Tremble: See the Moon  
Robb'd of her Light, discolour'd without Form,  
Appears a bloody Sign, hung out by *Jove*  
To speak Peace broken with the Sons of Men:  
The *Nile*, as frightened, shrinks within its Banks,  
And as this Hour I pass Great *Isis'* Temple,  
A sudden Flood of Light'ning rush'd upon it,  
And laid the Shrine in Ashes.

*King.* Oh Mighty *Isis*!

Why all these Signs in Nature? why this Tumult  
To tell me I am guilty? if my Crown  
The Fates demand, why let them take it back.  
My Crown indeed I may resign; but Oh!  
Who can wake the Dead? ———

'Tis hence these Spectres shock my midnight Thoughts;  
And Nature's Laws are broke to discompose me;  
'Tis I that hurl these Hurricanes in Air,  
And shake the Earth's Foundations with my Guilt.  
Oh *Myris*, give me back my Innocence?

*Queen.* I bought it with an Empire.

*King.* Cheaply sold!

Why did'st thou urge my lifted Arm to strike  
The pious King, when my own Heart recoil'd?

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a Wo-  
 You that are vain of your superior Reason, (man,  
 And swell with the Prerogative of Man?  
 If you succeed, our Counsel is of nought;  
 You own it, not accepted, tho' enjoy'd;  
 But steal the Glory, and deny the Favour;  
 Yet if a fatal Consequence attend,  
 Then we're the Authors, then your treacherous Praise  
 Allows us Sense enough to be condemn'd.

*King.* 'Tis prudent to dissemble with her Fury,  
 And wait a softer Season for my Love. (*Aside.*  
 Bid *Isis*' Priests attend their King's Devotions,  
 I'll sooth with sacrifice the angry Pow'rs;  
 Swift to my Dungeons, bid their darksome Wombs  
 Give up the numerous Captives of my Wars,  
 Ten thousand Lives to Heav'n devoutly pour,  
 Nor let the sacred Knife grow cool from Blood,  
 'Till seven-fold *Nile* infected with the Stain,  
 In all his Streams flows Purple to the Main. (*Exit.*

*Queen.* Thin Artifice! I know the Sacrifice  
 You most intend — But I will dash your Joys;  
 Thou, Victim, and thy Goddess both shall feel me.

*Aul.* Madam, the Prince.

*Queen.* And is he still afflicted?

*Aul.* It grieves your faithful Servant to relate it;  
 He struggles manfully; but all in vain;  
 Sometimes he calls in Musick to his Aid,  
 He strives with Martial Strains to fire his Blood,  
 And rouse his Soul to Battle——

Then he relapses into Love again,  
 Feeds the Disease, and doats upon his Ruin.

*Queen.* Why seeks he here the Cause of all his Sorrows?

*Aul.* He seeks not here *Mandane*, but her Father;  
 For Friendship is the Balm of all our Cares,  
 Melts in the Wound, and softens ev'ry Fate.

(*Martial Musick.*

*Enter Myron at a Distance.*

*Queen.* Heavens! what a Glory blazes from his Eye!  
 What Force! what Majesty in every Motion,  
 As at each Step he trod upon a Foe?

*Myr.* O that this Ardor wou'd for ever last!

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It shall; nor will I curse my being more;  
Chain'd Kings, and conquer'd Kingdoms are before me,  
I'll bend the Bow, and launch the whistling Spear,  
Bound o'er the Mountains, plunge into the Stream,  
Where thickest Faulchions gleam, and Helms blaze,  
Rush in, and find Amusement from my Pain.  
I'll number my own Heart among my Foes,  
And conquer it, or die. (Exit.

*Queen.* The Thoughts of War  
Will soon dislodge the Fair One from his Breast——  
But this has broken in on my Intent——  
I wou'd remind thee of my late Commands.

*Aul.* Madam, 'tis needless to remind your Slave:  
At dead of Night I'll set the Prisoners free.

*Queen.* Yes, set the Prisoners free,—'tis great Revenge,  
Such as my Soul pants after.— It becomes me.  
Oh it will gall the Tyrant! Stab him home,  
And if one spark of Gratitude survives,  
Soften *Syphoces* to my fond Desire.  
The Tyrant's Torment is my only Joy,  
Ye Gods! or let me perish, or destroy,  
Or rather both; for what has Life to boast  
When Vice is tasteless grown, and Virtue lost!  
Glory and Wealth, I call upon in vain,  
Nor Wealth nor Glory can appease my Pain;  
My every Joy upbraids me with my Guilt,  
And Triumphs tell me sacred Blood is spilt.

(Exit *Queen*.)

*Enter Myron.*

*Myr.* The shining Images of War are fled,  
The fainting Trumpets languish in mine Ear,  
The Banner's fur'd, and all the sprightly Blaze  
Of burnish'd Armour, like the setting Sun,  
Insensibly is vanish'd from my Thought;  
No Battles, Siege, or Storm, sustain my Soul  
In wonted Grandeur, and fill out my Breast;  
But Softness steals upon me, melting down  
My rugged Heart in Languishment and Sighs,  
And pours it out at my *Mandane's* Feet.——  
I see her even this Moment stand before me,

Too



Too fair for Sight, and fatal to behold,  
I have her here, I clasp her in my Arms;  
And in the Madness of excessive Love  
Sigh out my Heart, and bleed with Tenderness.

*Aul.* My Lord, too much you cherish this Delusion;  
She is another's.

*Myr.* Do not tell me so.

Say rather she is dead; each heav'nly Charm  
Turn'd into Horror! Oh the Pain of Pains  
Is when the fair One, whom our Soul is fond of,  
Gives Transport and receives it from another! —  
How does my Soul burn up with strong Desire,  
Now shrink into it felt! now blaze again!  
I'll rear and rend the Strings that tie me to her;  
If I stay longer here I am undone.

*As he is going, Enter Nicanor.*

(*safe*)

*Nic.* My Prince, (and since such Honours you vouch-  
My Friend, I have presum'd upon your Favour;  
This is my Daughter's Birth day, and this Night  
I dedicate to Joys, which ever languish,  
If you refuse to crown them with your Presence.

*Myr. Nicanor,* I was warm on other Thoughts.

*Nic.* I am still near you in the Day of Danger,  
In toilsome Marches, and the bloody Field,  
When Nations against Nations clash in Arms,  
And half a People in one Groan expire;  
Why am I, with your Helmet thrown aside,  
Cast off, and useless in the Hour of Peace?

*Myr.* Since then you press it, I must be your Guest.—  
Methinks I labour as I onward move,  
As under Check of some controuling Power. (*Aside.*  
What can this mean? Wine may relieve my Thoughts,  
And Mirth and Converse lift my Soul again. (*Exeunt.*

*The back scene draws and shews a Banquet. Enter  
Mandane richly dress'd.*

*Mand.* It was this Day that gave me Life, this Day  
Shou'd give me much more, shou'd give me Memnon too;  
But I am rival'd by his Chains, they clasp  
The Hero round, (a cold unkind Embrace!)  
And but an Earnest of far worse to come.

While

While he, my Soul, in Dungeon Darkneſs cloſ'd,  
Breaths damp unwholſome Steams, and lives on Poiſon;  
I am compell'd to ſuffer Ornaments,  
To wear the Rainbow, and to blaze in Gems,  
To put on all the ſhining Gilt of Dreſs,  
When 'tis almoſt a Crime that I ſtill live.  
Theſe Eyes, which can't diſſemble, pouring forth  
The dreadful Truth, are honeſt to my Heart.  
Theſe Robes, O Memnon, are Mandane's Chains,  
And load, and gal', and wring her bleeding Heart.

(Exit Mandane.

Enter Myron, Nicanor, Auletes, &c. They take their Places.

Nic. Sound louder, ſound, and waſt my Wiſh to Hea-  
Hear me ye righteous Gods, and grant my Prayer, (ven.  
For ever ſhine propitious on my Daughter,  
Protect her, proſper her, and when I'm dead,  
Still bleſs me in Mandane's Happineſs. —

(The Bowl goes round. Muſick.

Haſte, call my Daughter; none can taſte of Joy,  
'Till ſhe, the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, is with us.

A Servant brings Nicanor a Letter, he reads it;  
The King's Commands at any Hour are welcome.

Myr. Not leave us, General?

Nic. Ha! the King here writes me,  
The diſcontented Populace, that held  
O'er Midnight Bowls their deſperate Cabals,  
Are now in bold Deſiance to his Power.  
Amid the Terrors of this ſtormy Night,  
Even now they deluge all yon weſtern Vale,  
And form a War, impatient for the Day.  
The ſpreading Poiſon too has caught his Troops,  
And the revolting Soldiers ſtand in Arms,  
Mix'd with ſeditious Citizens.

Myr. Your Call is great.

Enter Mandane. Myron ſtarts from his Seat in diſorder.

Mand. Oh Memnon! How ſhall I become a Banquet,  
Suppreſs my Sorrow, and comply with joy?  
Severeſt Fate! Am I denied to grieve? (Aſide.

Nic. Be comforted, my Child, I'll ſoon return.  
Why doſt thou make me bluſh? I feel my Tears

C

Run

Run trickling down my Cheek.

*Myr.* I must away :

Her smiles were dreadful, but her Tears are Death;  
I can no more : I sink beneath her Charms,  
And feel a deadly Sickness at my Heart.

(*Aside to Auleta.*)

*Nic.* Your Cheek is pale, I dare not let you part,  
You are not well.——

*Myr.* A small Indisposition,  
I soon shall throw it from me : Farewel General;  
Conquest attend your Arms.

*Nic.* You shall not leave  
Your Servant's Roof, 'tis an unwholsome Air,  
And my Apartment wants a Guest.

*Mir. Nicanor,*  
If Health returns, I shall not press my Couch,  
And hear of distant Conquests; but o'ertake thee,  
And add new Terrors to the Front of War.

*Nic.* Mean time, You are a Guardian to my Child,  
Let her not miss a Father in my Absence,  
She's all my Soul holds dear.

*Both.* Farewel, Farewel.

(*Embrace.*)

*Nicanor waits on Myron off the Stage, and returns.*

*Nic.* My Child, I feel a tenderness at Heart  
I never felt before; come near, *Mandane*,  
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the Father.——  
Thy dying Mother with her Clay-cold Hand  
Press'd mine, then turning on thee her faint Eye,  
Let fall a Tear of Fondness, and expir'd.  
I cannot love thee well enough, her Grace  
Softens thy Cheek, and lives within thine Eye,  
Let me embrace you both——my Heart o'erflows——  
If I should Fall.—— Thy Mother's Monument——  
But I shall kill thy Tenderness——No more,  
Nay, do not weep, I shall return again,  
And with my dearest Child sit down in Peace,  
And long enjoy her Goodness.

*Mand.* If the Gods

Regard your Daughter's fervent Vows, you will.

*Nic.* Farewel my only Care, my Soul is with thee,

Re-

Regard your self, and you Remember me. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Myron and Auletes.*

*Myr.* No Place can give me Ease, my restless Thoughts,  
Like working Billows in a troubled Sea,  
Toss me to and fro, nor know I whither.  
What am I, who, or where? Ha! where indeed.  
But let me pause, and ask my self again  
If I am well awake.—Impetuous Bliss! —  
My Heart leaps up, my mounting Spirits blaze;  
My Soul is in a Tempest of Delight!

*Aul.* My Lord, you tremble, and your Eyes betray  
Strange Tumults in your Breast.

*Myr.* What Hour of Night?

*Aul.* My Lord, the Night's far spent.

*Myr.* The Gates are barr'd,  
And all the Household is compos'd to Rest?

*Aul.* All: And the great *Nicanor's* own Apartment;  
Proud to receive a Royal Guest, expects you.

*Myr.* Perdition on thy Soul for naming him.

*Nicanor!* Oh I never shall sleep more!

Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold Thoughts!

Broke loose from Reason, how did they run mad!

And now they are come home, all arm'd with Stings;

And pierce my bleeding Heart. —

I beg the Gods to disappoint my Crime,

Yet almost wish them deaf to my Desire;

I long, repent; repent, and long again,

And every Moment differs from the last.

I must no longer parley with Destruction.

*Auletes,* seize me, force me to my Chamber,

There chain me down, and guard me from my self,

Hell rises in each Thought, 'tistime to fly. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Mandane and Ramefes.*

*Ram.* I hope your Fears have given a false Alarm.

*Mand.* You've heard my frequent Visions of the  
You know my Father's Absence, *Myron's* Passion; (Night,  
Just now I met him, at my Sight he started, ;  
Then with such ardent Eyes he wonder'd o'er me,  
And gaz'd with such Malignity of Love,  
Sending his Soul out to me in a Look,



So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retired.

*Ram.* No more; my Friends (which as I am inform'd  
The Queen to gall the Tyrant has set free)  
Are lodg'd within your Call, the appointed Signal,  
If Danger threatens, brings them to your Rescue.

*Mand.* Where are they?

*Ram.* In the Hall beneath your Chamber.  
*Memnon* alone is wanting; He's providing  
For your Escape before the Morning Dawn;  
The rest in Vizors, fearing to be known,  
I have ventur'd thro' the Streets for your Protection.

*Mand.* Auspicious Turn! then I again am happy.

*Ram.* Auspicious Turn indeed! and what compleats  
The Happiness, the base Man that betray'd us.  
This Arm laid low: I watch'd him from the King,  
I took him warm, while he with lifted Brow  
Confess'd high Thought, and triumph'd in his Mein,  
I thank'd him with my Dagger in his Heart.  
'Tis late, refresh your self with Sleep, *Mandane*.

[Exit *Mandane*.]

So, 'tis resolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt  
So black a Crime, it justifies the Blow;  
He dies, and my poor Brother's Ghost shall smile.  
This Way he bends his Steps, I hate his Sight,  
And shall, till Death has made it lovely to me. [Exit]

Enter *Myron* and *Auletes*.

*Myr.* Oh how this Passion like a Whirlpool drives me,  
With giddy, rapid Motion round and round,  
I know not where, and draws in all my Soul!  
I reason much; but reason about her,  
And where she is, all Reason dies before her;  
And Arguments but tell me I am conquer'd. —  
So black the Night, as if no Star e'er shone  
In all the wide Expanse, the Lightning's Flash  
But shews the Darkness, and the bursting Clouds  
With Peals of Thunder seem to rock the Land:  
Not Beasts of Prey dare now from Shelter roam,  
But howl in Dens, and make the Forest groan,  
What then am I? a Monster yet more fell,  
Than haunts the Wilds? — I am, and threaten more:

*My*

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*Aul.*

*Myr.*

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My Breast is darker than this dreadful Night,  
 And feels a fiercer Tempest rage within ———  
 I must——I will——this leads me to her Chamber——  
 Did not the Raven croak? [Starting.]

*Aul.* I hear her not.

*Myr.* By Heav'n, methinks Earth trembles under me——  
 Awake, ye Furies, you are wanting to me,  
 O finish me in Ill, O take me whole;  
 Or Gods confirm me Good, without Allay,  
 Nor leave me thus at Variance with my test,  
 Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side.——  
 The old Man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,  
 Confided in me, gave her to my Care,  
 Nor long since sav'd my Lite——and doubt I still?  
 I'm guilty of the Fact, here let me lye,  
 And rather groan for ever in the Dust  
 And float the Marble Pavement with my Tears,  
 Than rise into a Monster. [Flings himself down.]

*Mandane passing at a distance, speaks to a Servant.*

*Mand.* Well observe me.

Before the rising Sun my Lord arrives,  
 To seal our Vows, the holy Priest is with him;  
 Watch to receive them at the western Gate,  
 And privately conduct them to my Chamber [Exeunt.]

*Myr. starting up* Oh Torment! Racks! and Flames!  
 then she expects him!

With open Arms! Am I cast out for ever,  
 For ever must despair, unless I snatch  
 The present Moment? She is all prepar'd,  
 Her wishes waking, and her Heart on fire!  
 That pow'rful Thought sweeps Heav'n and Hell before it,  
 And lays all open to the Prince of Egypt;  
 Born to enjoy whatever he desires,  
 And fling Fear, Anguish, and Remorse behind him.  
 I see her midnight Dress, her flowing Hair,  
 Her slacken'd Bosom, her relenting Mien;  
 All the forbidding Forms of Day flung off  
 For yielding Softness——Ah! all Confusion!  
 I shiver in each Joint!——Ah! she was made  
 To justify the blackest Crimes, and gild

Ruin and Death with her destructive Charms.

*Aul.* You'll force her then ?

*Myr.* Thou Villain but to think it.

No, I'll solicit her with all my Pow'r,  
Conquest and Crowns shall sparkle in her fight,  
If she Consent, thy Prince is blest'd indeed,  
Takes Wing, and tow'rs above Mortality :  
If she resist, I'll put an End to Pain,  
And lay my breathless Body at her Feet.

*Mandane passing at a distance to her Chamber, Myron meets her.*

*Mand.* Is this well done, my Lord ?

*Myr.* Condemn me not

Before you hear me ; let this Posture tell you,  
I'm not so Guilty as perhaps your Fears,  
Your commendable, modest Fears suspect :  
Nay, do not go, you know not what you do ;  
I wou'd receive a Favour, not constrain it ;  
Return, or good *Nicanor*, best of Fathers,  
Shall charge you with the Murder of his Friend.

*Mand.* And dare you then pronounce that sacred Name,  
'And yet persist ! Were you his mortal Foe  
'What cou'd your Malice more ?

*Myr.* Oh Fair *Mandane* !

I know my Fault, I know your Virtue too,  
But such the Violence of my Disorder,  
'That I dare tempt even you : Methinks that Guilt  
Has something lovely which proclaims your Power—  
But touch me with your Hand, I die with Bliss.  
Why swells your Eye ? By Heav'n I'd rather see  
All Nature mourn, than you let fall a Tear.  
I own I'm mad, but I am mad of Love :  
You can't condemn me more, than I my self,  
In that we are agreed, agree in all.  
Condemn, but pity me ; relent, but yield ;  
For oh, I burn. I rave, I die with Love !

*Mand.* Oh Sir !

*Myr.* Nay, do not weep so, it wil kill me ;  
This Moment, while I speak, my Eyes are darken'd,  
I cannot see thee, and my trembling Limbs

Refuse to bear their Weight; all left of Life  
Is that I Love, if Love was in our Power  
The fault were mine, since not, you must comply.  
How God like to bestow more heav'nly Joys  
Than you can think, and I support, and live?

*Mand.* Oh, how can you abuse your sacred Reason,  
That Particle of Heav'n, that Soul of *Jove*,  
To varnish o'er and paint so black a Crime!  
Oh Prince! —————

*Myr.* What says *Mandane*?

*Mand.* Sir, observe me,  
My bursting Sighs, and ever streaming Tears;  
Your noble Nature has with Pity seen;  
But wou'd they not work deeper in your Soul,  
Were you convinc'd my Sorrows flow for you.  
For you, my Lord, they flow, for I am fate,  
(I know you are surpriz'd) they flow for you.  
*Myron.* my Father's Friend, my Prince, my Guest——  
*Myron*, my Guardian God, attempts my Peace,  
And need I further Reason for these Tears?  
Nature affords no Object of Concern  
So great, as to behold a generous Mind,  
Driven by a sudden Gust, and dash'd on Guilt——  
'Tis base, you ought not; 'tis impracticable;  
You cannot——Make Necessity your Choice:  
Nor let one Moment of defeated Guilt,  
Of fruitless Baseness, overthrow the Glory  
Your whole Illustrious Life has dearly bought  
In toilsome Marches, and in Fields of Blood.

*Enter Auletes and Servants.*

*Aul.* My Lord, your Life's beset; the Room beneath  
Is throng'd with Ruffians, which but wait the Signal  
To rush, and sheath their Daggers in your Heart.

*Myr.* Betray'd! curst Sorcerers, it was a Plot  
Concerted by them all to take my Life,  
And this the Bait to tempt me to the Foil,  
She dies —————

*Aul.* No, first Enjoy, then Murder her——  
Trust to my Conduct, and you still are safe.  
They all are Mask'd, I have my Vizor too,



But Time is short ; for once confide in me,  
 You, Sir, for safety, fly to your Apartment ; [*to the Prince.*  
 You bear *Mandane* to her Clofet—You [*To Servants.*  
 Speed to the Southern Gate, and burst it open.

(*As the Servants seize Mandane, she gives the Signal.*  
*She is born off.*

*Enter Ramefes and Conspirators mask'd.*

*Ram.* The Villain fled ; Perdition intercept him !  
 Disperse, fly several ways, let each Man bear  
 A steady Point well levell'd at his Heart ;  
 If he escape us now, Success attend him,  
 May he for ever Triumph !

*As they pass the Stage in Confusion, Auletes enters Mask'd*  
*among them.*

*Aul.* Ha ! Why halt you !

Pursue, pursue, e'en now I saw the Monster,  
 The Villain *Myron*, with these Eyes I saw him  
 Bearing his Prize swift to the Western Gate :  
 There, there it burst. [*A Noise without.*

*All.* Away, pursue.

*Aul.* 'Tis done. [*Without.*

Advance the Massy Bar, and all is safe ;  
 Stand here, and with your Lives defend the Pass.

*Enter Myron.*

*Myr.* I shall at least have time for Vengeance on her,  
 And then I care not if I die. Barbarians !  
 Their Swords are pointed at my Life ! 'Tis well !  
 But I will give them an Excuse for Murder,  
 Such, such a Cause—Off Love, and soft Compassion ;  
 Harden each Sinew of my Heart to Steel.  
 I'll do, what done, will shock my self, and those,  
 Whom Time sets farthest from this dreadful Hour.

*Enter Mandane forc'd in by Auletes.*

*Mand.* By all the Pow'rs that can revenge a Falshood,  
 I'm innocent from any Thoughts of Blood.

*Myr.* Why then your Champions here in Arms ? 'Tis  
 false.

*Mand.* Ah let my Life suffice you for the Wrong  
 You Charge upon me ! Oh my Royal Master !  
 My safety from all Ill ! my great Defender !

Or did my Father but insult my Tears,  
And give me to your Care to suffer Wrong;  
Kill me, but not your Friend, but not my Father;  
He loves us both, and my severe Distress  
Will scarce more deeply Wound him than your Guilt.  
*(Myron walks passionately at a distance.)*

Myr. Slaves, are you sworn against me? Stop her  
Voice

And bear her to my Chamber.

Mand. Oh Sir! O Myron!

Behold my Tears—here I will fix for ever—  
I'll clasp your Feet—and grow into the Earth,  
O cut me, hue me,—give to every Limb  
A separate Death—but spare my spotless Virtue,  
But spare my Fame — You wound to distant Ages—  
And thro' all Time my Memory will bleed:

Myr. Distraction! all the Pains of Hell are on me!

*(As Servants force in Mandane.)*

Mand. Oh Memnon!—Oh my Lord!—my Life!—  
Where art Thou? *(She is born off.)*

Myron expresses sudden Passion and Surprise, stands awhile  
fixed in Astonishment, then speaks.

Myr. As many Accidents concur to work  
My Passions up to this unheard of Crime,  
As if the Gods designed it———be it then  
Their Fault, not mine——Memnon! said she not Memnon?  
My Heart began to stagger, but 'tis over——  
Heav'n blast me if I thought it possible  
I could be still more curst—That hated Dog,  
Her Lord, her Life;——I thank her for my Cure,  
Of all Remorie; and Pity; This has left me  
Without a Check, and thrown the loosen'd Reins  
On my wild Passion to rush headlong on;  
And in her Ruin quench a double Fire,  
The blended Rage of Vengeance and of Love.

Destruction full of Transport! lo I come,  
Swift on the Wing, to meet my certain Doom:  
I know the Danger, and I know the Shame;  
But like our Phoenix, in so rich a Flame  
I plunge Triumphant my devoted Head,  
And doat on Death in that Luxurious Bed.

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Myron in the utmost Disorder, bare-headed, without Light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.*

**Myr.** HENCEFORTH let no Man trust the first false Step  
Of Guilt, it hangs upon a Precipice,  
Whose steep Descent in last Perdition ends!  
How far am I plung'd down beyond all Thought  
Which I this Evening fram'd!— But be it so,  
Consummate Horror! Guilt beyond a Name!  
Dare not, My Soul, repent; in thee Repenance  
Were second Guilt, and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n,  
By hoping Mercy. Ah! my Pain will cease  
When Gods want Pow'r to punish— Ha! the Dawn—  
Rise never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,  
Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene,  
And hide me from *Nicanor*, and my self.

*Enter Auletes.*

Who's there?

*Aul.* My Lord?

*Myr.* *Auletis?*

*Aul.* Guard your Life;

The House is rouz'd, the Servants all alarm'd,  
The gliding Tapers dart from Room to Room;  
Solemn Confusion, and a trembling Haste  
Mixt with pale Horror, glares on every Face:  
The strengthened Foe has rush'd upon your Guard,  
And cut their Passage thro' them to the Gate,  
Implacable *Ramefes* leads them on  
Breathing Revenge, and panting for your Blood.

*Myr.* Why, let them come, let in the raging Torrent,  
I wish the World would rise in Arms against me,  
For I must dye, and I would die in State.

*The Doors are burst open, Servants pass the Stage in Tumult;  
Ramefes, &c. pursues Myron's Guards over the Stage.  
then Ramefes and Syphoces enter meeting.*

*Ram.* Where's the Prince?

*Syph.*

*Syph.* The Monster stands at Bay,  
We can no more than shut him from Escape  
Till further Force arrive.

*Ram.* O my *Syphoces*!

*Syph.* This is a Grief, but not for Words.  
Does she still live?

*Ram.* She lives—— but oh how blest  
Are they which are no more! by Stealth I saw her,  
Cast on the Ground in Mourning Weeds she lies,  
Her torn and loosen'd Tresses shade her round,  
Thro' which her Face, all pale as she were dead,  
Gleams like a sickly Moon; too great her Grief  
For Words or Tears! but ever and anon  
After a dreadful, still, insidious Calm,  
Collecting all her Breath, long, long suppress'd,  
She sobs her Soul out in a lengthened Groan,  
So sad, it breaks the Heart of all that hear,  
And sends her Maids in Agonies away.

*Syph.* Oh Tale, too mournful to be thought on!

*Ram.* Hold——

No, let her Virgins weep, forbear *Syphoces*,  
Tear out an Eye, but damp not our Revenge,  
Dispatch your Letters; I'll go comfort her.

[*A Servant speaks aside to Ramefes.*      *Exit Syphoces.*  
And has she then commanded none t'approach her,  
I'm sorry for it, but I cannot blame her.  
Such is the dreadful Ill, that it converts  
All offer'd Cure into a new Disease,  
It shuns our Love, and Comfort gives her Pain.

*Re-enter Syphoces.*

*Syph.* Your Father is return'd; redundant Nile,  
Broke from its Channel, overflows the Pass,  
And sends him back to wait the Water's Fall.

*Ram.* And is he then return'd?—— I tremble for him.  
I see his white Head rolling in the Dust,  
But haste, it is our Duty to receive him.      [*Exit.*

*Enter Myron.*

*Myr.* I feel a Pain of which I am not worthy,  
A Pain, an Anguish, which the honest Man  
Alone deserves.—— Is it not wond'rous strange,

That



That I who stabb'd the very Heart of Nature,  
Should have surviving ought of Man about me ?  
And yet I know not how, of Gratitude  
And Friendship still the stubborn Sparks survive,  
And poor *Nicanor's* Torments pierce my Soul.  
Confusion ! he's return'd.

[Starting.

Enter *Nicanor*.

*Nic.* My Prince——— (Advancing to embrace.

*Myr.* My Friend———

[Turning aside, and hiding his Face.

*Nic.* I interrupt you.

*Myr.* I had thee there [Smiting his Breast.

Before thou cam'st, my Thoughts were bent upon thee.

*Nic.* Oh Sir, you are too kind !

*Myr.* Death ! Tortures ! Hell ! [Aside,

*Nic.* What says my Prince ?

*Myr.* A sudden Pain,

To which I'm subject, struck a cross my Heart :

'Tis past, I'm well again.

*Nic.* Heav'n guard your Health.

*Myr.* Do'st Thou then wish it ?

*Nic.* Am I then distrust'd ?

Then when I sav'd your Life, I did the least

I e'er wou'd do to serve you.

*Myr.* Barbarous Man !———

*Nic.* What have I done, my Prince, which way offend-  
Has not my Life, my Soul, been yours ? (ed ?

*Myr.* Oh !——— Oh !———

*Nic.* By Heav'n I'm wrong'd, speak, and I'll clear my  
felt. [Takes him by the hand.

*Myr.* I'm Poison and Destruction, curse the Gods,  
I'll kill thee in Compassion——— O my Brain !

Away, away, away. [Shoves him from him, going.

*Nic.* Do, kill me, Prince.——

You shall not go, I do demand the Cause,  
Which has put forth thy Hand against thy Father ?  
For thus provok'd, I'll do my self the Justice,  
To tell thee Youth, that I deserve that Name,  
Nor have thy Parents lov'd thee more than I.

*Myr.*

*Myr.* I hear them, they are on me.— Loose thy hold,  
Or I will plant my Dagger in thy Breast.

*Nic.* Your Dagger's needless!— Oh ungrateful Boy!

*Myr.* Forgive me, Father, oh my Soul bleeds for thee.

[Embraces.

*As he is going out, Auletes meets him, and speaks to him aside.*

What, no Escape? on every Side inclos'd!

Then I resolve to perish by his Hand,

'Tis just I should, and meaner Death I scorn.

But how to work him to my Fate, to sting

His Passion up so high, will be a Task,

To me severe, as difficult and strange,

Support me, cruel Heart, it must be done.

[Aside.

*Nic.* Now from my very Soul, I cannot tell

But 'tis Enchantment all, for Things so strange

Have happen'd, I might well distrust my Sense;

But if mine Eyes are true, I plainly read

A Heart in Anguish, and I must confess

Your Grief is just.— It was inhuman in you,—

But tell the Cause, unravel from the Bottom

The Mystery that has embroil'd our Loves,

(For still, my Prince, I love, since you repent)

What Accident depriv'd me of my Friend,

And lost you to your self?

*Myr.* A Traytor's Sight.

*Nic.* Beneath my Roof?

*Myr.* Beneath thy very Helmet:

Thou art a Traytor. Guard thy self.

[Draws.

*Nic.* Distraction!

Traytor!—For standing by your Father's Throne;

And stemming the wild Stream that roars against it,

Of Rebel Subjects, and of Foreign Foes?

For training thee to Glory and to War?

For taking thee from out thy Mother's Arms,

A mortal Child, and kindling in thy Soul

The noble Ardors of a future God?

Farewell, I dare not trust my Temper more.

*Myr.* Grey-headed, venerable Traytor!

*Enter Ramefes.*

*Ram.* Ha!

Turn,

Turn, turn, Blasphemer, and repress thy Taunts;  
All Provocation's needless but thy Sight.

[He assaults the Prince, Nicanor hinders him;

Nic. Forbear, my Son.

Nic. Forbear!

Nic. If I am calm,  
Your Rage should cease.

Ram. No, 'tis my own Revenge,  
Unless, Sir, you disown me for your Son.

Nic. Thy Sword against thy Prince?

Ram. A Villain.

Nic. Hold:

Ram. The worst of Villains.

Nic. 'Tis too much.

Ram. Oh Father!—

Nic. What wou'dst thou?

Ram. Sir your Daughter.——

Nic. Rightly thought;

She best can comfort me in all my Sorrows:

Call, call *Mandane*; to behold my Child

Wou'd cheer me in the Agonies of Death;

Call her, *Ramefes*.—— Am I disobey'd?

Ram. Oh, Sir!—

Nic. What mean those Transports of Concern?

Ram. Though I'm an Outcast from your Love I weep,  
To open your black Scene of Misery.

Nic. where will this end? — Oh my foreboding Heart!

Ram. Should he, to whom, as to a God, at parting,  
You gave, with streaming Eyes your Soul's Delight,  
While yet your last Embrace was warm about him,  
Gloomy and dreadful as this stormy Night,  
Rush on your Child, your Comfort, your *Mandane*,  
All sweet, and lovely as the blushing Morn,  
Seize her by Force, now trembling, breathless, pale  
Prostrate in Anguish, tearing up the Earth,  
Imploring shrieking to the Gods and you.——  
Oh hold my Brain!—— Look there, and think the rest.

*The back Scene opens. A darken'd Chamber, a Bed and the  
Curtains drawn. Women pass out weeping, &c. Nicanor  
falls back on Ramefes.*

Nic

*Nic.* Is't possible! — My Child! — My only Daughter! —

The Growth of my own Life! That sweeten'd Age  
And Pain! — Oh Nature bleeds within me!

*Mand.* Weep not, my Virgins, cease your uselefs Tears,  
Kindness is thrown away upon Despair,  
And but provokes the Sorrow it wou'd ease.

*Nic.* Assist me forwards.

*Mand.* Most unwelcome News!

Is he return'd? The Gods support my Father.  
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

*Nic.* There, there she pierc'd the very tender'st Nerve:  
She pities me, dear Babe, she pities me:  
Through all the raging Tortures of her Soul  
She feels my Pain! But hold, my Heart, to thank her,  
Then burst at once, and let the Pangs of Death  
Put Myron from my Thought. [Goes to her.

*Mand.* Severest Fate

Has done its worst. — I've drawn my Father's Tears. —

*Nic.* Forbear to call me by that tender Name;  
Since I can't help thee, I wou'd fain forget  
Thou art a Part of me — it only sharpens  
Those Pangs, which, if a Stranger, I should feel. —  
Oh spare me, my *Mandane*; to behold thee  
In such Excess of Sorrow, quite destroys me,  
And I shall dye, and leave thee Unreveng'd.

*Mand.* Oh, Sir, There are Misfortunes most severe,  
Which yet can bear the Light, and well sustain'd  
Adorn the Sufferer. — But this Affliction  
Has made Despair a Virtue, and demands  
Utter Extinction, and eternal Night,  
As Height of Happiness. [Scene shuts on them.

*Enter Syphoces.*

*Ram.* Oh my *Syphoces*.

*Syph.* And does this move you, does this melt you down;  
And pour you out in Sorrow? then fly far,  
E're *Memnon* comes; he comes with flushing Cheek,  
And beating Heart, to bear a Bride away,  
And bless his Fate; how dreadfully deceiv'd!

*Ram.* The melancholy Scene at length begins.

*Enter*



Enter Memnon.

*Mem.* Oh, give me leave,  
To yield to Nature, and indulge my Joy,  
My Friend! My Brother! O the Extasie  
That fires my Veins, and dances at my Heart!  
You love me not, if you refuse to joyn  
In all the just Extravagance, and Flight  
Of boundless Transport on this happy Hour.  
Where is my Soul, my Blis, my lovely Bride!  
Call, call her forth; O haste, the Priest expects us,  
And every Moment is a Crime to Love.

*Ram.* Speak to him.— Prithee speak [To Syph.

*Syph.* By Heav'n I cannot.

*Mem.* What can this mean?

*Ram.* Syphoces.

*Syph.* Nay, *Ramefes*.

*Mem.* By all the Gods, they struggle with their Sorrows,  
And swallow down their Tears to hide them from me,  
By Friendship's sacred Name, I charge you, speak.

[They look on him with the utmost Concern, and go out on  
different Sides of the Stage.

Was ever Man thus left to dreadful Thought,  
And all the Horrors of a black Surmise!  
What Woe is this too big to be express'd?  
Oh my sad Heart! Why bod'st thou so severely?  
*Mandane's* Life's in Danger! There indeed;  
Fortune, I fear thee still; her Beauties arm thee,  
Her Virtues make thee dreadful to my Thought,  
But for my Love how I cou'd laugh at Fate?

Enter a Servant, and gives him a Paper. He reads.

Enter *Ramefes*, *Memnon* swoons and falls on *Ram*.

*Ram.* 'Twere happy if his Soul wou'd ne'er return;  
The Gods may still be merciful in this—  
His lids begin to rise— How fares my Friend?

*Mem.* Did *Myron* feel my Pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter

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*Enter Syphoces.*

*Syph.* Fainting beneath th' Oppression of her Grief,  
This way *Mandane* seeks the fresher Air:  
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be seen,  
And most of all by you.

*Mem.* By my own Heart,  
I judge, and am convinc'd— I dare not see her,  
The Sight would strike me dead.

[*As Memnon is going, Mandane meets him; both start back, she shrieks. Memnon recovers himself and falls at her knees, embracing them; she tries to disengage, he not permitting. she raises him, he takes her passionately in his Arms. They continue speechless and motionless some Time.*

*Ram.* Was ever mournful Interview like This?  
See how they writhe with Anguish! hear them groan!  
See the large silent Dew run trickling down,  
As from the weeping Marble; Passion choaks  
Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair.

*Mem.* Oh my *Mandane*!

[*At this she violently breaks from him, and Exit.*  
But one Moment more.

[*As Memnon is following, Rameles holds him.*

*Ram.* Brother——

*Mem.* Forgive me——

*Ram.* You're to blame——

*Mem.* Look there.

[*Pointing after her.*

My Heart is bursting.

*Ram.* With Revenge.

*Mem.* And Love.

*Ram.* Revenge.

*Mem.* One dear Embrace, 'twill edge my Sword.

*Syph.* No, *Memnon*, if our Swords now want an edge,  
They'll want for ever; to this spot I Charm thee;  
By the Dread Words, Revenge and Liberty!  
This is the Crisis of our Fates, this Moment  
The Guardian Gods of *Ægypt* hover o'er us,  
They watch to see us act like prudent Men,  
And out of Ills extract our Happiness.  
My Friends, these dire Calamities, like Poyson,

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May

May have their wholesome Use! this sad Occasion,  
It manag'd artfully, revives our Hopes;  
It gives *Nicanor* to our sinking Faction,  
And still the Tyrant shakes.

*Ram.* My Father comes;  
Or snatch this Moment, or despair for ever.  
While Passions glow, the Heart like heated Steel,  
Takes each Impression, and is work'd at Pleasure.

*Enter Nicanor.*

*Nic.* Why have the Gods chose out my weakest Hours,  
To set their Terrors in array against me?  
This wou'd beat down the Vigour of my Youth,  
Much more grey Hairs, and Life worn down so low.  
Vain Man! to be so fond of breathing long,  
And spinning out a Thread of Misery.  
The longer Life the greater Choice of Evil;  
The happiest Man is but a wretched Thing,  
That steals poor Comfort from Comparison;  
What then am I? here will I sit me down,  
Brood o'er my Cares, and think my self to Death.  
Draw near, *Ramefes*; I was rash e'er while,  
And chid thee without Cause. ——— How many Years  
Have I been cas'd in Steel?

*Ram.* Full Threescore Years  
Have changed the Seasons o'er your crested Brow,  
And seen your Fauchion dy'd in Hostile Blood.

*Nic.* How many Triumphs since this King has reign'd?

*Ram.* They number just your Battles, one for one.

*Nic.* True, I have follow'd the rough Trade of War  
With some success, and can without a Blush  
Review the shaken Fort, and sanguine Plain.  
I have thought Pain a Pleasure, Thirst and Toil  
Blest Objects of Ambition; I remember,  
(Nor do my Foes forget that bloody Day :)  
When the barb'd Arrow from my gaping Thigh  
Was wrench'd with Labour, I disdain'd to groan,  
Because I suffer'd for *Busiris*' Sake.

*Ram.* The King is not to blame.

*Nic.* Is not the Prince his Son?

*Ram.*

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Ram. But in himself——

Nic. And has he lost his Guilt, [Rising in a Passion.  
'Cause he has injur'd me? E're while thy Blood  
Was kindled at his Name.— Did'st Thou not tell me  
A shameful black Design on poor *Amelia*?  
Oh *Memnon*! what a glorious Race is this,  
To make the Gods a Party in our Cause,  
And draw down Blessings on us?

Mem. He that supports them  
In such black Crimes, is Sharer of their Guilt.

Nic. Point out the Man, and with these wither'd Hands  
I'd fly upon his Throat, tho' he were lodg'd  
Within the Circle of *Busiris*' Arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not when in his Power,  
Supports them in their Course, a flaming Guilt,  
And you are He.

Nic. Thou rav'st.

Syph. The Army's yours.  
I've sounded every Chief; but wave your Finger,  
Thousands fall off the Tyrant's Side, and leave him,  
Naked of Help, and open to Destruction.  
But sweep his Minions, cut a Pander's Throat,  
Or lop a Sycophant, the Work is done.

Nic. What wou'd you have me do? [Starting.

Mem. Let not your Heart  
Fly off from your own Thought, be truly Great,  
Resent your Country's Sufferings as your own.  
A generous Soul is not confin'd at Home,  
But spreads it self abroad o'er all the Publick,  
And feels for every Member of the Land.  
What have we seen for twenty rolling Years,  
But one long Tract of Blood, or what is worse,  
Throng'd Dungeons pouring forth perpetual Groans,  
And free-born Men oppress'd! Shall half Mankind  
Be doom'd to curse the Moment of their Birth?  
Shall all the Mother's Fondness be employ'd  
To rear them up to Bondage, give them Strength  
To bear Affliction, and support their Chains?

Syph. To you the valiant Youth most humbly bends,

D 2

[Kneeling  
And

Ram.



And beg that Nature's Gifts, the vigorous Nerve,  
 And graceful Port design'd to bless the World,  
 And take your great Example in the Field,  
 May not be forc'd by Lewdness in high Place,  
 To other Toils, to labour for Disease,  
 To wither in a loath'd Embrace, and dye,  
 At an inglorious Distance from the Foe.

*Ram.* To you *Amelia* lifts her Hands for Safety.

[*Kneeling.*

*Mem.* To you — To you — [*Bursting into Tears.*

*Nir.* By Heav'n he cannot speak — I understand thee.  
 Rise, — Rise, my Son. — Rise all; your Work is done;  
 They perish all, these Creatures of my Sword,  
 Have I not seen whole Armies vaulted o'er  
 With flying Javelins, which shut out the Day,  
 And tell in rattling Storms at my Command,  
 To slay and bury proud *Eufiris'* Foe?  
 He lives and reigns, for I have been his Friend?  
 But I'll unmake him, and plough up the Ground,  
 Where his proud Palace stands.

[*Exit.*

*Mem.* Oh, my *Mandane*!

The Gods by dreadful Means bestow Success,  
 And in their Vengeance most severely bless:  
 From thy bright streaming Eyes our Triumphs flow;  
 The Tyrant falls, *Mandane* strikes the Blow.  
 So the fair Moon, when Seas swell high, and pour  
 A wasteful Deluge, on the trembling Shore,  
 Inspires the Tumult from her clouded Throne,  
 Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,  
 And all the distant Ruin is her own.

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Field.**Enter Bufiris and Auletes. An Alarm at Distance.*

*Buf.* **W**elcome the Voice of War! tho' loud the  
Sound,

It faintly speaks the Language of my Heart,  
It whispers what I mean. But say, *Auletes*,  
What urge these forlorn Rebels in Excuse  
For chusing Ruin?

*Aul.* Various their Complaints.

But some are loud, that while your heavy Hand  
Presses whole Millions with incessant Toil,  
(Toils fitter far for Beasts than human Creatures)  
In building Wonders for the World to gaze at,  
Weeds are their Food, their Cup the muddy Nile.

*Buf.* Do they not build for Me? Let that reward them,  
Yes, I will build more Wonders to be gaz'd at,  
And temper all my Cement with their Blood.  
Whose Pains and Art reform'd the puzzled Year,  
Thus drawing down the Sun to human Use,  
And making Him their Servant? Who push'd off  
With Mountain Dams the broad redundant Nile  
Descended from the Moon, and bid it wander  
A Stranger Stream in unaccustom'd Shores!  
Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns?  
But Virtues are forgot! — Away — to Arms!  
I'll call to Mind my glorious Ancestry,  
Which for ten thousand rolling Years renown'd  
Shines up into Eternity its self,  
And ends among the Gods.

[*An Alarm.*]*Enter Memnon.*

*Aul.* The Rebel braves us.

*Buf.* Hold, let our Weapons thirst one Moment longer,  
And Death stand still, till he receives my Nod.

Whom meet I in the midst of my own Realm,  
With bold Defiance on his Brow ?

*Mem.* The Slave,

Whom Dread *Busiris* lately laid in Chains,  
An Emblem of his Country.

*Bus.* Is it thus

You thank my Royal Bounty ?

*Mem.* Thus you thank'd,

The good *Artaxes*, thus you thank'd my Father.

*Bus.* What I have done, conclude most right and just,  
For I have done it, and the Gods alone  
Shall ask me Why; Thou liv'st, altho' they tell;  
And if they fell unjustly, greater Thanks  
Are due from Thee, whom even Injustice spar'd.

*Mem.* Thy Kindnesses are Wrongs, they mean to sooth  
My injur'd Soul, and steal it from Revenge.

*Bus.* Turn back thine Eye, behold thy Troops are thin,  
Thy Men are rarely sprinkled o'er the Field,  
And yet thou carry'st Millions on thy Tongue.

*Mem.* All, thy Blood thirsty Sword has laid in Dust  
Are on my side, they come in bloody Swarms,  
And throng my Banners; thy unequal'd Crimes  
Have made thee Weak, and rob my Victory.

*Bus.* Ha !

*Mem.* Nay, stamp not, Tyrant; I can stamp as loud,  
And raise as many Dæmons at the Sound.

*Bus.* I wear a Diadem.

*Mem.* And I a Sword.

*Bus.* Yet, yet submit, I give thee Life.

*Mem.* Secure your own:

No more *Busiris*, bid the Sun farewell.

*Bus.* *Busiris* and the Sun shou'd Set together,  
If this Day's angry God ordain my Fate.  
Know thou, I fall like some vast Pyramid,  
I bury Thousands in my great Destruction,  
And Thou the first.—Slave! in the Front of Battle,  
There Thou shalt find me.

*Mem.* Thou shalt find me there,  
And have well paid that Gratitude I owe.

[*Exeunt*  
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## *A continued Alarm.*

*Enter Myron and Nicanor meeting.*

**Nic.** Does not mine Eye strike Horror through thy  
And shake the Weapon from thy trembling Arm? (Soul,  
Base Boy! the Foulness of thy Guilt secures Thee  
From my Reproach, I dare not name thy Crime.

**Myr.** Old Man, didst thou stand up in thy own Cause  
I then shou'd be afraid of Fourſcore Years,  
And tremble at Grey Hairs; but since thy Frenzy  
Has lent those venerable Looks, to cast  
A Gloss of Virtue on the blackest Crime.  
Accurst Rebellion! This gives back my Heart;  
With all its Rage, and I'm a Man again.

**Nic.** Come on, and use that Force in Arms, I taught  
I'll now retume the Life I gave so late. (thee;

**Myr.** I grieve thou hast but half a Life to lose,  
And dost defraud my Vengeance— At my Touch  
Thou moulder'st into Dust, and art forgotten.

*(Preparing to fight, Myr. steps short.*

Ah no! I cannot fight with thee, be gone  
And shake elsewhere; thou canst not want a Death  
In such a Field, though I refuse it to thee.

**Rameses, Memnon,** give them to my Sword,  
Sustain'd by Thousands; but to fly from Thee,  
From Thee, most Injur'd Man, shall be my Praise,  
And rise above the Conquest of my Foes.

**Nic.** 'Tis not old Age, th' avenging Gods pursue Thee?

*(He retires before Nicanor off the Stage. A loud Alarm.*

*Enter Butiris and Auletes in Pursuit.*

**Buf.** 'Tis well, I like this Madness of the Field:  
Let heighten'd Horrors, and a Waste of Death  
Inform the World *Bufiris* is in Arms.

But then I grudge the Glory of my Sword  
To Slaves, and Rebels, while they die by me,  
They cheat my Vengeance, and survive in Fame.

**Aul.** I panted after in the Paths of Death,  
And cou'd not but from far behold your Plume  
O'er shadow slaughter'd Heaps, while your bright Helm  
Struck a distinguish'd Terror through the Field,  
The distant Legions trembling as it blaz'd.



*Bus.* Think not a Crown alone lights up my Name,  
 My Hand is deep in Fight. Forbid it *Iſis*!  
 That whilst *Busiris* treads the sanguine Field,  
 The foremost Spirit of his Host shou'd conquer  
 But by Example, and beneath the Shade  
 Of this high brandish'd Arm. Did'st thou e'er fear?  
 Sure 'tis an Art, I know not how to fear.  
 'Tis one of the few things beyond my Power;  
 And if Death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,  
 Thy Master is Immortal. *O Auletes*——  
 But while I spake, they live!  
 Where fall the sounding Cataracts of Nile,  
 The Mountains tremble, and the Waters boil;  
 Like them I'll rush, like them my Fury pour,  
 And give the future World one Wonder more. (*Exeunt.*  
*Enter Myron engaged with a Party; his Plume is smitten off.*  
*He drives the Foe, and returns.*

*Myr.* When Death's so near, but dares not venture on  
 'Tis Heav'n's Regard, a kind of Salutation, (*us,*  
 Which to our selves our own Importance shows.—  
 Faint as I am, and almost sick of Blood,  
 There is one Cordial wou'd revive me still;  
 The sight of *Memnon*, place that Fiend before me.—*Exit.*  
*Enter Memnon.* (*Sword!*

*Mem.* Where, where's the Prince? O give him to my  
 His tall white Plume, which like a high wrought Foam  
 Floated on the tempestuous Stream of Fight,  
 Shew'd where he swept the Field; I follow'd swift,  
 But my Approach has turn'd him into Air;

*Enter Myron.*

The Fight but now begins!

*Myr.* Why, who art thou?

*Mem.* Prince I am——

*Myr.* *Memnon.*

(*Disdainfully.*

*Mem.* No,——I'm *Mandane.*

*Myr.* Ha!

*Mem.* She's here, she's here, she's all: Her Wrongs and  
 Virtues and Virtues (*Striking his Head and Breast.*  
 Virtues Wrongs! Thou worse than Murderer!

*Myr.*

*Myr.* I charge thee name her not, forbear to croak  
With that I'll-omen'd Note.

*Mem. Mandane!*

*Myr.* Be it so,  
When I reflect on her mean Love for Thee,  
And Plot against my Life, my pain is less.

*Mem.* 'Tis false; she meant, she knew it not; *Rameses*  
He, only he, was conscious of the Thought.

*Myr.* Then I'm a Wretch indeed!

*Mem.* As such I'll use Thee:  
I'll crush Thee like some Poison on the Earth,  
Then haste and cleanse me in the Blood of Men.

*Myr.* I thank thee for this Spirit which exalts thee  
Into a Foe, I need not blush to meet.

Now from my Soul, it Joys me thou art found,  
And found alive; by Heav'n, so much I hate thee,  
I fear'd that thou wast Dead, and had'st escap'd me!  
I'll drench my Sword in thy detested Blood,  
Or soon make thee Immortal by my own.  
Villain!

*Mem. Myron!*

*Myr.* Rebel!

*Mem. Myron!*

*Myr.* Hell!

*Mem. Mandane!*

(*Myr. Falls.*

*Myr.* Just the Blow, and juster still,  
Because imbitter'd to me by that Hand  
I most detest; which gives my Soul an Earnest  
Of vast unfathomable Woes to come,  
That dreadful Dow'ry for my dreadful Love:  
I leave the World my Misery's Example,  
It us'd aright, no trivial Legacy.

(*Dis.*

*Enter Syphoces.*

*Syph.* My Lord, I bring you most unwelcome News,  
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the Field,  
In hope to see her Injuries Reveng'd;  
Thoughtless of my Sufferings, but the past,  
A Party of the Foe, saw, seiz'd and bore her off.

*Mem.* Vengeance, and Conquest now are trivial  
Things;

Love

Love made their Prize! 'tis impious in my Soul  
 To entertain a Thought but of her Rescue.  
 Now, now, I plunge into the thickest War,  
 As some bold Diver from a Precipice  
 Into mid Ocean, to regain a Gem,  
 Whose Loss impoverish'd Kings to bring it back,  
 Or see the Day no more. (Exeunt.)

*Enter Mandane Prisoner.*

*Mand.* A generous Foe will hear his Captive speak;  
 A Benefit thus kneeling I implore:  
 Let one of all those Swords that glitter round me,  
 Vouchsafe to hide its Point within my Breast.

*Enter Memnon.*

*Mem.* Ah Villains! Curfed Atheists! Can you bear  
 That Posture from that Form? What, what are Numbers,  
 When I behold those Eyes? not mine the Glory,  
 That singly thus I quell a Host of Foes.  
 Inhuman Robbers! Oh bring back my Soul.

(*They force her off, he rushes in upon them and is taken.*)  
 Poor Comfort to Mankind that they can lose  
 Their Lives but once—But oh! a thousand times  
 Be torn from what they love.

*Enter Rameses Wounded.*

*Ram.* Far have I waded in the bloody Field,  
 Laborious through the stubborn Ranks of War,  
 And trac'd thee in a Labyrinth of Death;  
 But thus to find thee!—Better find thee Dead!  
 These Slaves will use thee ill.

*Mem.* Of that no more;  
*Myron* is Dead, and by this Arm.

*Ram.* I thank thee.  
 All my few Spirits left exult with Joy,  
 I'll Chace, and Scourge him through the lower World.

*Mem.* Alas thou bleed'st.

*Ram.* Curse on the Tyrant's Sword,  
 I bleed to Death. But could not leave the World  
 Without a last Embrace. Just now I met  
 The poor *Mandane*.

*Mem.* Quickly speak, What said she?

*Ram.*

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*Ram.* Nothing of Comfort. Cease to ask me further.

It you meet more, your Meeting will be sad——

Your Arm, I faint—— Ah what is human Life?

How like the Dial's tardy moving Shade!

Day after Day slides from us unperceiv'd!

The cunning Fugitive is swift by Stealth,

Too subtil is the Movement to be seen,

Yet soon the Hour is up—— and we are gone.

Farewel, I pity thee.

(Dies.

*Mem.* Farewel, brave Friend!

Wou'd I cou'd bear thee Company to Rest,

But Life in all its Terrors stands before me,

And shuts the Gate of Peace against my Wishes.——

Do I not hear a Peal of distant thunder?

And see a sudden Darknes shut the Day,

And quite blots out the Sun—— but what's to me

The Colour of the Sky? a Death-cold Dew

Hangs on my Brow; and all my slacken'd Joints

Are shook without a Cause—— A Groan from whence?

Again? And no one near me? Vain Delusion!

Yet not I fear in vain! some Ill is towards me,

More dreadful sure than all that's past. *Mandane!*

I hop'd she was at Peace, and past the reach

Of this ill News, but such my wayward Fate

I cannot ask a Curse, but 'tis deny'd me:

And cou'd wish I ne'er should see her more?

*Enter Mandane guarded.*

*Mand.* This is my Brother; a short Privacy

Is a small Favour you may grant a Foe.

*Guard* Let it be short, we may not wait your Leisure.

*Mem.* 'Tis wondrous strange, there's something holds

me from her,

And keeps this Foot fast rooted to the Ground.

This is the last Time I shall ever pray.

To me, ye Gods, confine your threatned Vengeance,

And I will bleis your Mercies while I suffer.

(*Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to the Front of the Stage.*

*Mand.* What di'st thou pray for?

*Mem.* For thy Peace.

*Mand.*



*Mand.* 'Twas kind:  
But oh! those Hands in Bonds deny the Blessing,  
For which they earnestly were rais'd to Heaven.

*Mem.* I fear so too; what we have yet to do  
Must be soon done; this Meeting is our last.  
How shall we use it?

*Mand.* How? Consult thy Chains,  
And my Calamities.

*Mem.* Sad Counsellors,  
And cruel their Advice——Are there no other?

*Mand.* I look around——and find no Glimpse of Hope,  
A perfect Night of Horror and Despair!

*Mem.* Of Horror and Despair indeed, *Mandane!*  
Canst thou believe me? Nay, can I believe  
Myself? The last thing that I wish'd for was——'tis false.  
The Weight of my Misfortune hurts my Mind.

*Mand.* Was what?

*Mem.* I dare not think, to think is to look down  
A Precipice ten thousand Fathom deep,  
That turns my Brain —— Oh! oh!

*Mand.* *Memnon* no more:

That Silence and those Tears need no explaining;  
And it is kind, with such severe Reluctance  
To think upon my Death —— tho' necessary.

*Mem.* Ah hold! You plant a thousand Daggers here,  
Talk not of dying, —— I disown the Thought;  
Right is not Right, and Reason is not Reason,  
All is Distraction when I look on thee.

Oh all ye pitying Gods! dash out from Nature  
Your Stars, your Sun, but let *Mandane* live.

*Mand.* No: Death long since was my confirm'd Re-

*Mem.* *Myron* is dead. (solve.)

*Mand.* What Joy a Heart like mine  
Can feel, it feels——had he been never born,  
I might have liv'd——'tis now——impossible.

*Mem.* This even to my Miseries I owe,  
That it discovers greater Virtues still,  
In her my Soul adores——Oh, my *Mandane!*  
Oh glorious Maid! then thou wilt be at Peace——

(*Memnon* walks thoughtfully, then returns.)

Must

Must I survive, and change thy Tenderneſs  
For a ſtern Maſter, and perpetual Chains?  
Long I may groan on Earth to ſate their Malice,  
Then through ſlow Torments ſtruggle into Death,  
No Steel to ſtab, no Wall to daſh my Brain!

*Mand.* Ha!

*Mem.* Why thus fix'd in thought? what mighty Birth  
Is labouring in your Soul? your Eyes ſpeak Wonders.—

*Mand.* Will not the Blood-Hounds be content with Life.

*Mem.* Alas, *Mandane*! No; they ſtudy Nature  
To find out all her ſecret Seats of Pain,  
And carry Killing to a dreadful Art:  
A ſimple Death in Egypt is for Friends.

*Mand.* Oh then it muſt be ſo! — and yet it cannot.—

*Mem.* What means this ſudden Paleneſs?

*Mand.* Heav'n aſſiſt me!

*(Feeling in her Boſom, ſhe ſwoons.)*

*Mem.* My Love? *Mandane*! hear me! my eiſous'd!  
My deareſt Heart! the Infant of my Boſom!  
Whom I would ſoſter with my vital Blood.

*Mand.* 'Tis well, and in Return I give thee— This.

*(Shews a Dagger.)*

*Mem.* Millions of Thanks, thou Refuge in Deſpair.

*Mand.* Terrible Kindneſs! Horrid Mercy! Oh!

I cannot give it thee.

*Mem.* Full well I know

Thy tender Soul, and I muſt force it from thee.

*(As he is ſtruggling with her for the Dagger, ſhe ſpeaks.)*

*Mand.* My Lord! My Soul! My ſelf! You tear my  
Art thou not dearer to my Eyes than Light? *(Heart,*  
Doſt thou not circulate through all my Veins?  
Mingle with Life, and form my very Soul!

*Mem.* Now, Monſters, I defy you: Fate forbids  
A long Farewel, my Guard may interpoſe,  
And make your Favour vain. — Thus, only thus.

*(Embrace.)*

And now—

*Mand.* Ah no! Since laſt I ſaw thee, thrice I rais'd

*(Holds his Arm.)*

My trembling Arm, and thrice I let it fall—

If you refuse Compassion to my Sex,  
*Memnon* betrays me, and is *Myron's* Friend.—  
 As I a Ponyard, you supply an Arm,  
 And I shall Still be happy in your Love.

*(After a Pause of Astonishment  
 he sinks gently on the Earth.)*

*Mem.* From dreadful, to more dreadful I am plung'd,  
 And find in deepest Anguish deeper still.  
 I can't complain in common with Mankind,—  
 But am a wretched Species all alone.  
 Must I not only lose thee, but be curst,  
 To sprinkle my own Hands with thy Life-Blood?

*Mand.* It cannot be avoided.

*Mem.* Nor perform'd.  
 Lift up my Hand against thee as a Foe!  
 I, who shou'd save thee from thy very Father,  
 And teach thy dearest Friends to use thee well,  
 Make Kindness kind, and soften all their Smiles?  
 Oh my *Mandane*! think how I have lov'd!  
 Oh my *Mandane*! Think upon thy Pow'r!  
 How often hast thou seen me pale with Joy,  
 And trembling at a Smile? and shall I—

*Mand.* *Myron.*—

*(At that Memnon starts up suddenly.)*

*Mem.* Ah hold! I charge thee hold! One Glance that  
 (Way

Awakes my Hell, and blows up all its Flames.—  
 The World turns round, my Heart is sick to Death!  
 Oh my Distraction! perfect Loss of Thought!

*Mand.* Why stand you like a Statue? are you dead?  
 What do you fold so fast within your Arms?  
 Why with fixt Eye-balls do you pierce the Ground?  
 Why shift your Place, as if you trod on Fire,  
 Why gnaw your Lips, and groan so dreadfully?  
 My Lord, if I have spent whole live-long Nights  
 In Tears, and sigh'd away the Day in private,  
 Only oppress'd with an Excess of Love,  
 Oh turn and speak to me!

*Mem.* And these, no doubt,  
 Are Arguments that I shall draw thy Blood—

No Child was ever lull'd upon the Breast  
With half that Tenderneſs has melted from thee.  
And fell like Balm upon my wounded Soul.  
And ſhall I murder thee? Yes, thus — thus — thus.

*[Embracing ſometime.]*

*Mand.* Alas! my Lord forgets we are to die.

*(Memnon gazes wiſh wonder on the Dagger.)*

*Mem.* By Heav'n I had, my Soul had took her Flight  
In Blifs — why, is not this our Bridal-Day?

*Mand.* That Way Diſtraction lies.

*Mem.* Indeed it does.

*Both.* Oh! Oh!

*Mand.* Thy Sighs and Groans are ſharper than thy Steel,  
The Guard is on us.

*Mem.* Then it muſt be done.

Sun hide thy Face, and put the World in Mourning,  
Though Blood ſtart out for Tears 'tis done — but one,  
One laſt Embrace.

*(As he embraces her, ſhe burſts into Tears.)*

Let me not ſee a Tear — I cou'd as ſoon  
Stab at the Face of Heaven, as kill thee weeping.

*Mand.* 'Tis paſt, I am compos'd.

*Mem.* And now, and now.

*Mand.* Be not ſo fearful, 'tis the ſecond Blow  
Will pain my Heart — indeed this will not hurt me.

*Mem.* Oh thou haſt ſtung my Soul quite through and  
(through

With thoſe kind Words; I had juſt ſteel'd my Breast,

*(Daſhing down the Dagger.)*

And thou undo'ſt it all. — I could not bear  
To raze thy Skin, to ſave the World from Ruin.

*Mand.* If you're a Woman, I'll be ſomething more. —

*(Stabs her ſelf.)*

I ſhall not taſte of Heaven till you arrive. *(Dies.)*

*Mem.* Struck home — and in her Heart — She's dead  
already,

And now with me all Nature is expir'd. —

My lovely Birde; Now we again are happy,

*(Stabs himſelf.)*

And better Worlds prepare our nuptial Bow'r. —

Now



Now every splendid Object of Ambition,  
Which lately with their various Glosses plaid  
Upon my Brain, and fool'd my idle Heart,  
Are taken from me by a little Mist,  
And all the World is vanish d.

(Dies.)

*A March sounded. Enter Nicanor and Syphoces victorious. The Guard which were advancing to the Bodies fly.*

*Nic.* The Day's our own, the Persian angry Pow'rs  
Have well repaid this Morning's Insolence,  
And turn'd the desperate Fortune of the Field  
By sure, tho' late Relief.

*Syph.* Nicanor, Friend,  
I from the City bring you welcome News :  
My guilty Letters from the amorous Queen  
I spread among the Multitude; while yet  
Their Blood was warm with reading the black Scroll,  
*Myris* to view the Fortune of the Fight,  
Leaving her Palace for the western Tow'r,  
Was seiz'd, torn, scatter'd on the guilty Spot  
Where her great Brother fell.

*Nic.* The Gods are just.

*Syph.* See were *Busiris* comes, your Royal Captive,  
In his Misfortune great; an awful Ruin!  
And dreadful to the Conqueror!

(Nicanor advancing sees the Bodies)

*Nic.* Sad Sight!—

A Sight, that teaches Triumph how to mourn,  
And more than justifies these streaming Tears,  
Even on the Moment that my Country's sav'd  
From sore Oppression, and inglorious Chains.

(He falls on his Attendants.)

*A great Shout, Enter Busiris wounded.*

*Bus.* Conquer'd? 'Tis false; I am your Master still;  
Your Master though in Bonds: You stand agast  
At your good Fate, and trembling can't enjoy.  
Now from my Soul I hug these welcome Chains  
Which shew you all *Busiris*, and declare  
Crowns and Success superfluous to my Fame.—  
You think this streaming Blood will low'r my Thought;  
No, ye mistaken Men, I smile at Death;

For

For living here, is living all alone,  
 To me a real Solitude, amid  
 A Throng of little Beings, groveling round me;  
 Which yet usurp one common Shape and Name.  
 I thank these Wounds, these raging Pains, which promise  
 An Interview with Equals soon elsewhere.

(He sees Memnon.

Ah! dead? 'Tis well; he rose <sup>not</sup> to my Sword,  
 I only wish'd his Fate, and there he lies.  
 Some when they die, die all; their mould'ring Clay  
 Is but an Emblem of their Memories:  
 The Space quite closes up through which they pass;  
 That I have liv'd I leave a Mark behind,  
 Shall pluck the shining Age from vulgar Time,  
 And give it whole to late Posterity.  
 My Name is writ in mighty Characters,  
 Triumphant Columns, and eternal Domes,  
 Whose Splendor heightens our Egyptian Day,  
 Whose Strength shall laugh at Time, till their great Basis,  
 Old Earth itself shall fail. In after-ages  
 Who war or build, shall build or war from me,  
 Grow great in each, as my Example fires.  
 'Tis I of Art the future Wonders raise;  
 I fight the future Battles of the World. ———  
 Great Jove, I come! Egypt, thou art forsaken, (Sinks.  
 Asia's impoverish'd by my sinking Glories,  
 And the world lessens, when Busiris falls. (Dies.

Syph. Bear the dead Monarch to his Pyramid;  
 And for what Use soe'er it was design'd,  
 By that high-minded, but mistaken Man,  
 There let him lye magnificent in Death;  
 Great was his Life, great be his Monument:  
 And on Busiris' Nephew, young Arsaces,  
 Of gentler Spirit, let the Crown devolve.

From this Day's Vengeance let the Nations know,  
 Jove lays the Pride of haughtiest Monarchs low;  
 And they who kindled with ambitious Fire,  
 In Arts and Arms with most Success aspire,  
 It void of Virtue, but provoke their Doom,  
 Grasp at their Fate, and built themselves a Tomb.



# EPILOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

**T**HE Race of Criticks, dull judicious Rogues,  
To mournful Plays deny brisk Epilogues.  
Each gentle Swain and tender Nymph, say they,  
From a sad Tale should go in Tears away;  
From hence quite home should Streams of Sorrow shed,  
And down'd in Grief steal supperless to Bed.

This Doctrine is so grave, the Sparks won't bear it;  
They love to go in humour to their Claret.  
The Citty, who owns a little Fun worth buying,  
Holds Half a Crown too much to pay for crying;  
Besides, who knows without these healing Arts,  
But Love might turn your Heads, and break your Hearts;  
And the poor Author, by imagin'd Woes,  
Might people Bedlam with our Belles and Beaux?

Hence I, who lately bid adieu to Pleasure,  
Robb'd of my spouse, and my dear Virgin Treasure;  
I, whom you saw despairing breath my last,  
Am free and easy, as if nought had past;  
Again put on my Airs, and play my Fan,  
And fear no more that dreadful Creature, Man.

—But

## EPILOGUE.

—But whence does this malicious Mirth begin?—  
I know, ye Beasts, ye reckon it no Sin.

'Tis strange that Crimes the same, in diff'rent Plays,  
Should move our Horror, and our Laughter raise.

Love's Joy secure the Comick Actor tries,  
But if he's wicked in blank Verse, he dies.

The Farce, where Wives prove frail, still takes the best,  
And the poor Cuckold is a standing Jest :

But our grave Bard, a virtuous Son of Isis,  
Counts a bold Stroke in Love among the Vices;  
In Blood and Wounds a guilty Land he dips ye,  
And wastes an Empire for one ravish'd Gipsie.

What musty Morals fill an Oxford Head,  
To Notions of pedantick Virtue bred!  
There each stiff Don at Gallantry exclaims,  
And calls fine Men and Ladies filthy Names;  
They tell you Rakes and Filts corrupt a Nation:  
—Such is the Prejudice of Education!

You, who know better Things, will sure approve  
These Scenes, that show the boundless Power of Love.  
Let, when they will, th' Italian Things appear,  
This Play, we trust, shall throng an Audience here.  
Bold Myron's Passion, up to Frenzy wrought,  
Would ill be warbled through an Eunuch's Throat:  
His part, at least, his Part requires a Man;  
Let Nicolini act it if he can.

## FINIS.



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THE  
REVENGE.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
IN  
*DRURY-LANE,*

By  
His MAJESTY's Servants.

---

By E. YOUNG, L. L. D.  
Author of *Busiris* King of *Ægypt*.

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*Manet altâ Mente Repossum.* VIR.

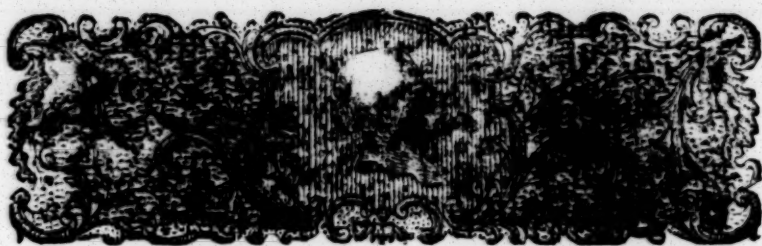
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D U B L I N :

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To his GRACE the  
DUKE of *WHARTON*.

MY LORD,

**W**ERE I a Stranger to your GRACE, I should not be afraid to solicit Your Patronage, since you have taken the Politer Arts into your Protection, and They, who endeavour to excel in them, are, in Effect, making their Court to You. But I can plead more than a common Title to this Honour. Your GRACE has been pleas'd to make Your self Accessory to the following Scenes not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible Provision for the Success of the Whole. Your great Delicacy of Taste, in Compositions of this



## The DEDICATION.

Kind, has so assisted this Poem; and the Indulgence of Your Nature has so endeavour'd to shorten the great Distance between Your GRACE and its Author, that I have been scarce able to consider You in any other Light, than as one entirely devoted to these Amusements, and pursuing the same Studies with myself.

The World, which is large in Your Praises of another Nature, will be surpriz'd to hear me speak of Your GRACE, in this Manner. They talk of One abounding in all the Grace and Power of Publick Eloquence, and eminently furnish'd with These particular Talents, which qualify for shining in the highest Stations, and influencing the National Welfare: Of One, who made a Name in Senates in his Minority; and who now, at an Age, which in some well-constituted States would exclude him their grand Council, has finish'd a Reputation in that of *Great-Britain*; and gain'd Those for his greatest Admirers, who are Themselves most admir'd There: One, who through this whole memorable Session, has acted in the Spirit of a *Regulus*, vigorously opposing Measures in which he might have found his private Advantage, and exerting the noblest Indignation and Contempt for those, who, like the Old *Carthaginians*, were equally famous for their  
Riches,

## The DEDICATION.

Riches, and their Faith. One who, if he advances in Proportion to his first Degree of Glory, shall not thank Posterity for ranking Him with the most Celebrated this Nation has produc'd, tho' His Great Father be in the Number of them.

His Country may with Pleasure reflect, that when He has any thing of Moment in His View, there is Nothing which can either break His Resolution, tire His Activity, or limit His Expence. His Spirit encreases on Resistance, and like a great Flame, it burns the stronger, and shines the brighter, in Proportion to the Violence of the Storm that offends it. In the present troubled State of Affairs, in which the Nation fluctuates, how has He strove against the Power of Wind and Tide to assist Her into Harbour; while some have endeavoured to tear her to Pieces, in order to provide for their private Safety, and swim ashore on her Ruins?

Thus speaks the World. I, My LORD, whose Knowledge of your GRACE lyes more in private Life, can tell them in Return, of One, who can animate His Country Retirement with a Kind of Pleasures, sometimes unknown to Persons of Distinction in that Scene: Who can divide the longest Day into a Variety of Polite and Useful Studies, and appoint the great Men

## The DEDICATION.

of Antiquity their stated Hours, to receive (if I may so speak) their Audience of him: Who is an excellent Master of their History in particular, and observing how Nature in a Course of Years is apt to come round again, and tread in her own Footsteps; has a Happiness in applying the Facts or Characters of Antient to Modern Times; which requires a beautiful Mixture of Learning and Genius; and a Mind equally knowing in Books and Men: who can carry from his Studies such a Life into Conversation, that Wine seems only an Interruption of Wit: Who has as many Subjects to talk of, as proper Matter on those Subjects, as much Wit to adorn that Matter, and as many Languages to produce it so adorn'd, as any of the Age in which he lives. And yet so sweet his Disposition, that no one ever wish'd his Abilities less, but such as flatter'd themselves with the Hope of shining when near him.

But there are still superior Qualities, which I am oblig'd to remember, as is the Society to which I belong, and to return Him our Thanks for his late Donation to it. Which is so noble that it had laid us under the greatest Obligation, though it had been from another: Though it had been from one whose Quality and Character would have made a far less Addition to  
it;

## The DEDICATION.

it; and who had not, by the most graceful and engaging Manner of conferring it, more than doubled its Value. As for my own particular Obligations to him, I shall not endeavour to express My self in Words; but beg leave to refer Him to the whole future Course of my Life for my Sense of them. My present Fortune is his Bounty, and my future His Care; which, I will venture to say, will be always remembered to His Honour, since He, I know, intended His Generosity as an Encouragement to Merit, tho' (thro' his very pardonable Partiality to one who bears Him so sincere a Duty and Respect) I happen to receive the Benefit of it.

They who are acquainted with Your GRACE, will be of Opinion, that I make Your Goodness but an ill Return by the Liberty I now take. But tho' it be true, that they who merit Praise most, affect it least; it is also true, that to commend what is excellent is a Debt We owe the Publick. In Regard to which, how ill soever You may relish it, I have made no Scruple to use You as You deserve: And my Comfort is, I can take Refuge in Your Lordship's own Example, for preferring the Publick before You.

But, if You are still dissatisfy'd, I shall only say, it is hard that Your GRACE



## The DEDICATION.

Should join with Your Enemies, (who will equally dislike it) against Me. For Enemies, My LORD, You have; nor am I sorry for it. All shining Accomplishments will be for ever either Lov'd, or Envy'd, and next to the Person who pays You his Esteem, He bears the best Testimony to the Superiority of Your Character, who hates You for it. I give You Joy of those Foes Your great Qualities have made. And I congratulate You in a particular Manner, that they are the most inveterate to Your GRACE, whom Your Country pursues with her greatest Dislike. It is no Reflection on Those who wish You best, to say, They will hardly be able to contribute more to Your Glory.

*I am,*

*MY LORD,*

*Your Grace's most Dutiful,*

*and most Humble Servant,*

*June, 27,*  
*1722.*

E. YOUNG.

# PROLOGUE.

By a Friend.

**O**FT has the buskin'd Muse, with Action mean,  
Debas'd the Glory of the Tragic Scene :  
While Puny Villains dress'd in Purple Pride,  
With Crimes obscene the Heav'n-born Rage bely'd.

To her belongs to mourn the Heroe's Fate,  
To trace the Errors of the Wise and Great ;  
To mark th' Excess of Passions too refin'd,  
And paint the Tumults of a Godlike Mind.  
Where mix'd with rage, exalted Thoughts combine,  
And darkeſt Deeds with beauteous Colours shine.

Such Lights and Shades in a well mingled Draught,  
By curious Touch of artful Pencils wrought,  
With soft Deceit amuse the doubtful Eye,  
Pleas'd with the Conflict of the various Dye.

Thus thro' the following Scenes with sweet Surprise,  
Virtue and Guilt in dread Confusion rise,  
And Love, and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,  
Pity, and Rage, their mingl'd Force employ.

Here the soft Virgin sees with secret shame,  
Her Charms excell'd by Friendship's purer Flame,  
Forc'd with reluctant Virtue to approve,  
The generous Hero who rejects her Love.

Bold him There with gloomy Passions stain'd,  
A Wife suspected, and an injur'd Friend ;  
Yet such the Toil where Innocence is caught,  
That rash Suspicion seems without a fault.  
We dread a while lest Beauty should succeed,  
And almost wish ev'n Virtue's self may bleed.

Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel Guile,  
The Traytor Fiend trampling the lovely Spoil  
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress,  
Then let the Rage of Furies fire your Breast.

Yet mark his mighty Wrongs, his Just Disdain,  
His bleeding Country, his lov'd Father slain,  
His Martial Pride your Admiration raise,  
And crown him with involuntary Praise.



## Dramatis Personæ.

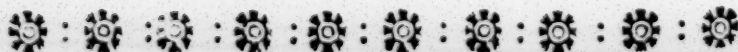
### M E N.

|                         |   |                      |
|-------------------------|---|----------------------|
| <i>Don Alonzo, the</i>  | } | <i>Mr Booth.</i>     |
| <i>Spanish General,</i> |   |                      |
| <i>Don Carlos, his</i>  | } | <i>Mr. Wilks.</i>    |
| <i>Friend,</i>          |   |                      |
| <i>Don Alvarez, a</i>   | } | <i>Mr. Thurmond.</i> |
| <i>Courtier,</i>        |   |                      |
| <i>Don Manuel, At-</i>  | } | <i>Mr. Williams.</i> |
| <i>tendant of Don</i>   |   |                      |
| <i>Carlos,</i>          | } | <i>Mr. Mills.</i>    |
| <i>Zanga, a Cap-</i>    |   |                      |
| <i>tive Moor,</i>       |   |                      |

### W O M E N.

|                             |   |                     |
|-----------------------------|---|---------------------|
| <i>Leonora, Alvarez's</i>   | } | <i>Mrs. Porter.</i> |
| <i>Daughter,</i>            |   |                     |
| <i>Isabella, the Moor's</i> | } | <i>Mrs. Horton.</i> |
| <i>Mistress,</i>            |   |                     |

### S C E N E, S P A I N.



T H E



THE  
REVENGE.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Zanga.*

Z A N G A.

**W**HETHER first Nature, or long  
want of Peace,  
Has wrought my Mind to this, I  
cannot tell;  
But Horrors now are not dis-  
pleasing to me:

I like this Rocking of the Battlements.  
Rage on, ye Winds, burst Clouds, and Waters roar!  
You bear a just Resemblance to my Fortune,  
And suit the gloomy Habit of my Soul.

*Enter Isabella.*

Who's there? my Love!

*Isab.* Why have you left my Bed?  
Your Absence more affrights me than the Storm.

*Zan.*



*Zan.* The Dead alone in such a Night can rest,  
And I indulge my Meditation here.

Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.

*Isab.* I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;  
Excuse me, *Zonga*, therefore dare not leave you.

Is this a Night for Walks of Contemplation?

Something unusual hangs upon your Heart,

And I will know it: By our Loves, I will.

To you I sacrific'd my Virgin Fame;

Ask I too much, to share in your Distress? (plung'd

*Zan.* In Tears? Thou Fool! then hear me, and be  
In Hell's Abyss, if ever it escape thee.

To strike thee with Astonishment at once,

I hate *Alonzo*. First recover that,

And then thou shalt hear farther.

*Isab.* Hate *Alonzo*!

I own I thought *Alonzo* most your Friend,

And that he lost the Master in that Name.

*Zan.* Hear then. 'Tis twice three Years since that

Great Man,

(Great let me call him; for he conquer'd Me,)

Made me the Captive of his Arm in Fight.

He slew my Father, and threw Chains o'er me,

While I with pious Rage pursu'd Revenge.

I then was young, he plac'd me near his Person,

And thought me not dishonour'd by his Service.

One Day (may that returning Day be Night,

The Stain, the Curse of each succeeding Year)

For something, or for nothing, in his Pride

He struck me. While I tell it, do I live?

He smote me on the Cheek——I did not stab him;

For that were poor Revenge——E'er since, his Folly

Has strove to bury it beneath a heap

Of Kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.

Ingent Thought! and like a second Blow!

All ours are innocent, where Men are worthless;

And such alone can wisely drop Revenge.

*Isab.* But with more Temper, *Zonga*, tell your story;  
To see your strong Emotions startles me.

*Zan.* Yes, Woman, with the Temper that befits it.

Had

Has the dark Adder Venom ? So have I  
 When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou shalt feel me !  
 For from that Day, that Day of my Dishonour,  
 I from that Day have curs'd the rising Sun,  
 Which never fail'd to tell me of my Shame.  
 I from that Day have blest the coming Night,  
 Which promis'd to conceal it ; but in vain ;  
 The Blow return'd for ever in my Dream.  
 Yet on I toil'd and groan'd for an Occasion  
 Of ample Vengeance ; none is yet arriv'd.  
 Howe'er at present I conceive warm Hopes  
 Of what may wound him sore in his Ambition,  
 Life of his Life, and dearer than his Soul.  
 By nightly March he purpos'd to surprize  
 The *Moorish* Camp ; but I have taken Care  
 They shall be ready to receive his Favour.  
 Failing in this, a Cast of utmost Moment,  
 Would darken all the Conquests he has won.

*Ifab.* Just as I enter'd an Express arriv'd.

*Zan.* To whom ?

*Ifab.* His Friend *Don Carlos*.

*Zan.* Be propitious,

O *Mehomet*, on this important Hour,  
 And give at length my famish'd Soul Revenge !  
 What is Revenge, but Courage to call in  
 Our Honour's Debts, and Wisdom to convert  
 Other's self-love, that common Source of Ill,  
 Into our own Protection ! Morning dawns,  
 I'll seek *Don Carlos*, and enquire my Fate. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Maquet and Don Carlos.*

*Man.* My Lord *Don Carlos*, what brings your Express ?

*Car.* *Alonzo's* Glory, and the *Moors* Defeat.  
 The Field is strow'd with twice ten thousand slain,  
 Tho' he suspects his Measures were betray'd.  
 He'll soon arrive. O, how I long r'embrance  
 The first of Heroes, and the best of Friends !——  
 I lov'd fair *Lisera* long before  
 The Chance of Battle gave me to the *Moors*,  
 From whom, so late *Alonzo* set me Free ;  
 And while I groan'd in Bondage, I deputed

This Great *Alonzo*, whom her Father honours,  
To be my gentle Advocate in Love,  
To stir her Heart, and fan its Fires for me.

*Man.* And what Success ?

*Car.* Alas, the Cruel Maid——

Indeed, her Father, who tho' high at Court,  
And powerful with the King, has Wealth at Heart,  
To heal his Devastations from the *Moors*,  
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the *East*,  
My Fleet now sailing in the Sight of *Spain*,  
(Heav'n Guard it safe thro' such a dreadful Storm)  
Caresses me, and urges her to Wed.

*Man.* Her aged Father  
Leads her this Way.

*Car.* She looks like radiant Truth  
Brought forward by the Hand of hoary Time——  
You to the Port with Speed, 'tis possible  
Some Vessel is arriv'd, Heav'n grant it bring  
Tydings, which *Carlos* may receive with Joy.

*Enter Alvarez and Leonora.*

*Alv.* *Don Carlos*, I am labouring in your Favour  
With all a Parent's soft Authority,  
And earnest Counsel.

*Car.* Angels second you:  
For all my bliss or Misery hangs on it.

*Alv.* Daughter, the Happiness of Life depends  
On our Discretion, and a prudent Choice;  
Look into those they call Unfortunate,  
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise:  
Some Flaw in their own Conduct lies beneath,  
And 'tis the Trick of Fools to save their Credit,  
Which brought another Language into Use.

*Don Carlos* is of Ancient, Noble Blood,  
And then his Wealth might mend a Prince's Fortune.  
For him the Sun is labouring in the Mines,  
A Faithful Slave, and turning Earth to Gold.  
His Keels are freighted with that sacred Pow'r,  
By which ev'n Kings and Emperors are made.

Sir, you have my good Wishes, and I hope (To *Car.*  
My Daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. (Ex. *Alv.*  
*Car.*

*Car.* O *Leonora*! why art thou in Tears?  
Because I am less wretched than I was?  
Before your Father gave me leave to woo you,  
Hush'd was your Bosom, and your Eye serene.  
Will you for ever help me to new Pains,  
And keep Reserve of Torment in your Hand,  
To let them loose on every Dawn of Joy?

*Leon.* Think you my Father too indulgent to me,  
That he claims no Dominion o'er my Tears?  
A Daughter sure may be right dutiful,  
Whose Tears alone are free from a Restraint.—

*Car.* Ah my torn Heart!

*Leon.* Regard not me, my Lord,  
I shall obey my Father.

*Car.* Disobey him,  
Rather than come thus coldly, than come Thus  
With absent Eyes, and alienated Mien,  
Suffring Address, the Victim of my Love.  
O let me be undone the common Way,  
And have the common Comfort to be pity'd,  
And not be ruin'd in the Mask of Bliss,  
And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!  
Love calls for Love. Not all the Pride of Beauty,  
Those Eyes that tell us what the Sun is made of,  
Those Lips, whose Touch is to be bought with Life,  
Those Hills of driven Snow, which seen are felt,  
All these posselt, are nought, but as they are  
The proof, the Substance, of an inward Passion,  
And the rich Plunder of a taken Heart.

*Leon.* Alas! my Lord, we are too delicate;  
And when we grasp the Happiness we wish'd,  
We call on Wit to argue it away;  
A plainer Man would not feel half your Pains;  
But some have too much Wisdom to be happy.

*Car.* Had I known this before, it had been well:  
I had not then solicited your Father  
To add to my Distress; as you behave,  
Your Father's Kindness stabs me to the Heart.  
Give me your Hand——Nay, give it, *Leonora*.  
You give it not—nay, yet you give it not——



I ravish it.—

*Leon.* I pray, my Lord, no more.

*Car.* Ah, why so sad? You know each sigh does shake  
Sighs there are Tempests here :— (me,

I've heard bad Men would be unblest in Heav'n :

What is my Guilt, that makes me so with you ?

Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy Feet ?

Have I not liv'd whole Days upon thy Sight ?

Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been ?

And mad with the Idea, clasp'd the Wind,

And doated upon Nothing ?

*Leon.* Court me not,

Good *Charles*, by recounting of my Faults,

And telling how ungrateful I have been.

Alas! my Lord, if talking wou'd prevail,

I cou'd suggest much better Arguments,

Than those Regards you threw away on me ;

Your Valour, Honour, Wisdom, -prais'd by all.

But bid Physicians talk our Veins to Temper,

And with an Argument new-set a Pulse ;

Then, think, my Lord, of reasoning into Love.

*Car.* Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus :

My Tempest-beaten Heart is cold to Death.

Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy Beauties.

Heav'n's! what a Proof I gave but two Nights past

Of matchless Love! To fling me at thy Feet,

I slighted Friendship, and I flew from Fame ;

Nor heard the Summons of the next Day's Battle :

But darting headlong to thy Arms, I left

The promis'd Fight, I left *Alonzo* too

To stand the War, and beat a World alone. (*Trumpets.*

*Leon.* The Victor comes, My Lord, I must withdraw.

(*Exit Leon.*

*Car.* Sure, there's no Peril but in Love. Oh! how  
My Foes wou'd boast to see me look so pale!

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Car.* *Alonzo!*

*Alon.* *Charles!*—— I am whole again

Claspt in thy Arms, it makes my Heart entire.

*Car.* Whom dare I thus embrace? The Conqueror of  
*Africk?* *Alon.*

*Alon.* Yes, much more, *Don Carlos's* Friend.  
The Conquest of the World would cost me dear,  
Should it beget one Thought of Distance in thee.  
I rise in Virtues to come nearer thee.  
I conquer with *Don Carlos* in my Eye,  
And thus I claim my Victory's Reward. (*Embracing him.*)

*Car.* A Victory indeed! Your godlike Arm  
Has made one Spot the Grave of *Africa*,  
Such Numbers fell! and the Survivors fled,  
As frightened Passengers from off the Strand,  
When the tempestuous Sea comes roaring on them.

*Alon.* 'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd, 'twas his cruel Chains  
Inflam'd me to a Rage unknown before,  
And threw my former Actions far behind.

*Car.* I love fair *Leonora*, how I love her!  
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)  
Another Heart, Another Soul for thee.  
Thy Friendship warms, it raises, it transports  
Like Musick, pure the Joy, without Allay;  
Whose very Rapture is Tranquility:  
But Love, like Wine, gives a tumultuous Bliss,  
Heighten'd indeed beyond all Mortal Pleasures;  
But mingles Pangs and Madness in the Bowl.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* *Manuel*, my Lord, returning from the Port,  
On Business, both of Moment and of Haste,  
Humbly begs leave to speak in Private with you.

*Car.* In private ——— Ha! — *Alonzo*, I'll return;  
No Business can detain me long from thee. (*Ex. Car.*)

*Zan.* My Lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your Orders.

*Alon.* Will the fair *Leonora* pass this way?

*Zan.* She will, my Lord, and soon.

*Alon.* Come near me, *Zanga*;  
For I dare open all my Heart to thee.  
Never was such a Day of Triumph known:  
There's not a wounded Captive in my Train,  
That slowly followed my proud Chariot Wheels  
With half a Life and Beggary, and Chains,  
But is a God to me: I am most wretched.  
In his Captivity thou know'st *Don Carlos*,

My

My Friend (and never was a Friend more dear)  
 Deputed me his Advocate in Love,  
 To talk to *Leonora's* Heart, and make  
 A tender Party in her Thoughts for him.  
 What did I do? I lov'd myself, indeed  
 One thing there is might lessen my Offence,  
 (If such Offence admits of being lessen'd)  
 I thought him dead; for (by what Fate I know not)  
 His Letters never reach'd me.

*Zan.* (*Aside.*) Thanks to *Zanga*,  
 Who thence contriv'd that Evil which has happen'd.  
*Alon.* Yes curs'd of Heaven! I lov'd my self, and now  
 In a late Action, rescu'd from the Moors,  
 I have brought home my Rival in my Friend.

*Zan.* We hear, my Lord, that in that Action too,  
 Your interposing Arm preserv'd his Life.

*Alon.* It did—with more than the Expence of Mine;  
 For oh! this Day is mention'd for their Nuptials.  
 But see she comes, I'll take my leave and die.

*Zan.* (*Aside.*) Hadst thou a thousand Lives thy Death  
 would please me.

Unhappy Fate! my Country overcome!  
 My six Years hope of Vengeance quite expir'd!——  
 Would Nature were—— I will not fall alone:  
 But other's Groans shall tell the World my Death.

*Enter Leonora.*

*Alon.* When Nature ends with Anguish like to this,  
 Sinners shall take their last leave of the Sun,  
 And bid his Light adieu.

*Leon.* The mighty Conqueror  
 Dismay'd? I thought you gave the Foe your Sorrows.

*Alon.* O cruel Insult! are those Tears your Sport,  
 Which nothing but a Love for you could draw?

*Africk* I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase  
 Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;  
 'Twas but a World, and you are——*Leonora.*

*Leo.* That Passion which you boast of, is your Guilt,  
 A Treason to your Friend. You think mean of me,  
 To plead your Crimes as Motives of my Love.

*Alon.* You, Madam, ought to thank those Crimes you  
 blame;  
 'Tis

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,  
Without the Censure both of Earth and Heav'n——  
I fondly thought a last Look might be kind.  
Farewel for ever.——This severe Behaviour  
Has, to my Comfort, made it sweet to die.

*Leon.* Farewel for ever!——Sweet to die!——O  
Heav'n! (*Aside.*)

*Alonzo,* Stay, you must not thus escape me;  
But hear your Guilt at large.

*Alon.* O *Leonora*!

What could I do? In Duty to my Friend,  
I saw you; and to see, is to admire.  
For *Carlos* did I plead, and most sincerely:  
Witness the thousand Agonies it cost me.  
You know I did, I fought but your Esteem,  
If that is Guilt, an Angel had been guilty.  
I often sigh'd, nay, wept, but could not help it;  
And sure it is no Crime to be in Pain.  
But grant my Crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.  
What would you more? Am I not most undone?  
This Usage is like stamping on the Murder'd,  
When Life is fled. Most barbarous and unjust.

*Leon.* If from your Guilt none suffer'd but yourself,  
It might be so——Farewel. (*Going.*)

*Alon.* Who suffers with me?

*Leon.* Enjoy your Ignorance, and let me go.

*Alon.* Alas! What is there I can fear to know,  
Since I already know your Hate? Your Actions  
Have long since told me that.

*Leon.* They flatter'd you.

*Alon.* How? flatter'd me!

*Leon.* O search in Fate no farther!  
I hate thee, O *Alonzo*! How I hate thee!  
*Alon.* Indeed? and do you weep for hatred too?  
O what a doubtful Torment heaves my Heart!  
I hope it must——and yet I dread it more?  
Should it be so! Should her Tears flow from thence!  
How wou'd my Soul blaze up in Extasy!  
Ah! no, how sink into the Depth of Horrors?

*Leon.* Why would you force my stay?

*Alon.*



*Alon.* What mean these Tears?

*Leon.* I weep by chance; nor have my Tears a Mean—  
But Oh! when first I saw *Alonzo's* Tears, (ing;  
I knew their Meaning well.

(*Alon. falls passionately on his Knees, and takes  
her Hand.* (which

*Alon.* Heav'n's! what is This? That Excellence for  
Desire was planted in the Heart of Man;  
Virtue's supreme Reward on this side Heav'n;  
The Cordial of my Soul!—and this Destroys me—  
Indeed I flatter'd me that thou didst Hate.

*Leon.* *Alonzo*, pardon me the Injury  
Of loving you. I struggled with my Passion,  
And struggled long; let that be some Excuse.

*Alon.* Unkind! you know I think your Love a Blessing  
Beyond all human Blessings, 'tis the Price  
Of Sighs and Groans, and a whole Year of dying:  
But O the Curse of Curfes!—O my Friend!—

*Leon.* Alas!

*Alon.* What says my Love?—Speak, *Leonora*.

*Leon.* Was it for you, my Lord, to be so quick  
In finding out Objections to our Love!  
Think you so strong my Love, or weak my Virtue,  
It was unsafe to leave that Part to me?

*Alon.* Is not the Day then fix'd for your Espousals?

*Leon.* Indeed, my Father once had thought that way;  
But marking how the Marriage pain'd my Heart,  
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,  
Your Counsel, which determines him in all,  
Should finish the Debate.

*Alon.* O Agony!

Must I not only lose her? but be made,  
My self the Instrument! Not only Die;  
But plunge the Dagger in my Heart myself?

This is refining on Calamity. (mine?

*Leon.* What! do you tremble, lest you should be  
For what else can you tremble? not for that  
My Father places in your Pow'r to alter. (Friend?

*Alon.* What's in my pow'r?—O yes, to stab my  
*Leon.*

*Leon.* To stab your Friend were barbarous indeed !  
Spare him—and murder me—I own, *Alonzo*,  
You well may wonder at such words as these,  
I start at them myself, they fright my Nature.  
Great is my fault ; but blame not me alone,  
Give him a little Blame, who took such Pains  
To make me Guilty.

*Alon.* Torment ! *(After a Pause, Leon. speaks.)*

*Leon.* O my Shame !

I sue and sue in vain ; it is most just :  
When Women sue, they sue to be deny'd.  
You hate me, you despise me, you do well ;  
For what I've done, I hate and scorn myself.  
O Night, fall on me ! I shall blush to Death.

*Alon.* First perish all.

*Leon.* Say, what have you resolv'd ?

My Father comes, what answer will you give him ?

*Alon.* What Answer ? Let me look upon that Face,  
And read it there——Devote thee to another !  
Not to be born ! A second Look undoes me.

*Leon.* And why undo you ? Is it then, my Lord,  
So terrible to yield to your own Wishes,  
Because they happen to concur with mine ?  
Cruel ! to take such Pains to win a Heart,  
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.

*Alon.* No. *Leonora*, I am thine for ever.

*(Runs and embraces her.)*

In spite of *Carlos*—Ha ! Who's that ? My Friend ?

*(Starts wide from her.)*

Alas ! I see him pale, I hear him groan ;  
He foams, he tears his Hair, he raves, he bleeds,  
(I know him by myself) He dies distracted.

*Leon.* How dreadful to be cut from what we love !

*Alon.* Ah ! Speak no more.

*Leon.* And ty'd to what we hate !

*Alon.* Oh !

*Leon.* Is it possible ?

*Alon.* Death !

*Leon.* Can you ?

*Alon.* Oh !——

Yet take a Limb ; but let my Virtue 'scape.  
Alas ! my Soul, this Moment I die for thee.

(*Breaks away.*)

*Leon.* And are you perjurd then for Virtue's sake ?  
How often have you sworn ? but go for ever ! (*Swoons.*)

*Alon.* Heart of my Heart ! and Essence of my Joy !  
The Groans of Friendship shall be heard no more,  
For whatsoever Crimes I can commit,  
I've felt the pains already.

*Leon* Hoid, *Alonzo*,

And hear a Maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.  
I love thy Virtue, as I love thy Person,  
And I adore thee for the Pains it gave me ;  
But as I felt the Pains, I'll reap the Fruit,  
I'll shine out in my Turn, and shew the World  
Thy great Example was not lost upon me.  
Be it enough that I have once been guilty ;  
In fight of such a Pattern to persist,  
Ill suits a Person honour'd with your Love.  
My other Titles to that Bliss are weak,  
I must deserve it by refusing it.

Thus then I tear thee from thy Hopes for ever.  
Shall I contribute to *Alonzo's* Crimes ?  
No, tho' the Life-Blood gushes from my Heart.  
You shall not be asham'd of *Leonora*,  
Or that late Time may put our Names together.  
Nay, never shrink ; take back the bright Example  
You lately lent, O take it while you may,  
While I can give it you, and be Immortal. (*Exit.*)

*Alon.* She's gone, and I shall see that Face no more ;  
But pine in Absence, and till Death adore.  
When with cold dew my fainting Brow is hung,  
And my Eyes Darken, from my falt'ring Tongue  
Her Name will tremble in a feeble Moan,  
And Love with Fate divide my dying Groan.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Manuel, and Zanga.*

**Zan.** IF this be true, I cannot blame your Pain  
For wretched *Carlos*; 'tis but human in you.  
But when arriv'd your dismal News?

*Man.* This Hour.

**Zan.** What, not a Vessel sav'd !

*Man.* All, all the Storm  
Devour'd, and now o'er his late envy'd Fortune  
The Dolphins bound, and watry Mountains roar,  
Triumphant in his Ruin.

**Zan.** Is *Alvarez*  
Determin'd to deny his Daughter to him ?  
That Treasure was on Shore ; must that too join  
The common Wreck ?

*Man.* *Alvarez* pleads indeed  
That *Leonora's* Heart is disinclin'd,  
And pleads that only ; so it was this Morning,  
When he concurr'd : The Tempest broke the Match :  
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the Gold.  
The Love of Gold is double in his Heart,  
The Vice of Age, and of *Alvarez* too.

**Zan.** How does *Don Carlos* bear it ?

*Man.* Like a Man  
Whose Heart feels most a human Heart can feel,  
And reasons best a human Heart can Reason.

**Zan.** But is he then in absolute Despair ?

*Man.* Never to see his *Leonora* more.  
And quite to quench all future Hope, *Alvarez*  
Urges *Alonzo* to espouse his Daughter  
This very Day ; for he has learnt their Loves.

**Zan.** Ha ! was not that received with Extasy  
By *Don Alonzo* ?

*Man.* Yes, at first ; but soon  
A Damp came o'er him, it would kill his Friend.

*Zan.*



*Zan.* Not if his Friend consented ; and since now  
He can't himself espouse her——

*Man.* Yet to ask it  
Has something shocking to a generous Mind,  
At least *Alonzo's* Spirit startles at it.  
Wide is the Distance between our Despair,  
And giving up a Mistress to another.  
But I must leave you. *Carlos* wants Support  
In his severe affliction. (Exit Manuel.

*Zan.* Ha! it dawns!——  
It rises to me like a new-found World  
To Mariners long time distress'd at Sea,  
Sore from a Storm, and all their viands spent;——  
Or like the Sun just rising out of *Chaos*,  
Some dregs of antient Night not quite purg'd off:  
But shall I finish it——Hoa! *Isabella!*

*Enter Isabella.*

I thought of dying ; better Things come forward ;  
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark Cover  
With all her Snakes erect upon her Crest,  
She stalks in View, and fires me with her Charms.  
When, *Isabel*, arriv'd *Don Carlos* here?

*Isab.* Two Nights ago.

*Zan.* That was the very Night  
Before the Battle——Memory, set down that,——  
It has the Essence of a Crocodile,  
Tho' yet but in the shell——I'll give it Birth——  
What time did he return?

*Isab.* At Midnight.

*Zan.* So——

Say, did he see that Night his *Leonora*?

*Isab.* No, my good Lord.

*Zan.* No matter——tell me, Woman,  
Is not *Alonzo*, rather Brave than Cautious,  
Honest than Subtle, above Fraud himself,  
Slow therefore to suspect it in another?

*Isab.* You best can judge ; but so the World thinks of  
him. (Ex. *Isab.*

*Zan.* Why, that is well——go fetch my Tablets hither,  
Two Nights ago, my Father's sacred Shade,

Thrice

Thrice stalk'd around my Bed, and smil'd upon me,  
He smil'd a Joy then little understood——  
It must be so——and if so, it is Vengeance  
Worth waking of the Dead for.

*Re-enter Isabella with the Tablets, Zanga writes, then  
reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——

The Father's fixt——*Don Carlos* cannot wed——  
*Alonzo* may——but that will hurt his Friend——  
Nor can he ask his Leave——or if he did,  
He might not gain it——it is hard to give  
Our own Consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.——  
Were it not then a Master-piece, worth all  
The Wisdom I can boast, first to perswade  
*Alonzo* to request it of his Friend,  
His Friend to grant——then from that very Grant,  
The strongest Proof of Friendship Man can give,  
(And other Motives) to work out a Cause  
Of Jealousy to rack *Alonzo's* Peace?——  
I have turn'd o'er the Catalogue of Woes,  
Which sting the Heart of Man, and find none equal.  
It is the *Hydra* of Calamities,  
The Seven-fold Death. The Jealous are the damn'd.  
O Jealousy! Each other Passion's calm  
To thee, thou Conflagration of the Soul!  
Thou King of Torments! Thou grand Counterpoize  
For all the Transports Beauty can inspire!

*Isab.* *Alonzo* comes this Way.

*Zan.* Most opportunely.

Withdraw—Ye subtle *Dæmons*, which reside (*Ex. Isab.*  
In Courts, and do your Work with Bows and Smiles.  
That little Engin'ry, more mischievous  
Than Fleets and Armies, and the Cannon's Murder,  
Teach me to look a Lye, give me your maze  
Of gloomy Thought, and intricate Design  
To catch the Man I hate, and then devour.

*Enter Alonzo.*

My Lord, I give you Joy.

*Alon.* Of what, good *Zanga*?

*Zan.* Is not the lovely *Leonor* yours?

*Alon.* What will become of *Carlos*?

*Zan.* He's your Friend;

And since he can't espouse the Fair himself,  
Will take some Comfort from *Alonzo's* Fortune.

*Alon.* Alas! Thou little know'st the Force of Love;  
Love reigns a Sultan with unrivall'd sway,  
Puts all Relations, Friendship's self to Death,  
If once he's jealous of it. I love *Carlos*,  
Yet well I know what Pangs I felt this Morning  
At his intended Nuptials. For my self  
I then felt Pains, which now for him I feel.

*Zan.* You will not wed her then?

*Alon.* Not instantly:  
Insult his broken Heart the very Moment!

*Zan.* I understand you: But you'll wed hereafter,  
When your Friend's gone, and his first Pain asswag'd?

*Alon.* Am I to blame for that?

*Zan.* My Lord, I love  
Your very Errors, they are born from Virtue.  
Your Friendship (and what nobler Passion claims  
The Heart?) does lead you blind-fold to your Ruin.  
Consider, wherefore did *Alvarez* break  
*Don Carlos's* Match, and wherefore urge *Alonzo's*?  
'Twas the same Cause, the Love of wealth: To-morrow  
May see *Alonzo* in *Don Carlos's* Fortune;  
A higher Bidder is a better Friend,  
And there are Princes sigh for *Leonora*. (Cause,  
When your Friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the  
Which gives you *Leonora* now, will cease.  
*Carlos* has lost her; should you lose her too,  
Why then, you heap new Torments on your Friend  
By that Respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well, he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. (*Aside.*

*Alon.* Think'st thou, my *Zanga*, shou'd I ask *Don Carlos*,  
His Goodness would consent that I should wed her?

*Zan.* I know it would.

*Alon.* But then the Cruelty  
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

*Zan.* Methinks you are severe upon your Friend.  
Who was it gave him Liberty and Life?

*Alon.*

*Alon.* That is the very Reason which forbids it.  
Were I a Stranger, I could freely speak :  
In me, it so resembles a Demand,  
Exacting of a Debt, it shocks my Nature.

*Zan.* My Lord, you know the sad Alternative.  
*Is Leonora* worth one Pang or not ?  
It hurts not me, my Lord, but as I love you,  
Warmly as you I wish *Don Carlos* well ;  
But I am likewise *Don Alonzo's* Friend :  
There all the Difference lies between us two.  
In me, my Lord, you hear another self,  
And give me leave to add, a better too,  
Clear'd from those Errors, which tho' caus'd by Virtue  
Are such as may hereafter give you Pain.——  
*Don Lopez of Castile* would not demur thus.

*Alon.* Perish the Name ! What ! Sacrifice the Fair  
To Age and Illness, because set in Gold ?——  
I'll to *Don Carlos*, if my Heart will let me.  
I have not seen him since his sore Affliction ;  
But shun'd it, as too terrible to bear.  
How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already. (*Ex. Alon.*)

*Zan.* Half of our Work is done. I must secure  
*Don Carlos*, e're *Alonzo* speaks with him.  
(*He gives a Message to a Servant, then returns.*)

Proud, hated *Spain* ! Oft drench'd in *Moorish* Blood ;  
Dost thou not feel a deadly Foe within thee ?  
Shake not thy Tow'rs where-e'er I pass along,  
Conscious of Ruin, and their great Destroyer ?  
Shake to the Centre, if *Alonzo's* dear.  
Look down, O holy Prophet ! See my Torture !  
This Christian Dog, this Infidel which dares  
To smite thy Votaries, and spurn thy Law ;  
And yet hopes Pleasure from two radiant Eyes,  
Which look as they were lighted up for thee !  
Shall he enjoy thy Paradise below ? (*Charms.*——  
Blast the bold Thought, and curse him with her  
But see the melancholy Lover comes.

*Enter Don Carlos.*

*Car.* Hope, thou hast told me Lies from Day to Day,  
For more than twenty Years ; vile Promiser !



None here are happy but the very Fool,  
 Or very Wife ; and I want Fool enough,  
 To smile in Vanities, and hug a Shadow ;  
 Nor have I Wisdom to elaborate  
 An artificial Happiness from Pains :  
 Even Joys are Pains, because they cannot last. (Sighs.)  
 Yet much is talk'd of Bliss, it is the Art  
 Of such as have the World in their Possession,  
 'To give it a good Name, that Fools may envy ;  
 For Envy to small Minds is Flattery.  
 How many lift the Head, look gay, and smile  
 Against their Consciences ? and this we know,  
 Yet knowing disbelieve, and try again  
 What we have try'd, and struggle with Conviction.  
 Each new Experience gives the former Credit,  
 And reverend Grey Threescore is but a Voucher,  
 That Thirty told us true.

*Zan.* My noble Lord !

I mourn your Fate : but are no Hopes surviving ?

*Car.* No Hopes. *Alvarez* has a Heart of Steel :

'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute Despair. (der)

*Zan.* You wanted not to have your Heart made ten-  
 By your own Pains, to feel a Friend's Distress.

*Car.* I understand you well. *Alonzo* loves.  
 I pity him.

*Zan.* I dare be sworn you do.

Yet he has other thoughts.

*Car.* What canst thou mean ?

*Zan.* Indeed he has, and fears to ask a Favour,  
 A Stranger from a Stranger might request.  
 What cost you Nothing, yet it is All to him,  
 Nay what indeed will to your Glory add,  
 For nothing more than wishing your Friend well.

*Car.* I pray be plain : His Happiness is mine.

*Zan.* He loves to Death ; but so reveres his Friend,  
 He can't persuade his Heart to wed the Maid,  
 Without your Leave, and that he fears to ask,  
 In perfect Tendernefs ; I urg'd him to it,  
 Knowing the deadly Sicknefs of his Heart,  
 Your overflowing Goodnefs to your Friend,

Your

Your Wisdom, and Despair yourself to wed her;  
I wrung a Promise from him he would try:  
And, now I come a mutual Friend to both,  
Without his Privacy, to let you know it,  
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

*Car.* Ah! if he weds, I am undone indeed;  
Not *Don Alvarez*' self can then relieve me.

*Zan.* Alas! My Lord, *you know his Heart is Steel,*  
'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute Despair.

*Car.* O cruel Heav'n! and is it not enough  
That I must never, never see her more!  
Say, is it not enough that I must die;  
But must I be tormented in the Grave?  
Ask my Consent!—Must I then give her to him?  
Lead to his Nuptial Sheets the blushing Maid?  
Oh;—*Leonora!* never, never, never!

*Zan.* A Storm of Plagues upon him; he refuses. *(Aside.)*

*Car.* What! Wed her?—and to-day?

*Zan.* To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier Lover bring,  
And then *Alonzo* is thrown out like you.  
Then whom shall he condemn for his Misfortune?  
*Charles* is an *Alvarez* to his Love.

*Car.* O Torment! Whither shall I turn?

*Zan.* To peace.

*Car.* Which is the Way?

*Zan.* His Happiness is yours,  
I dare not disbelieve you.

*Car.* Kill my Friend!

Or worse?—Alas! and can there be a worse?—  
A worse there is; nor can my Nature bear it.

*Zan.* You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful Task.  
I find *Alonzo*'s quitting her this Morning  
For *Charles*'s sake, in tenderness to you,  
Betray'd me to believe it less severe  
Then I perceive, it is——

*Car.* Thou dost upbraid me.

*Zan.* No, my good Lord; but since you can't comply,  
'Tis my Misfortune that I mention'd it:  
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed

Have dy'd, as now ; but not by your Decree.

*Car.* By my Decree ? do I decree his Death ?

I do——Shall I then lead her to his Arms ?

Oh ! which side shall I take ? be stabb'd ? or——stabb'd ?—

'Tis equal Death, a choice of Agonies. ——

Ah no ! all other Agonies are Ease

To one ! ——O *Leonora* ! ——Never, never !

Go *Zanga*, go, defer the dreadful Tryal,

Tho' but a Day, something perchance may happen

To soften all to Friendship, and to Love.

Go, stop my Friend, let me not see him now,

But save us from an Interview of Death.

*Zar.* My Lord, I'm bound in Duty to obey you——

If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* prosper. (*A side ex. Zan.*)

*Car.* What is this World ?—Thy School, O Misery !

Our only Lesson is to learn to suffer,

And he who knows not that, was born for Nothing.

Tho' deep my Pangs, and heavy at my Heart,

My Comfort is, each Moment takes away

A Grain at least from the dead Load that's on me,

And gives a nearer Prospect of the Grave. ——

But put it most severely——should I live ?

Live long ? Alas ! there is no Length in Time ;

Not in thy Time, O Man ! What's fourscore Years ?

Nay, what indeed, the Age of Time itself,

Since cut from our Eternity's wide Round ?

Away then. To a Mind Resolv'd and Wise,

There is an Impotence in Misery,

Which makes me smile, when all its Shafts are in me.

Yet, *Leonora*——She can make Time long,

Its Nature alter, as she alter'd mine,

While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay,

Whole Summer Suns roll'd unperceiv'd away ;

1 Years for Days, and Days for Moments told,

And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old ;

Now Fate does rigidly its Dues regain,

And every Moment is an Age of Pain.

*As he is going out, Enter Zanga and Alonzo. Zanga*

*stops Carlos.*

*Zan.* Is this *Don Carlos* ? this the boasted Friend ?

How

How can you turn your Back upon his Sadness?  
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.  
Whose Sorrows thus depress him?—Not his own;  
This Moment he could wed, without your Leave.

*Car.* I cannot yield; nor can I bear his Griefs.

*Alonzo!* (*Going to him, and taking his Hand.*)

*Alon.* O *Carlos!*

*Car.* Pray forbear.

*Alon.* Art thou undone? and shall *Alonzo* smile?

*Alonzo?* who perhaps in some degree  
Contributed to cause thy dreadful Fate?  
I was deputed Guardian of thy Love;  
But oh! I lov'd myself. Pour down Afflictions  
On this devoted Head! Make me your Mark!  
And be the World by my Example taught,  
How sacred it should hold the Name of Friend.

*Car.* You charge your self unjustly; well I know  
The only Cause of my severe Affliction.

*Alvarez,* curs'd *Alvarez*—so much Anguish  
Felt for so small a Failure, is one Merit  
Which faultless Virtue wants: The Crime was mine,  
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail;  
'Tho' well I knew that dreadful Post of Honour  
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! Who could bear  
Those Eyes, unhurt? The Wounds my self have felt,  
(Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee)  
They plead in thy Excuse; for I too strove  
To shun their Fires, and found 'twas not in Man.

*Alon.* You cast in Shades the Failures of a Friend,  
And soften all; but think not you deceive me:  
I know my Guilt, and I implore your Pardon,  
As the sole Glimpse I can obtain of Peace.

*Car.* Pardon for him who but this Morning threw  
Fair *Leonora* from his Heart, all bath'd  
In ceaseless Tears, and blushing with her Love?  
Who like a Rose-leaf, wet with Morning Dew,  
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there?  
But 'twas in thee, thro' Fondness to thy Friend  
To shut the Bosom against Extasies;  
For which, while this Pulse beats, it beats to thee,



While this Blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*,  
And every wish is levell'd at thy Joy.

*Zan.* to *Alon.* My Lord, my Lord, this is your Time  
to speak.

*Alon.* to *Zan.* Because he's kind? it therefore is the  
For 'tis his Kindness which I fear to hurt. (worst;  
Shall the same Moment see him sink in Woes,  
And me providing for a flow of Joys,  
Rich in the Plunder of his Happiness?  
No, I may die; but I can never speak.

*Car.* Now, now it comes! they are concerting it,  
The first word strikes me dead—O *Leonora*!  
And shall another taste her fragrant Breath!—  
Who knows what After-time may bring to pass?  
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. (*Aside.*

*Alon.* to *Zan.* Do I not see him quite possess'd with  
Anguish,  
Which, like a Dæmon, writhes him to and fro?  
And shall I pour in new? No, fond Desire,  
No, Love! One Pang at parting, and farewell.  
I have no other Love but *Charles* now.

*Car.* Alas! my Friend, why with such eager Grasp  
Dost press my Hand, and weep upon my Cheek?

*Alon.* If, after Death, our Forms (as some believe)  
Shall be transparent, naked every Thought,  
And Friends meet Friends, and read each other's Hearts,  
Thou'lt know one Day, that thou wast held most dear,  
Farewel.

*Car.* *Alonzo*, stay—he cannot speak— (*holds him.*  
Lest it should grieve me—shall I be out-done?  
And lose in Glory, as I lose in Love? (*Aside.*  
I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,  
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,  
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.  
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?  
Your smallest Friendship's Liberty, and Life.

*Alon.* There, there it is, my Friend, it cuts me there.  
How dreadful is it to a generous Mind  
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd?

*Car.* How greatly thought! in all he tow'rs above  
me. Then

Then you confess you would ask something of me.

*Alon.* No, on my Soul.

*Zan.* to *Alon.* Then lose her.

*Car.* (*Aside.*) Glorious Spirit!

Why, what a Pang has he run thro' for this?

By Heav'n I envy him his Agonies!

Why was not mine the most illustrious Lot

Of starting at one Action from below,

And flaming up into consummate Greatness!

Ha! Angels, strengthen me!——It shall be so. ———

I can't want strength. Great Actions once conceiv'd,

Strengthen like Wine, and animate the Soul,

And call themselves to Being——My *Alonzo*!

Since thy great Soul disdains to make Request,

Receive with Favour that I make to thee.

*Alon.* What means my *Carlos*?

*Car.* Pray observe me well.

Fate and *Alvarez* tore her from my Heart,

And plucking up my Love, they had well nigh

Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.

Of that no more——What now does Reason bid?

I cannot wed——Farewel my Happiness;

But, O my Soul, provide with Care for her's.

In Life, how weak, how helpless is a Woman!

Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,

And often wounded while she plucks the Rose;

So properly the Object of Affliction,

That Heav'n is pleas'd to make Distress become her,

And dresses her most amiably in Tears.

Take then my Heart in Dowry with the Fair,

Be thou her Guardian, and thou must be mine.

Shut out the thousand pressing Ills of Life

With thy surrounding Arms——Do this, and then

Set down the Liberty and Life thou gav'st me,

As little Things, as Essays of thy Goodness,

And Rudiments of Friendship so Divine.

*Alon.* There is a Grandeur in thy Goodness to me;

Which with thy Foes would render thee ador'd;

But have a Care; nor think I can be pleas'd

With any Thing that lays in Pains for thee.

Thou dost dissemble, and thy Heart's in Tears.

*Car.* My Heart's in Health, my Spirits dance their  
And at my Eye Pleasure looks out in Smiles. (Round,

*Alon.* And canst thou, canst thou part with *Leonora*?

*Car.* I do not part with her, I give her thee.

*Alon.* O *Carlos*!

*Car.* Don't distrust me, I'm sincere;  
Nor is it more than simple Justice in me.  
This Morn didst thou resign her for my Sake;  
I but perform a Virtue learnt from thee;  
Discharge a Debt, and pay her to thy Wishes.

*Alon.* Ah how?--but think not Words were ever made  
For such Occasions. Silence, Tears, Embraces,  
Are languid Eloquence, I'll seek Relief  
In Absence from the pain of so much Goodness.  
There thank the blest above, thy sole Superiors,  
Adore, and raise my Thoughts of them by thee. (*Exit.*

*Zan.* Thus far success has crown'd my boldest Hope,  
My next Care is to hasten these new Nuptials,  
And then my Master-works begin to play.  
Why this was greatly done, without one Sigh (*To Car.*  
'To carry such a Glory to it's Period.

*Car.* Too soon thou praifest me He's gone, and now  
I must unflinch my overburden'd Heart,  
And let it flow. I would not grieve my Friend  
With Tears; nor interrupt my great Design,  
Great sure as ever human Breast durst think of.  
But now my Sorrows, long with Pain suppress'd,  
Durst their Confinement with impetuous Sway,  
O'er-swell all Bounds, and bear e'en Life away.  
So, till the Day was won, the *Greek* renown'd  
With Anguish wore the Arrow in his Wound,  
Then drew the Shaft from out his tortur'd Side,  
Let gush the Torrent of his Blood, and dy'd

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Zanga and Isabella.*

Z A N G A.

O Joy, Thou welcome Stranger! twice three Years  
 I have not felt thy Vital Beam, but now  
 It warms my Veins, and plays around my Heart:  
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the Ground,  
 And I could mount! The Spirits numberless  
 Of my dear Countrymen, which Yesterday  
 Left their poor bleeding Bodies on the Field,  
 Are all assembled here, and o'er inform me——  
 O Bridegroom! Great indeed thy present Elifs;  
 Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure  
 It is thy last, thy last Smile, that which now  
 Sits on thy Cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st,  
 Anguish, and Groans, and Death bespeak To-morrow.  
 My *Isabella*!

*Isab.* What commands my *Moor*?

*Zan.* My fair Ally! My lovely Minister!  
 'Twas well *Alway* by my Arts impell'd,  
 (To plunge *Don Carlos* in the last Despair,  
 And so prevent all future Molestation,  
 Finish'd the Nuptials soon as he resolv'd them,  
 This Conduct ripen'd all for Me, and Ruin.  
 Scarce had the Priest the holy Rite perform'd,  
 When I, by sacred Inspiration, forg'd  
 That Letter, which I trusted to thy Hand;  
 That Letter, which in glowing Terms conveys  
 From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*  
 The most profound acknowledgment of Heart  
 For wond'rous Transports, which he never knew.  
 This is a good subservient Artifice,  
 To aid the nobler Workings of my Brain.

*Isab.* I quickly dropt it in the Bride's Apartment,  
 As you commanded.

*Zan.* With a lucky Hand:

For



For soon *Alonzo* found it; I observ'd him  
 From out my secret Stand. He took it up;  
 But scarce was it unfolded to his Sight,  
 When he, as if an Arrow pierc'd his Eye,  
 Started, and trembling dropt it on the Ground.  
 Pale and aghast a while my Victim stood,  
 Disguis'd a Sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;  
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.  
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;  
 But check'd by rising Fears, he crush'd it Thus,  
 And thrust it, like an Adder, in his Bosom.

*Ifab.* But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,  
 At least not mortally.

*Zan.* At first I thought so;  
 But farther Thought informs me otherwise,  
 And turns this Disappointment to Account.  
 He more shall credit it because unseen,  
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

*Ifab.* That would indeed commend my *Zanga's* Skill.

*Zan.* This, *Isabella*, is *Don Carlos's* Picture;  
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,  
 It may rise up a Witness of her Love,  
 Under her Pillow, in her Cabinet,  
 Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our End.

*Ifab.* I'll weigh it as it's Consequence requires,  
 Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. (*Ex. Ifab.*)

*Zan.* Is that *Alonzo* prostrate on the Ground?—  
 Now he starts up like Flame from sleeping Embers,  
 And wild Distraction glares from either Eye.  
 If thus a slight Surmise can work his Soul,  
 How will the fulness of the Tempest tear him!

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—  
 I injure her: she wears the face of Heav'n.

*Zan.* He doubts.

*Alon.* I dare not look on This again.  
 If the first Glance, which gave suspicion only,  
 Had such effect, so smote my Heart and Brain,  
 The certainty would dash me all in Pieces.  
 It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true,

(*Starts.*  
*Zan.*

*Zan.* Hold there and we succeed. He has descry'd me.  
And, for he knows I love him, will unfold  
His aching Heart, and rest it on my Counsel.  
I'll seem to go, to make my Stay more sure.

*Alon.* Hold, *Zanga*, turn.

*Zan.* My Lord.

*Alon.* Shut close the Doors,  
That not a Spirit find an Entrance here.

*Zan.* My Lord's obey'd.

*Alon.* I see that thou art frightened.  
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy Heart  
With Scorpion's Stings.

*Zan.* If I do love, my Lord?

*Alon.* Come near me, let me rest upon thy Bosom.  
What Pillow like the Bosom of a Friend?  
And I am sick at Heart.

*Zan.* Speak, Sir, O Speak,  
And take me from the Wreck!

*Alon.* And is there need  
Of Words? Behold a Wonder! See my Tears!

*Zan.* I feel them too. Heav'n grant my Senses fail me!  
I rather would lose them than have this real.

*Alon.* Go take a Round thro' all Things in my  
And find that One; for there is only One (Thought  
Which could extort my Tears; find that and tell  
Thy self my Misery, and spare me the Pain.

*Zan.* Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;  
I know not where I am.

*Alon.* Think, think no more.  
It ne'er can enter in an honest Heart.  
I'll tell thee then—I cannot,—Yet I do  
By wanting Force to give it Utterance.

*Zan.* Speak, ease your Heart; its Throbs will break  
your Bosom.

*Alon.* I am most happy: mine is Victory,  
Mine the King's Favour, mine the Nation's Shout,  
And great Men make their Fortunes of my Smiles.  
O Curse of Curses! in the lap of Blessing  
To be most Curst!—My *Leonora's* Fate!

*Zan.* Save me, my Lord!

*Alon.*

*Alon.* My *Leonora's* false. (*Gives him the Letter.*)

*Zan.* Then Heav'n has lost its Image here on Earth.  
(*While Zanga reads the Letter, he trembles and shows the utmost Concern.*)

*Alon.* Good-natur'd Man! He makes my Pains his  
I durst not read it; but I read it now (*own.*)  
In thy concern.

*Zan.* Did you not read it then?

*Alon.* Mine Eye just touch'd it, and cou'd bear no more.

*Zan.* Thus perish all that gives *Alonzo* Pain. (*Tears*)

*Alon.* Why didst thou tear it? (*the Letter.*)

*Zan.* Think of it no more.

'Twas your Mistake, and groundless are your Fears.

*Alon.* And didst thou tremble then for my Mistake?  
Or give the whole Contents, or by the Pangs  
That feed upon my Heart, thy Life's in Danger.

*Zan.* Is this *Alonzo's* Language to his *Zanga*?  
Draw forth your Sword, and find the Secret here.  
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?  
Wherefore this Rage? Because I seek your Peace?  
I have no Interest in suppressing it,  
But what good-natur'd Tendernefs for you  
Obliges me to have. Not mine the Heart  
That will be rent in two, not mine the Fame  
That will be damn'd, tho' all the World should know it.

*Alon.* Then my worst Fears are true, and Life is past.

*Zan.* What has the Rashness of my Passion utter'd?  
I know not what; but Rage is our Distraction,  
And all its Words are Wind—Yet sure I think  
I nothing own'd—but grant I did confess.  
What is a Letter? Letters may be forg'd.  
For Heaven's sweet Sake, my Lord, lift up your Heart.  
Some Foe to your Repose——

*Alon.* So Heav'n look on me,  
As I can't find the Man I have offended. (*Shield.*)

*Zan.* (*Aside.*) Indeed! our Innocence is not our  
They take Offence who have not been Offended,  
They seek our Ruin too, who speak us fair,  
And Death is often ambush'd in their Smiles.  
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain

A Let-

A Letter may be forg'd, and in a Point  
Of such a dreadful Consequence as this,  
One would rely on nought that might be false ———  
Think, have you any other Cause to doubt her ?  
Away, you can find none. Resume your Spirit,  
All's well again.

*Alon.* O that it were !

*Zan.* It is ;

For who would credit that, which credited  
Makes Hell superfluous by superior Pains,  
Without such Proofs as cannot be withstood ?  
Has she not ever been to Virtue train'd ?  
Is not her Fame as spotless as the Sun,  
Her Sex's Envy, and the Boast of *Spain* ?

*Alon.* O *Zanga* ! It is that confounds me most,  
That full in Opposition to Appearance——

*Zan.* No more, my Lord, for you condemn yourself.  
What is Absurdity, but to believe  
Against Appearance ?——You can't yet, I find,  
Subdue your Passion to your better Sense ;  
And, Truth to tell, it does not much displease me.  
'Tis fit our Indiscretions shou'd be check'd,  
With some Degree of Pain.

*Alon.* What Indiscretion ? (me)

*Zan.* Come, you must bear to hear your Faults from  
Had you not sent *Don Carlos* to the Court  
The Night before the Battle, that foul Slave,  
Who forg'd the senseless Scroll which gives you Pain,  
Had wanted footing for this Villainy.

*Alon.* I sent him not.

*Zan.* Not sent him !——Ha !——That strikes me.  
I thought he came on Message to the King.  
Is there another Cause could justify  
His shunning Danger, and the promis'd Fight ?  
But I perhaps may think too rigidly,  
So long an Absence, and impatient Love——

*Alon.* In my Confusion, That had quite escap'd me.  
By Heav'n, my wounded Soul does bleed afresh ;  
'Tis clear as Day——for *Carlos* is so brave,  
He lives not but on Fame, he hunts for Danger,

And



And is enamour'd of the Face of Death.

How then cou'd he decline the next Day's Battle,——

But for the Transports?——Oh it must be so!——

Inhuman! by the Loss of his own Honour,

To buy the Ruin of his Friend!

*Zan.* You wrong him;

He knew not of your Love.

*Alon.* Ha!——

*Zan.* That stings home.

*(Aside.*

*Alon.* Indeed he knew not of my treacherous Love--

Proofs rise on Proofs, and still the last the strongest,

Th' eternal Law of Things declares it true,

Which calls for Judgments on distinguish'd Guilt,

And loves to make our Crime our Punishment.

Love is my Torture, Love was first my Crime;

For she was his, my Friend's; and he (O Horror)

Confided all in me. O sacred Faith!

How dearly I abide the Violation!

*Zan.* Were then their Loves far gone?

*Alon.* The Father's Will

There bore a total Sway; and he as soon

As News arriv'd that *Carlos's* Fleet was seen

From off our Coast, fir'd with the Love of Gold,

Determin'd, that the very Sun which saw

*Carlos* return, should see his Daughter wed.

*Zan.* Indeed, my Lord, then you must pardon me,

If I presume to mitigate the Crime.

Consider strong Allurements soften Guilt;

Long was his Absence, ardent was his Love.

At Midnight his Return, the next Day destin'd

For his Espousals——'twas a strong Temptation.

*Alon.* Temptation!

*Zan.* 'Twas but gaining of one Night.

*Alon.* One Night!

*Zan.* That Crime cou'd ne'er return again,

*Alon.* Again! By Heav'n, thou dost insult thy Lord.

*Temptation! one Night gain'd! O Stings and Death!*

And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga*!

And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,

And rescue me one Moment from Distraction.

*Zan.*

*Zan.* My Lord, I hope the best.

*Alon.* False, foolish Hope,  
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;  
It is as glaring as the Noon-tide Sun.  
Devil! This Morning after three Years Coldness,  
To rush at once into a Passion for me!  
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,  
When her first Fool was fated with her Beauties.

*Zan.* What says my Lord? Did *Leonora* then  
Never before disclose her Passion for you?

*Alon.* Never.

*Zan.* Throughout the whole three Years?

*Alon.* O never! never!—

Why, *Zanga*, should'st thou strive? 'tis all in vain:  
'Tho' thy Soul labours, it can find no Reed  
For Hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down  
Ten Thousand Thousand Fathoms in Despair.

*Zan.* Hold, Sir, I'll break your Fall,—Wave every  
Fear,  
And be a Man again—Had he enjoy'd her,  
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you  
With less Reluctance.

*Alon.* Ha! Resign her to me!—  
Resign her! Who Resign'd her?—Double Death!—  
How could I doubt so long? my Heart is broke.  
First love her to Distraction! Then Resign her!

*Zan.* But was it not with utmost Agony?

*Alon.* Grant that, he still Resign'd her, that's enough.  
Would he pluck out his Eye to give it me?  
Tear out his Heart?—She was his Heart; no more—  
Nor was it with Reluctance he Resign'd her.  
By Heav'n he ask'd, he courted me to wed.  
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

*Zan.* Was't his Request? are you right sure of that?  
I fear the Letter was not all a Tale.

*Alon.* A Tale! There's Proof equivalent to Sight.

*Zan.* I should distrust my Sight on this Occasion.

*Alon.* And so should I; by Heav'n, I think I should.  
What! *Leonora*, the Divine? by whom  
We guesst at Angels? Oh! I'm all Confusion.

*Zan.*

*Zan.* You now are too much ruffled to think clearly,  
 Since Bliss and Horror, Life and Death hang on it.  
 Go to your Chamber, there maturely weigh  
 Each Circumstance ; consider above all,  
 That it is Jealousy's peculiar Nature  
 To swell small Things to Great, nay out of Nought  
 To conjure much, and then to lose its Reason,  
 Amid the hideous Phantoms it has form'd.

*Alon.* Had I ten thousand Lives, I'd give them all  
 To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis Dooms-day with me ;  
 And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heav'n  
 Borrow'd her Form for Virtue's self to wear,  
 To gain her Lovers with the Sons of Men.

(*Exit Alonzo.*)

*Enter Isabella.*

*Zan.* Thus far it works auspiciously. My Patient  
 Thrives underneath my Hand in Misery.  
 He's gone to think, that is, to be distracted.

*Isab.* I overheard your Conference, and saw you,  
 To my Amazement, tear the Letter.

*Zan.* There,  
 There *Isabella*, I out-did my self.  
 For tearing it, I not secure it only  
 In it's first Force, but superadd a new.  
 For who can now the Character examine  
 To cause a Doubt, much less detect the Fraud ?  
 And after tearing it, as loth to shew  
 The foul Contents, if I should swear it now  
 A Forgery, my Lord would disbelieve me,  
 Nay more would disbelieve, the more I swore.  
 But is the Picture happily dispos'd of ?

*Isab.* It is.

(*think !*)

*Zan.* That's well——Ah! what is well? O Pang to  
 O dire Necessity ! is this my Province?  
 Whither, my Soul ! ah ! whither art thou sunk  
 Beneath thy Sphere ? E'er while, far, far above  
 Such little Arts, Dissemblings, Falshoods, Frauds,  
 The Trash of Villainy it self, which falls  
 To Cowards and poor Wretches wanting Bread.

Does

Does this become a Soldier? this become  
Whom Armies follow'd, and a People lov'd?  
My Martial Glory withers at the Thought,  
But great my End; and since there are no other,  
These Means are just, they shine with borrow'd Light,  
Illustrious from the Purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my Merit, who to gain  
A Point sublime, can such a Task sustain,  
To wade thro' Ways obscene, my Honour bend,  
And shock my Nature, to attain my End.  
Late Time shall Wonder; That my Joys will raise;  
For Wonder is involuntary Praise.

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A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Alonzo and Zanga.*

*Alon.* **O**H, what a Pain to think! when every Thought  
Perplexing Thought in Intricacies runs,  
And Reason knits th' inextricable Toil  
In which herself is taken. I am lost,  
Poor Insect that I am, I am involv'd,  
And bury'd in the Web myself have wrought.  
One Argument is ballanc'd by another,  
And Reason, Reason meets in doubtful Fight,  
And Proofs are countermin'd by equal Proofs.  
No more I'll bear this Battle of the Mind,  
This inward Anarchy, but find my Wife,  
And to her trembling Heart presenting Death,  
Force all the Secret from her.

*Zan.* O forbear!

You totter on the very Brink of Ruin.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean?

*Zan.* That will discover all,

And kill my Hopes. What can I think or do? (*Alide.*)

*Alon.* What dost thou murmur?

*Zan.* Force the Secret from her?

What's Perjury to such a Crime as this?

Will she confess it then? O groundless Hope!

But rest assur'd, she'll make this Accusation,

Or false or true, your Ruin with the King;

Such is her Father's Pow'r.

*Alon.* No more! I care not;

Rather than Groan beneath this Load, I'll dye.

*Zan.* But for what better will you change this Load?

Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

*Alon.* No, it would cure me of my Mortal Pangs:

By Hatred and Contempt, I should despise her;

And all my Love-bred Agonies would vanish.

*Zan.* Ah! were I sure of that? My Lord.

*Alon.* What then?

*Zan.*

*Zan.* You should not hazard Life to gain the Secret.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the Rack;

I'll not be play'd with, speak, if thou hast ought,  
Or I this instant fly to *Leonora*.

*Zan.* That is to Death. My Lord, I am not yet  
Quite so far gone in Guilt to suffer it,  
Tho' gone too far, Heav'n knows—'Tis I am guilty—  
I have took Pains, as you I know observ'd,  
To hinder you from diving in the Secret,  
And turn'd aside your Thoughts from the Detection.

*Alon.* Thou dost confound me.

*Zan.* I confound myself;  
And frankly own tho' to my Shame I own it,  
Nought but your Life in Danger could have torn  
The Secret out, and made me own my Crime.

*Alon.* Speak quickly, *Zanga*, speak.

*Zan.* Not yet, dread Sir:  
First I must be assur'd, that if you find  
The fair one guilty, Scorn, as you assur'd me,  
Shall conquer Love and Rage, and heal your Soul.

*Alon.* Oh! 'twill, by Heav'n.

*Zan.* Alas I fear it much,  
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this  
Exact your solemn Oath, that you'll abstain  
From all Self-Violence, and save my Lord.

*Alon.* I trebly Swear.

*Zan.* You'll bear it like a Man?

*Alon.* A God.

*Zan.* Such have you been to me, these Tears confess it,  
And pour'd forth Miracles of Kindness on me:  
And what Amends is now within my Pow'r,  
But to confess, expose my self to Justice,  
And as a Blessing claim my Punishment?  
Know then, *Don Carlos*——

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* You cannot bear it.

*Alon.* Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blast Mankind;  
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

*Zan.*

*Zan.* *Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night.

*Enter Leonora.*

*Leon.* My Lord *Alonzo*, you are absent from us,  
And quite undo our Joy:

*Alon.* I'll come, my Love:  
Be not our Friends deserted by us both;  
I'll follow you this Moment.

*Leon.* My good Lord,  
I do observe Severity of Thought  
Upon your Brow. Ought hear you from the *Moors*?

*Alon.* No, my Delight.

*Leon.* What then employ'd your Mind? (friend me

*Alon.* Thou, Love, and only thou; so Heav'n be—  
As other Thoughts can find no Entrance here.

*Leon.* How good in you, my Lord, whom Nation's  
Cares  
Sollicit, and a World in Arms obeys,  
To drop one thought on me!

(*He shews the utmost Impatience.*)

*Alon.* Dost thou then prize it?

*Leon.* Do you then ask it?

*Alon.* Know then to thy Comfort,  
Thou hast me all, my throbbing Heart is full  
With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;  
Nor shall, I from my Soul believe, till Death.  
My Life, our Friends expect thee.

*Leon.* I obey.

(*Exit. Leon.*)

*Alon.* Is that the Face of curs'd Hypocrisy?  
If she is guilty, Stars are made of Darkness,  
And Beauty shall no more belong to Heav'n——  
*Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night.  
Proceed, good *Zanga*, so thy Tale began.

*Zan.* *Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night;  
That Night, by Chance (ill Chance for me) did I  
Command the Watch that guards the Palace Gate,  
He told me he had Letters for the King  
Dispatch'd from you.

*Alon.* The Villain ly'd.

*Zan.* My Lord,  
I pray forbear——Transported at his Sight,

After

After so long a Bondage, and your Friend,  
 (Who cou'd suspect him of an Artifice?)  
 No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,  
 False to my Trust, at least imprudent in it.  
 Our Watch reliev'd, I went into the Garden,  
 As is my Custom when the Night's serene,  
 And took a Moon-light Walk: When soon I heard  
 A rustling in an Arbour that was near me,  
 I saw two Lovers in each others Arms,  
 Embracing and Embrac'd. Anon the Man  
 Arose, and, falling back some Paces from her,  
 Gaz'd ardently a while, then rush'd at once,  
 And throwing all himself into her Bosom,  
 There softly sigh'd; "O Night of Extasie!  
 "When shall we meet again? *Don Carlos* then  
 Led *Leonora* forth.

*Alon.* Oh! Oh my Heart! (He sinks into a Chair.

*Zan.* (*Aside*) Groan on, and with the Sound refresh  
 my Soul.

'Tis thro' his Heart, his Knees smite one another;  
 'Tis thro' his Brain, his Eye-Balls rowl in Anguish—  
 My Lord, my Lord, why will you rack my Soul?  
 Speak to me, let me know that you still live.  
 Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me;  
 You think too deeply, I am your own *Zanga*,  
 So lov'd, so cherish'd and so faithful to you—  
 Where start you in such Fury! Nay, my Lord,  
 For Heav'n's Sake sheath your Sword! What can this  
 mean?

Fool that I was, to trust you with the Secret,  
 And you unkind to break your Word with me!  
 O Passion for a Woman! on the Ground?  
 Where is your boasted Courage? Where your Scorn,  
 And prudent Rage that was to cure your Grief,  
 And chace your Love-bred Agonies away?  
 Rise, Sir, for Honour's Sake. Why shou'd the *Moors*,  
 Why shou'd the vanquish'd Triumph?

*Alon.* Would to Heav'n  
 That I were lower still! Oh she was All!  
 My Fame, my Friendship, and my Love of Arms,



All stoop'd to her, my Blood was her Possession.  
 Deep in the secret Foldings of my Heart  
 She liv'd with Life; and far the dearer She.  
 But—and no more—set Nature in a Blaze,  
 Give her a Fit of Jealousy—away—  
 To think on't is the Torment of the Damn'd,  
 And not to think on't is impossible.  
 How fair the Cheek that first alarm'd my Soul!  
 How bright the Eye that set it on a Flame!  
 How soft that Breast, on which I lay'd my Peace  
 For Years to slumber, unawak'd by Care!  
 How fierce the Transport! How sublime the Bliss!  
 How deep, how black the Horror, and Despair!

*Zan.* You said, you'd bear it like a Man.

*Alon.* I do.

Am I not most distracted?

*Zan.* Pray be Calm.

*Alon.* As Hurricanes. Be thou assur'd of that.

*Zan.* Is this the wife *Alonzo*?

*Alon.* Villain, no.

He dy'd in th' Arbour, he was murder'd there;  
 I am his Dæmon tho'—My Wife!—My Wife!

*Zan.* Alas! he weeps.

*Alon.* Go, dig her Grave.

*Zan.* My Lord!

*Alon.* But that her Blood's too hot, I would carouse it  
 Around my bric'al Board.

*Zan.* And I would pledge thee. (*Aside.*)

*Alon.* But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,  
 And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone  
 Before one Night descends—O hasty Evil!  
 What Friend to comfort me in this Extreme!  
 Where's *Carlos*? Why is *Carlos* absent from me?  
 Does he know what has happen'd?

*Zan.* My good Lord!

*Alon.* O Depth of Horrors! He—my Bosom Friend.

*Zan.* Alas! compose yourself, my Lord.

*Alon.* To Death.

Gaze on her with both Eyes so ardently!  
 Give them the Vultures, tear him all in Pieces!

*Zan.*

Zan. Most excellent!

(Aside.

Alon. Mark! You can keep a Secret.  
In yonder Arbour bound with Jessamine,  
Who's that? What Villain's that? Unhand her—  
Murder!

Tear them asunder—Murder—How they grind  
My Heart between them:—O let go my Heart!

Yet let it go—Embracing and Embrac'd.

O Pestilence!—Who let him in? a Traytor.

(Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him.)  
Alas! my Head turns round, and my Limbs fail me.

Zan. My Lord!

Alon. O Villain, Villain most accurs'd!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my Lord, your Anger will abate:

I knew it not. I saw them in the Garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in Lovers destin'd for each other.

By Heaven I thought their meeting Innocent.

(Who could suspect fair Leonora's Virtue?)

'Till After-Proofs conspir'd to blacken it,

Sad Proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,

(Eternal Curses on Alvarez's Haste)

'Till holy Rites had made the Wanton yours.

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,

In Duty and Compassion to your Peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter; for I want  
thee.

O night of Extasie!—Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this Murder—Let me think—

The Jes'min-Bow'r 'tis secret and remote.

Go, wait me there, and take thy Dagger with thee.

(Exit Zan.)

How the sweet Sound still rings within my Ear?

When shall we meet again? To Night, in Hell.

As he is going, Enter Leonora.

Ha! I'm surpris'd, I stagger at her Charms.

O Angel-Devil! shall I stab her now?

No, it shall be as I had first determin'd:

To kill her now were half my Vengeance lost.

Then I must now dissemble——if I can.

*Leon.* My Lord excuse me, see a second Time  
I come in Embassy from all your Friends,  
Whose Joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

*Alon.* This Moment——*Leonora*, I was coming  
To thee and all—but sure, or I mistake,  
Or thou canst well inspire my Friends with Joy.

*Leon.* Why sighs my Lord?

*Alon.* I sigh'd not, *Leonora*.

*Leon.* I thought you did; your Sighs are mine, my Lord,  
And I shall feel them all.

*Alon.* Dost flatter me?

*Leon.* If my Regards for you are Flattery,  
Full far indeed I stretch'd the Compliment  
In this Day's solemn Rite!

*Alon.* What Rite?

*Leon.* You sport me.

*Alon.* Indeed I do: my Heart is Full of Mirth.

*Leon.* And so is mine—I look on Chearfulness,  
As on the Health of Virtue.

*Alon.* Virtue!——Damn——

*Leon.* What says my Lord!

*Alon.* Thou art exceeding Fair.

*Leon.* Beauty alone is but of little Worth;  
But when the Soul and Body of a Piece,  
Both shine alike, then they obtain a Price,  
And are a fit Reward for gallant Actions,  
Heav'n's pay on Earth for such great Souls as your's:  
If Fair and Innocent I am your Due.

*Alon.* Innocent!

*Leon.* How! my Lord, I interrupt you.

*Alon.* No, my best Life, I must not part with thee,  
This Hand is mine, Oh! What a Hand is here?  
So soft, Souls sink into it, and are lost!

*Leon.* In Tears, my Lord?

*Alon.* What less can speak my Joy?

I gaze and I forget my own Existence;  
'Tis all a Vision, my Head swims in Heav'n.  
Wherefore! Oh! Wherefore this Expence of Beauty!  
And Wherefore! Oh!

Why,

## THE REVENGE.

Why, I cou'd gaze upon thy Looks for ever,  
And drink in all my Being from thine Eyes;  
And I could snatch a flaming Thunderbolt,  
And hurl Destruction.

*Leon.* How, my Lord! What mean you?  
Acquaint me with the Secret of your Heart,  
Or cast me out for ever from your Love.

*Alon.* Art thou concern'd for me?

*Leon.* My Lord, you fright me.  
Is this the fondness of your Nuptial Hour?  
I am ill us'd, my Lord, I must not bear it.  
Why when I woo your Hand is it deny'd me?  
Your very Eyes, why are they taught to shun me?  
Nay, my good Lord, I have a Title here.

*(Taking his Hand.)*

And I will have it. Am I not your Wife?  
Have not I just Authority to know  
That Heart which I have purchas'd with my own?  
Lay it before me then, it is my Due.  
Unkind *Alonzo*, tho' I might demand it,  
Behold I kneel! See *Leonora* kneels,  
And deigns to be a Beggar for her own!  
Tell me the Secret, I conjure you tell me.  
The Bride forgoes the Homage of her Day,  
*Alvarez'* Daughter trembles in the Dust.  
Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,  
And load you with my Death. My Lord—my Lord.

*Alon.* Ha! ha! ha!

*(He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the Floor.)*

*Leon.* Are these the Joys which fondly I conceiv'd,  
And is it thus a Wedded Life begins?  
What did I part with, when I gave my Heart?  
I knew not that all Happiness went with it.  
Why did I leave my tender Father's Wing,  
And venture into Love? The Maid that loves,  
Goes out to Sea upon a shatter'd Plank,  
And puts her Trust in Miracles for Safety:  
Where shall I sigh? Where pour out my Complaints?  
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,  
He is the Source of all.



*Alon.* Go to thy Chamber,  
I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee  
Shall be clear'd up; and thou shalt not condemn me.

(*Ex. Leon.*)

Oh how like Innocence she looks! What, stab her,  
And rush into her Blood?—I never can.  
In her Guilt shines, and Nature holds my Hand.  
How then? Why thus———No more; it is  
determin'd.

(*Enter Zangalo*)

*Zan.* I fear his Heart has fail'd him. She must dye.  
Can I not rouse the Snake that's in his Bosom,  
To sting out humane Nature, and effect it?

*Alon.* This vast and solid Earth, that blazing Sun,  
Those Skies thro' which it rolls must all have End.  
What then is Man? the smallest part of Nothing.

Day buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year,  
Our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths;  
Can then Death self be fear'd? Our Life much rather:

Life is the Desert, Life the Solitude;  
Death joins us to the great Majority:

'Tis to be born to *Plato's* and to *Cæsar*;

'Tis to be Great for ever.

'Tis Pleasure, 'tis Ambition then to dye.

*Zan.* I think, my Lord, you talk'd of Death.

*Alon.* I did.

*Zan.* I give you Joy, then *Leonora's* Dead?

*Alon.* No, *Zanga*, no, the greatest Guilt is mine,  
'Tis mine, Who might have mark'd his Midnight Visit,  
Who might have mark'd his Tameness to resign her,

Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of Love.

These and a Thousand Tokens more: and yet,  
For which the Saints absolve my Soul, did Wed.

*Zan.* Where does this tend?

*Alon.* To shed a Woman's Blood

Would stain my Sword, and make my Wars inglorious;

But just Resentment of my self, bears in it

A Stamp of Greatness above vulgar Minds.

He who, superior to the Checks of Nature,

Dares make his Life the Victim of his Reason,  
Does in some sort that Reason deify,  
And take a Flight at Heaven.

*Zan.* Alas! My Lord,  
'Tis not your Reason but her Beauty finds  
Those Arguments, and throws you on your Sword.  
You cannot close an Eye that is so bright,  
You cannot strike a Breast that is so soft,  
That has Ten Thousand Extasies in store  
For *Carlos*——No, my Lord, I mean for you.

*Alon.* Oh! thro' my Heart and Marrow! Pr'ythee  
spare me!

Nor more upbraid the Weakness of thy Lord.  
I own, I try'd, I quell'd with my Heart,  
And push'd it on, and bid it give her Death;  
But Oh! her Eyes struck first, and murder'd me,

*Zan.* I know not what to answer to my Lord,  
Men are but Men; we did not make our selves.  
Farewel then, my best Lord, since you must die.  
O that I were to share your Monument,  
And in Eternal Darkness close these Eyes  
Against those Scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

*Alon.* What dost thou mean?

*Zan.* And is it then unknown?  
O Grief of Heart to think that you should ask it!  
Sure you distrust that Ardent Love I bear you,  
Else could you doubt when you are laid in Dust;——  
But it will cut my poor Heart thro' and thro'  
To see those revel on your sacred Tomb,  
Who brought you thither by their lawless Loves?  
For there they'll revel, and exult to find  
Him sleep so fast, who else would marr their Joys.

*Alon.* Distraction!——but *Don Carlos*, well thou  
know'st,

Is sheath'd in Steel, and bent on other Thoughts.

*Zan.* I'll work him to the Murder of his Friend.  
Yes, till the Fever of his Blood returns, *(Aside.*  
While her last Kiss still glows upon his Cheek;  
But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,  
How will he rush like Lightning to her Arms,

There sigh, there languish, there pour out his Soul?  
 But not in Grief——sad Obsequies to thee——  
 But thou wilt be at Peace, nor see, nor hear  
 The burning Kiss, the Sigh of Extasie,  
 Their throbbing Hearts that juggle one another:  
 Thank Heav'n, these Torments will be all my own.

*Alon.* I'll ease thee of that Pain. Let *Carlos* dye,  
 O'ertake him on the Road, and see it done.  
 'Tis my Command. *(Gives his Signet.*

*Zan.* I dare not disobey.

*Alon.* My *Zanga*, now I have thy Leave to dye.

*Zan.* Ah Sir! think, think again. Are all Men buried  
 In *Carlos's* Grave? You know not Womankind.  
 When once the throbbing of the Heart has broke  
 The modest Zone with which it first was ty'd,  
 Each Man she meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

*Alon.* That thought has more of Hell than had the  
 Another, and another, and another! *(former;*  
 And each shall cast a smile upon my Tomb!  
 I am convinc'd; I must not, will not dye.

*Zan.* You cannot dye; nor can you murder her.  
 What then remains? In Nature no Third Way,  
 But to forget, and so to love again.

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* If you forgive, the World will call you Good;  
 If you forget, the World will call you Wise;  
 If you receive her to your Grace again,  
 The World will call you, very, very kind.

*Alon.* *Zanga*, I understand thee well. She dies,  
 Tho' my Arm trembles at the Stroke, She dies.

*Zan.* That's truly Great. What think you 'twas set  
 The Greek and Roman Name in such a Lustre; *(up*  
 But doing Right in stern Despight to Nature,  
 Shutting their Ears to all her little Cries,  
 When Great, August, and God-like Justice call'd?  
 At *Aulis* one pour'd out a Daughter's Life,  
 And gain'd more Glory than by all his Wars;  
 Another slew a Sister in just Rage:  
 A Third, the Theme of all succeeding Times,  
 Gave to the Cruel Ax a darling Son.

Nay more, for Justice some devote themselves,  
As he at *Carthage*, an *Immortal Name*!  
Yet there is one Step left above them all,  
Above their History, above their Fable,  
A Wife, Bride, Mistress unenjoy'd—do That,  
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* Glory.

*Alon.* 'Tis done—— again? new Transports fire my  
I had forgot it, 'tis my Bridal Night. (Brain!  
Friend, give me Joy, we must be gay together,  
See that the Festival be duly honour'd.

And when with Garlands the full Bowl is crown'd,  
And Musick gives her elevating Sound,  
When golden Carpets spread the sacred Floor,  
And a new Day the blazing Tapers pour,  
Thou, *Zanga*, thou my solemn Friends invite,  
From the dark Realms of everlasting Night,  
Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,  
And Death our chief-invited Guest be there;  
He with pale Hand shall lead the Bride, and spread  
Eternal Curtains round our Nuptial Bed.



## ACT. V. SCENE I.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* O Pitiful! O Terrible to Sight! (Wounds,  
 O Poor mangled Shade, all cover'd o'er with  
 And so disguis'd with Blood! who murder'd Thee?  
 Tell thy sad Tale, and Thou shalt be reveng'd.  
 Ha! *Carlos*! Horror! *Carlos*?—Oh away!  
 Go to thy Grave, or let me sink to mine.  
 I cannot bear the Sight.—What Sight?—Where am I?  
 There's nothing here—if this was Fancy's Work,  
 She draws a Picture strongly—

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* Ha!—You're pale.

*Alon.* Is *Carlos* murder'd?

*Zan.* I obey'd your Order.

Six Ruffians overtook him on the Road;  
 He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,  
 Then sunk beneath an hundred Wounds to Death,  
 His last Breath blest *Alonzo*, and desir'd  
 His Bones might rest near Yours.

*Alon.* O *Zanga*! *Zanga*!

But I'll not think: for I must act, and thinking  
 Would ruin me for Action. O the Medley  
 Of Right and Wrong! the Chaos in my Brain!  
 He should, and should not dye—You should Obey,  
 And not Obey.—It is a Day of Darkness,  
 Of Contradictions, and of many Deaths.

Where's *Leonora* then? Quick, answer me;

I'm deep in Horrors, I'll be deeper still.—

I find thy Artifice did take Effect;

And she forgives my late Deportment to her.

*Zan.* I told her from your Childhood you was wont  
 On any great Surprise, but chiefly then  
 When cause of Sorrow bore it Company,  
 To have your Passion shake the Seat of Reason,  
 A momentary Ill, which soon blew o'er.

Then

Then did I tell her of *Don Carlos's* Death,  
 (Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)  
 And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;  
 But such the honest Artifice I us'd,  
 And such her ardent Wish it should be true,  
 That she at length was fully satisfy'd.

*Alon.* 'Twas well she was. In our late Interview,  
 My Passion so far threw me from my Guard;  
 Methinks 'tis strange, that, conscious of her Guilt,  
 She saw not thro' my thin Disguise my Heart.

*Zan.* But what design you, Sir, and how?

*Alon.* I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the Jefs'min Bow'r,  
 The Place which she dishonour'd with her Guilt,  
 There will I meet her, the Appointment's made;  
 And calmly spread (for I can do it now)  
 The Blackness of her Crime before her Sight,  
 And then, with all the cool Solemnity  
 Of Publick Justice, give her to the Grave. (*Exit.*)

*Zan.* Why get thee gone! Horror and Night go with  
 thee!

Sisters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand,  
 Go dance around the Bow'r, and close them in;  
 And tell them that I sent you to salute them.  
 Profane the Ground, and for th'Ambrosial Rose,  
 And Breath of Jessamin, let Hemlock blacken,  
 And deadly Night-shade poison all the Air.  
 For the sweet Nightingale may Ravens Croak,  
 Toads pant, and Adders rustle thro' the Leaves;  
 May Serpents, winding up the Trees, let fall  
 Their hissing Necks upon them from above.  
 And mingle Kisses—such as I should give them. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E *the Bower.*Leonora *Sleeping.* Enter Alonzo.

*Alon.* Ye Amarinths! Ye Roses like the Morn!  
 Sweet Myrtles; and ye Golden Orange Groves,  
 Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?  
 Are you not blasted as I enter in?  
 Yes, see how every Flow'r lets fall its Head!  
 How shudders every Leaf without a Wind!  
 How every Green is as the Ivy pale!  
 Did ever Midnight Ghosts assemble here?  
 Have these sweet Echoes ever learnt to groan?  
 Joy giving, Love inspiring, holy Bow'r!  
 Know, in thy fragrant Bosom thou receiv'st  
 A—Murderer. Oh! I shall stain thy Lillies,  
 And Horror will usurp the Seat of Bliss.  
 So *Lucifer* broke into Paradise,  
 And soon Damnation followed. (*He advances.*) Ha!  
 she sleeps——

The Day's uncommon Heat has overcome her.  
 Then take, my longing Eyes, your last full Gaze.  
 Oh! what a Sight is here? How dreadful Fair!  
 Who would not think that Being innocent?  
 Where shall I strike! Who strikes her, strikes himself.  
 My own Life-Blood will issue at her Wound.  
 O my distracted Heart!—O Cruel Heav'n!  
 To give such Charms as those, and then call Man,  
 Meer Man to be your Executioner.  
 Was it because it was too hard for you?  
 But see she smiles! I never shall smile more.  
 It strongly tempts me to a parting Kiss. (*Going he starts.*  
 Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves. (*back.*  
 Curse on her Charms! I'll stab her thro' them all.

(*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*)

*Leon.* My Lord, your Stay was long, and yonder Lull  
 Of falling Waters tempted me to Rest,

Dispirited

Dispirited with Noon's excessive Heat.

(Day.)

*Alon.* Ye Pow'rs! with what an Eye she mends the  
While they were clos'd I should have given the Blow.  
O for a last Embrace! And then for Justice.  
Thus Heav'n and I shall both be satisfy'd.

*Leon.* What says my Lord?

*Alon.* Why this *Alonzo* says,

If Love were endless, Men were Gods: 'tis that  
Does counter-balance Travel, Danger, Pain—  
'Tis Heav'n's Expedient to make Mortals bear  
The Light, and cheat them of the peaceful Grave.

*Leon.* Alas! my Lord, why talk you of the Grave?  
Your Friend is dead; in Friendship you sustain  
A mighty Loss, repair it with my Love.

(say,

*Alon.* Thy Love! Thou piece of Witchcraft! I wou'  
Thou brightest Angel! I could gaze for ever.

Where had'st thou This? Enchantress, tell me, where?

Which with a touch works Miracles, boils up  
My Blood to Tumult, and turns round my Brain!

Ev'n now thou swim'st before me, I shall lose thee,  
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.

Who turn'd this slender waste with so much Art,  
And shut Perfection in so small a Ring!

Who spread that pure Expanse of White above!

On which the dazzled Sight can find no Rest;

But drunk with Beauty, wanders up and down

For ever, and for ever finds new Charms!

But O those Eyes! those Murderers! O whence!

Whence didst thou steal their burning Orbs! from Hea-

Thou didst, and 'tis Religion to adore them. ven?

*Leon.* My best *Alonzo*, moderate your thought:  
Extreams still fright me, tho' of Love itself.

*Alon.* Extreams indeed? it hurried me away;

But I come home again—and now for Justice—

And now for Death—it is impossible!

Sure such were made by Heav'n guiltless to Sin,

Or in their Guilt to laugh at Punishment.

(Aside.

I leave her to just Heav'n.

Drops the Dagger.

*Leon.* Ha! a Dagger!

What dost thou say, thou Minister of Death?

What



What dreadful Tale dost tell me? Let me think.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* Death to my tow'ring Hopes! O Fall from high!  
My close long-labour'd Scheme, at once is blasted,  
That Dagger found will cause her to enquire,  
Enquiry will discover all my Hopes  
Of Vengeance perish'd; I myself am lost—  
Curse on the Coward's Heart! wither his Hand  
Which held the Steel in vain! What can be done?  
Where can I fix!—That's something still—'twill breed  
Fell Rage, and Bitterness betwixt their Souls,  
Which may perchance grow up to greater Evil;  
If not, 'tis all I can—it shall be so—

*Leon.* O Zanga! I am sinking in my Fears.

*Alonso* dropt this Dagger as he left me,  
And left me in a strange Disorder too.

What can this mean? Angels preserve his Life!

*Zan.* Yours, Madam, yours.

*Leon.* What, Zanga, dost thou say?

*Zan.* Carry your goodness then to such Extreams,  
So blinded to the faults of him you love,  
That you perceive not he is Jealous?

*Leon.* Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand Things recur that swear it.

What Villain could inspire him with that thought?

It is not of the Growth of his own Nature.

*Zan.* Some Villain, Who, Hell knows; but he is  
Jealous;

And 'tis most fit a Heart so pure as yours

Do itself Justice, and assert its Honour,

And make him conscious of his Stab to Virtue.

*Leon.* Jealous! it sickens at my Heart. Unkind,

Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent?

Why? Wherefore? On what shadow of Occasion?

'Tis Fascination, 'tis the Wrath of Heaven

For the collected Crimes of all his Race.

Oh how the Great Man lessens to my thought!

How could so mean a Vice as Jealousy,

Unnatural Child of Ignorance and Guilt,

Which tears and feeds upon its Parents Heart,

*Live*

Live in a Throng of such exalted Virtues?  
I scorn, and hate, yet love him, and adore.  
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,  
Till from himself I know it.

(Exit.)

*Zan.* This succeeds  
Just to my Wish. Now she with Violence  
Uphraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,  
Rages no less, so if on either side  
The Waves run high, there still lives Hope of Ruin.

*Enter Alonzo.*

My Lord.

*Alon.* O Zanga? hold thy Peace, I am no Coward;  
But Heav'n itself did hold my Hand; I felt it,  
By the Well-being of my Soul I did.  
I'll think of Vengeance at another Season.

*Zan.* My Lord, her Guilt.

*Alon.* Perdition on thee, Moor,  
For that one Word! Ah! (do not rouse that Thought;  
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:  
Away then, let us talk of other Things.  
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to Distraction:  
If 'tis my Shame, why be it so—I love her;  
Nor can I help it, 'tis impos'd upon me  
By some superior and resistless Pow'r.  
I could not hurt her to be Lord of Earth;  
It shocks my Nature like a Stroke at Heav'n.  
Angels defend her, as if innocent!  
But see, my Leonora comes!—Be gone. (Exit Zanga.)

*Enter Leonora.*

O seen for ever! yet for ever new!  
The Conquer'd thou dost Conquer o'er again,  
Inflicting Wound on Wound.

*Leon.* Alas! My Lord,  
What need of this to me?

*Alon.* Ha! dost thou weep?

*Leon.* Have I no cause?

*Alon.* If Love is the Concern,  
Thou hast no Cause; None ever lov'd like me.  
But wherefore this? Is it to break my Heart,  
Which loses so much Blood for every Tear?

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Is it so tender?

*Alon.* Is it not? O Heaven!

Doubt of my Love? Why I am nothing else;  
It quite absorbs my every other Passion.

O that this one Embrace would last for ever!

*Leon.* Could this Man ever mean to wrong my Virtue?

Could this Man e'er design upon my Life?

Impossible! I throw away the Thought.

These Tears declare how much I taste the Joy

Of being folded in your Arms and Heart:

My Universe does lie within that space.

This Dagger bore false Witness.

*Alon.* Ha! My Dagger?

It rouses horrid Images. Away,

Away with it; and let us talk of Love,

Plunge our selves deep into the sweet Illusion;

And hide us there from every other Thought.

*Leon.* It touches you.

*Alon.* Let's talk of Love.

*Leon.* Of Death.

*Alon.* As thou lov'st Happiness.

*Leon.* Of Murder.

*Alon.* Rash,

Rash Woman, yet forbear.

*Leon.* Approve my Wrongs!

*Alon.* Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.

*Leon.* Nay, by my Injuries, you first must hear me;  
Stab me, then think it much to hear my Groan?

*Alon.* Heav'n's strike me deaf!

*Leon.* It well may sting you home.

*Alon.* Alas! 'Thou quite mistak'st my Cause of Pain.  
Yet, yet dismiss me: I am all in Flames.

*Leon.* Who has most Cause? You or myself; What Affect  
Of my whole Life encourag'd you to this?

Or of your own, what Guilt has drawn it on you?

You find me kind, and think me kind to all:

The weak, ungenerous Error of your Sex.

What could inspire the Thought we oftmost judge  
From our own Hearts; and is your's then so frail,

It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me ?

He that can stoop to harbour such a Thought,  
Deserves to find it true.

*(Holding him.)*

*Alon.* O Sex, Sex, Sex !

*(Turning on her.)*

The Language of you all. I'll-fated Woman !

Why hast thou forc'd me back into the Gulph

Of Agonies, I had block'd up from Thought ?

I know the Cause: thou saw'st me Impotent

E'er while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me ;

But by the Pangs I suffer, to thy Woe,

For since thou hast replung'd me in my Torture,

I will be satisfy'd.

*Leon.* Be satisfy'd !

*Alon.* Yes thy own Mouth shall witness it against thee.

I will be satisfy'd.

*Leon.* Of what ?

*Alon.* Of what ?

How dar'st thou ask that Question ? Woman, Woman,

Weak, and assur'd at once ; thus 'tis for ever.

Who told thee that thy Virtue was suspected ?

Who told thee I design'd upon thy Life ?

You found the Dagger ; but that could not speak ;

Nor did I tell thee ; Who did tell thee then ?

Guilt, conscious Guilt.

*Leon.* This to my Face ! O Heav'n !

*Alon.* This to thy very Soul.

*Leon.* Thou'rt not in Earnest ?

*Alon.* Serious as Death.

*Leon.* Then Heav'n have Mercy on thee.

'Till now I struggled not to think it true,

I fought Conviction, and would not believe it.

And dost thou force me ? this shall not be born,

Thou shalt repent this Insult.

*(Going.)*

*Alon.* Madam, stay.

Your Passion's wife, 'tis a Disguise for Guilt :

'Tis my Turn now to fix you here a while ;

You and your Thousand Arts shall not escape me:

*Leon.* Arts ?

*Alon.* Arts. Confess, for Death is in my Hand.

*Leon.* 'Tis in your Words.

*Alon.*



*Alon.* Confess, Confess, Confess ;  
Nor tear my Veins with Passion to compel thee.

*Leon.* I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous Man !

*Alon.* Deny then, and incur a fouler Shame.  
Where did I find this Picture !

*Leon.* Ha ! *Don Carlos* ?  
By my best Hopes more welcome than thy own.

*Alon.* I know it ! but is Vice so very rank,  
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my Face !  
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd Woman

*Leon.* Repent.

*Alon.* Is that for me ?

*Leon.* Fall, ask my Pardon.

*Alon.* Astonishment !

*Leon.* Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest ?

*Alon.* I know thee so.

*Leon.* This Blow then to thy Heart——

*(She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.)*

*Alon.* Hoa ! Zanga ! *Isabella* ! Hoa ! she bleeds.  
Descend ye blessed Angels to assist her.

*Leon.* This is the only Way I would wound thee :  
The most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Alon.* Bear her to instant help. The World to save  
her.

*Leon.* Unhappy Man ! Well may'st thou gaze and  
But fix thy Terror and Amazement right ; (tremble ;  
Not on my Blood ; but on thy own Distraction.

What hast thou done ! Whom censur'd !——*Leonora.*

When thou hadst censur'd, thou would'st save her Life ;

O Inconsistent ! Should I live in shame :

Or stoop to any other Means but This,

T' assert my Virtue ! No : she who disputes,

Admits it possible she might be guilty.

While ought but Truth could be my Inducement to it,

While it might look like an Excuse to thee,

I scorn'd to vindicate my Innocence ;

But now, I let thy Rashness know, the Wound

Which least I feel, is that my Dagger made.

*(Isabella leads out Leonora.)*

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Ha! Was this Woman guilty?— and if not—  
How my Thought darkens that way! Grant, kind Hea-  
That she proves guilty, or give Being End. (wey,  
Is that my Hope then? — Sure the sacred Dust  
Of her that bore me trembles in its Urn.  
Is it in Man the fore Distress to bear,  
When hope it self is blacken'd to Despair,  
When all the Bliss I pant for, is to gain  
In Hell a Refuge from severer Pain. (Ex. Alon.

*Enter Zanga.*

*Zan.* How stands the great Account 'twixt me and  
Vengeance?

Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,  
And I will not abate a single Groan.—

Ha! That were well—but that were Fatal too—  
Why be it so—Revenge so truly Great  
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than Life.  
Come Death, come Hell then! 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* Ah! Zanga, see me tremble! has not yet  
Thy cruel Heart its fill? Poor *Leonora*—

*Zan.* Welters in Blood, and gasps for her last Breath  
What then? We all must dye.

*Isab.* Alonzo raves,  
And in the Tempest of his Grief, has thrice  
Attempted on his Life. At length disarm'd,  
He calls his Friends that save him his worst Foes,  
And importunes the Skies for swift Perdition,  
Thus in his Storm of Sorrow. After Pause  
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,  
For Zanga rav'd: and see he seeks you here  
To learn that Truth, which most he dreads to know.

*Zan.* Be gone. Now, now, my Soul, consummate all!  
(Exit Isab.

*Alon.* O Zanga!

*Zan.* Do not tremble so; but speak.

*Alon.* I dare not. (Falls on him.

*Zan.* You will drown me with your Tears.

*Alon.* Have I not Cause?

*Zan.* As yet you have no Cause.

*Alon.*

66 The REVENGE.

*Alon.* Dost thou too rave?

*Zan.* Your Anguish is to come.  
You much have been abus'd.

*Alon.* Abus'd! By whom?

*Zan.* To know, were little Comfort.

*Alon.* Oh! I were much.

*Zan.* Indeed!

*Alon.* By Heav'n! O give him to my Fury!

*Zan.* Born for your Use, I live but to oblige you.  
Know then, 'twas—I.

*Alon.* Am I awake?

*Zan.* For ever.

Thy Wife is guiltless, that's one Transport to me,  
And I, I let Thee know it; that's another.

I urg'd *Don Carlos* to resign his Mistress,  
I forg'd the Letter, I dispos'd the Picture;  
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

*Alon.* O!

(Sings.)

*Zan.* Why this is well,—why this is Blow for Blow.  
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with Laurels,  
Ye Spirits, which delight in just Revenge!  
Let *Europe* and her pallid Sons go weep,  
Let *Africk* and her Hundred Thrones rejoice.  
O my dear Countrymen! Look down, and see,  
How I bestride your prostrate Conqueror!  
I tread on Haughty *Spain*, and all her Kings.  
But this is Mercy, this is my Indulgence,  
'Tis Peace, 'tis Refuge from my Indignation.  
I must awake him into Horrors. Hoa!

*Alonzo*, Hoa! the *Moor* is at the Gate:

Awake, Invincible, Omnipotent,

Thou who dost all subdue!

*Alon.* Inhuman Slave!

*Zan.* Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my Character.  
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,  
The *Moor*, a Slave, an abject, beaten Slave,  
(Eternal Woes to him that made me so.)  
But look again. Has six Years cruel Bondage  
Extinguish'd Majesty so far, that nought  
Shines here, to give an Awe of one above thee?

When

# The R E V E N G E.

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When the great *Moorish* King *Abdallah* fell,  
Fell by thy Hand accurst, I fought fast by him,  
His Son, tho' thro' his Fondness in Disguise,  
Lest to expose me to th' Ambitious Foe.  
Ha! does it awake thee? O'er my Father's Corse  
I stood astride, till I had clove thy Crest,  
And then was made the Captive of a Squadron,  
And sunk unto thy Servant——But Oh! what?  
What were my Wages! Hear nor Heav'n, nor Earth,  
My Wages were a Blow, by Heav'n, a Blow,  
And from a Mortal Hand.

*Alon.* O Villain! Villain!

*Zan.* All Strife is vain. (*Shewing a Dagger.*)

*Alon.* Is thus my Love return'd?

Is this my Recompence? Make Friends of Tygers?  
Lay not your Young, O Mothers, on the Breast,  
For fear they turn to Serpents as they lie,  
And pay you for their Nourishment with Death.  
*Carlos* is dead, and *Leonora* dying;  
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.  
That Heav'nly Maid, which should have liv'd for ever,  
At least have gently slept her Soul away;  
Whose Life should have shut up as Evening Flow'rs  
At the departing Sun—Was Murder'd! Murder'd!  
O Shame! O Guilt! O Horror! O Remorse!  
O Punishment! Had Satan never fell,  
Hell had been made for me.——O *Leonora*!

*Zan.* Must I despise Thee too as well as hate Thee?  
Complain of Grief? Complain thou art a Man.  
*Priam* from Fortune's lofty Summit fell,  
Great *Alexander* 'midst his Conquests mourn'd,  
Heroes and Demi-gods have known their Sorrows,  
*Cæsars* have wept, and I have had my Blow:  
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my Work is done.  
Yet, e'er I fall, be it one part of Vengeance,  
To make ev'n Thee confess that I am just.  
Thou see'st a Prince, whose Father thou hast slain,  
Whose Native Country thou hast laid in Blood,  
Whose Sacred Person, Oh, thou hast prophan'd:  
Whose Reign extinguish'd; What was left to me

54



So highly born! No Kingdom, but Revenge;  
 No Treasure, but thy Tortures, and thy Groans.  
 If Men shall ask who brought thee to thy End,  
 Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee;  
 If cold white Mortals censure this great Deed,  
 Warn them, they judge not of superior Beings,  
 Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun,  
 With whom Revenge is Virtue. Fare thee well——  
 Now fully satisfy'd I should take leave;  
 But one Thing grieves me, since thy Death is near,  
 I leave thee my Example how to dye.

*(As he is going to slay himself, Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean Time, Enter Alvarez attended. They disarm and seize Zanga, Alonzo puts the Dagger in his Bosom.)*

Alon. No, Monster, thou shalt not escape by Death,  
 Oh Father!

Alon. O Alonzo——Isabella,  
 Touch'd with Remorse to see her Mistress's Pangs,  
 Told all the Dreadful Tale.

Alon. What Groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a Vultur to thy Heart,  
 So will I be a Raven to thine Ear,  
 And true as ever snuff'd the Scent of Blood,  
 As ever flap't its heavy Wing against  
 The Window of the Sick, and croak'd Despair.  
 Thy Wife is dead.

*(Alvarez goes to the side of the Stage, and returns.)*

Alv. The dreadful News is true.

Alv. Prepare the Rack, invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble Mind  
 Turns all Occurrence to its own Advantage,  
 And I'll make Vengeance of Calamity.  
 Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,  
 That thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.  
 Torture thou may'st; but thou shall ne'er despise me.  
 The Blood will follow where the Knife is driven,  
 The Flesh will quiver where the Pincers tear,

And

And Sighs and Cries by Nature grow on Pain;  
But those are foreign to the Soul; Not mine  
The Groans that issue, or the Tears that fall;  
They disobey me; On the Rack I doom Thee;  
As when my Faulchion clove thy Helm in Battle.

*Alv.* Peace, Villain!

*Zan.* While I live, Old Man, I'll speak,  
And well I know Thou dar'st not kill me yet;  
For that would rob thy Bloodhounds of their Prey.

*Alon.* Who call'd *Alonzo*?

*Alv.* No one call'd, my Son.

*Alon.* Again! 'tis *Carlos's* Voice, and I obey:  
Oh how I laugh at all that This can do,

*(Shewing the Dagger.)*

The Wounds that pain'd, the Wounds that murder'd me  
Were giv'n before; I am already dead,  
This only marks my body for the Grave.

*(Stabs himself.)*

*Africk*, Thou art reveng'd——O *Leonora*!——

*(Dies.)*

*Zan.* Good Ruffians give me *Leaves*; my Blood is  
yours,

The Wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;  
Let me but look one Moment on the Dead,  
And pay your selves with gazing on my Pangs.

*(He goes to Alonzo's Body.)*

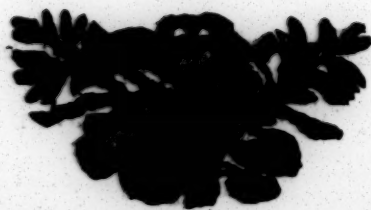
Is this *Alonzo*? Where's his haughty Mien?  
Is that the Hand which smote me? Heav'n's, how pale!  
And art thou dead? So is my Enmity.  
I war not with the Dust: the Great, the Proud,  
The Conqueror of *Africk* was my Foe.  
A Lion preys not upon Carcasses,  
This was thy only Method to subdue me.  
Terror and Doubt fall on me, all thy Good  
Now blazes, all thy Guilt is in the Grave,  
Never had Man such Funeral Applause;  
If I lament thee, sure thy Worth was Great.  
Oh Vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,  
And to receive me, Hell blows all her Fires.

*(He is born off.)*

*Alv.*

# THE REVENGE.

*Alv.* Dreadful Effect of Jealousy ! a Rage,  
 In which the Wife with Caution will engage;  
 Reluctant long and tardy to believe,  
 Where sway'd by Nature we our selves deceive;  
 Where our own Folly joins the Villain's Art,  
 And each Man finds a Zanga in his Heart.



EPI.

# EPILOGUE.

**O**UR Author sent me, in an humble Strain,  
To beg you'd bless the Offspring of his Brain;  
And I your Proxy, promis'd in your Name,  
The Child shou'd live, at least, six Days of Fame.  
I like the Brat, but still his Fautes can find,  
And, by the Parent's Leave, will speak my Mind.  
Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,  
To let a willing Maid lead Apes in Hell?  
You, nicer Ladies, shou'd you think it Right,  
To eat no Supper on your Wedding Night?  
Shou'd English Husbands dare to starve their Wives,  
Be sure they'd lead most Comfortable Lives!  
But he loves Mischief, and with Groundless Fears,  
Wou'd fain set loving Couples by the Ears;  
Wou'd spoil the tender Husbands of our Nation,  
By teaching them his Vile, Outlandish Fashion:  
But we've been taught in our good-natur'd Clime,  
That Jealousy, tho' Just, is still a Crime,  
And will be still (for not to blame the Plot,)  
That same Alonzo was a stupid Set;  
To kill a Bride, a Mistress unenjoy'd;  
'Twere some Excuse, had the poor Man been cloy'd:  
To kill her on Suspicion, e'er he knew  
Whether the heinous Crime were false or true.—  
The Priest said Grace, she met him in the Bower,  
In Hopes she might anticipate an Hour.—  
Love was her Errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,  
Instead of Love—produc'd—a filthy Poniard.—  
Had he been Wise, at this their private Meeting,  
The Proof o'th' Pudding had been in the Eating.  
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,  
And all this Blood and Murder been prevented.  
Britons, be Wise, and from this Jaded Example,  
Ne'er break a Bargain, but first take a Sample.

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